The Saturday Evening
POST
December 12, 1959 — 15¢

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A Visit With Bob Cousy

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THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM

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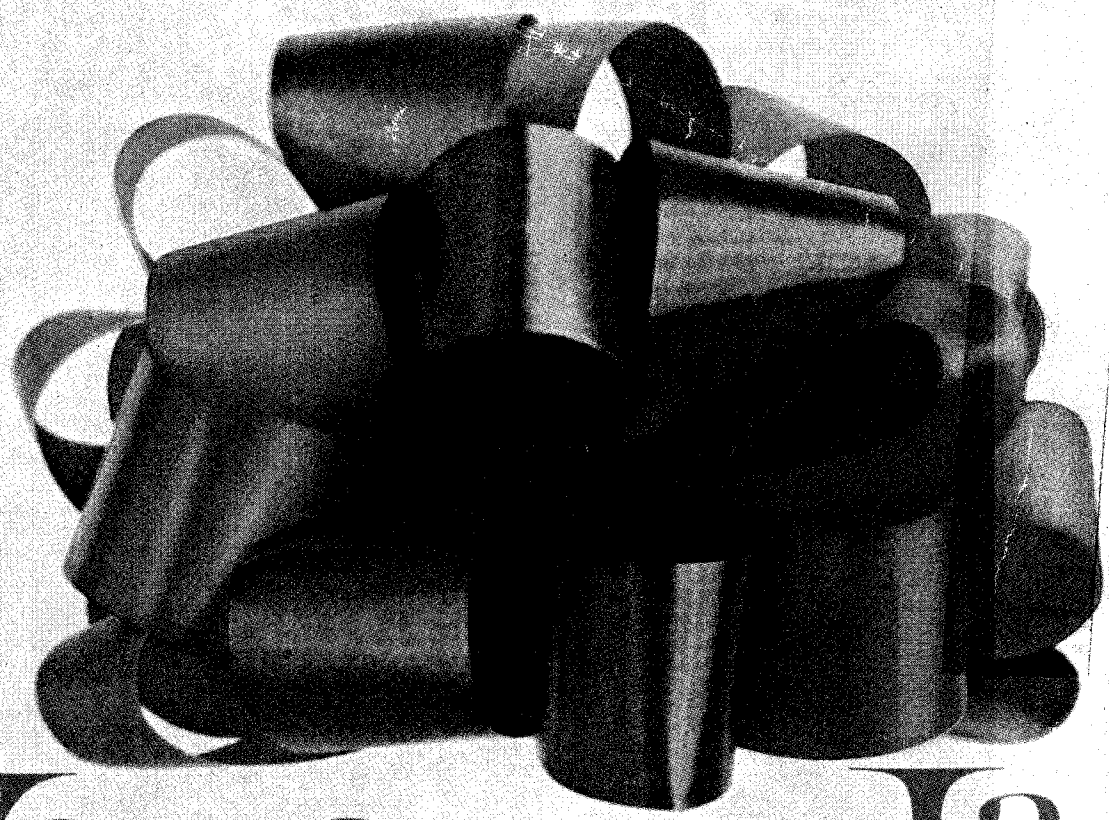

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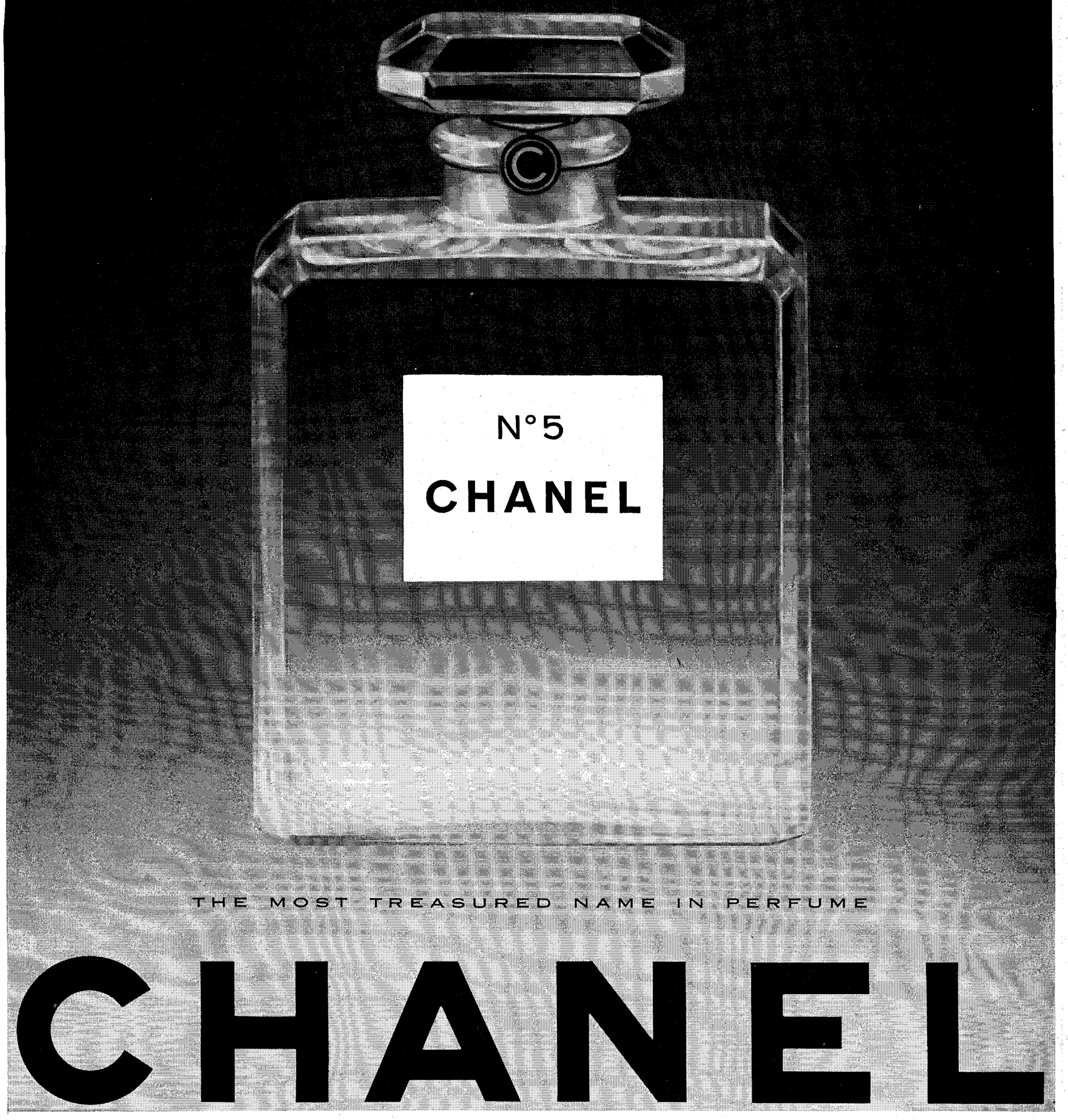

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Teacher is being kept long after school by John Howard's mother. Mrs. H., deploring the low score on John's report card, wonders out loud how this could happen to a boy who is naturally bright and perceptive and retentive; and teacher, convinced that John got just what was coming to him, wonders silently, *How many times have I heard this line before?* Well, let's face the future hopefully. If Johnny spends too much time dreaming out of the school window, probably he'll become a famed poet or inventor, surprising his teacher no end. Or if his problem is insufficient study, let's believe Mrs. H. will improve her homework by making Johnny improve his. Meanwhile, what is artist Amos Sewell doing to help the boy out of this jam? Taking a vacation in Africa.

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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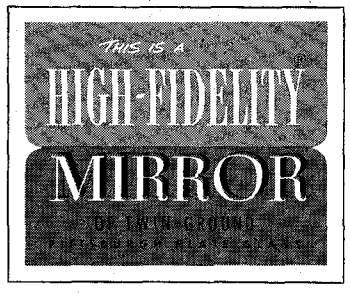
Holiday tips from Garry Moore

Deck the halls with lovely mirrors. Give your rooms a refreshing change of pace for the holidays. Mirrors have that magic. They can make a small room look larger . . . turn a plain hall into a grand entrance . . . brighten a dull living room. They can make a holiday feast look twice as tempting, twice as memorable. And what could be more delightfully convenient than a full-length

MIRROR BY WEAVER

door mirror. Make this a merry mirror Christmas. Many department and furniture stores and glass dealers are running High-Fidelity mirror specials. The distinctive label tells you you're getting the best—mirrors made with Twin-Ground Pittsburgh Plate Glass.



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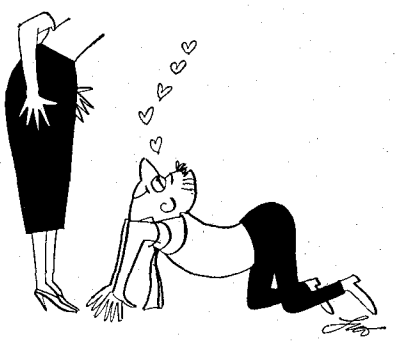
And for the *best* aspirin the world has ever known — buy *Bayer* Aspirin!

Letters

Lover's Elbow

Dear Sirs:

In the story MARRIAGE ON HER MIND by Willard Temple [Nov. 7] I read these words: "I leaned my chin dreamily on my elbow." How do you do that? I tried for twenty minutes but the nearest I got



to it was one and one-half inches (and mine is a long chin). I had no strength left for dreams.

EDITH WHITSEN
Lake Elmo, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Was he, perhaps, an incorrectly assembled mechanical man? Or was he simply "all shook up" by love's young dream?

DORIS NEWMAN
Goshen, N.H.

Deer for Dinner

Dear Sirs:

Charles Rawlings' article upon the subject of venison and its delights [HUNTER'S REWARD, Oct. 17] prompts me to consider the great hordes of people who, although they would relish deer meat, have no convenient access to it. Consequently, I offer a recipe which my wife and I have used for years, which has afforded our friends a treat and which has even fooled ourselves from time to time. . . .

All you do for a venison-tasting dinner is: marinate a leg of lamb for twenty-four hours in red wine (preferably a Burgundy), with a handful of peppercorn and one bay leaf. Then roast it as you would roast lamb, carve and serve. The result is pure white-tail, especially if served with new potatoes and chestnut purée.

GEORGE C. APPELL
Milford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Please whisper confidentially to Mr. Rawlings that moose are not legal kill in New Brunswick as he states . . . nor does it look as if the season for hunting them will ever be open again.

The big animals are so well protected by law in New Brunswick that the hunter who shoots one of them finds himself facing a jail sentence, a heavy fine, and the loss of his car and guns seized by the arresting officer.

HARRISON MC ELWAINE
Westfield, New Brunswick

A Vilynus Error

Dear Sirs:

I was very pleased to open my first copy of the newly subscribed *Post* and find an article by Demaree Bess on the Baltic States—Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia [INSIDE THE CAPTIVE BALTICS, Oct. 31]. It seems that too many people are not aware that these countries were once upon a time also free. . . . Now they seem to be just a part of Soviet Russia.

I presume that because D. Bess wanted to put down the capital of Lithuania in Lithuanian, he stated *Vilynus*. The correct spelling in Lithuanian, however, is *Vilnius*.

DALILE POLIKAITIS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Estonia's capital is Tallinn; to drop an "n" at the end produces an eyesore similar to adding an "n" to Washington.

ARVED LAEV
New York, N.Y.

● *Mr. Bess spelled it* Vilnyus—*a proper alternative for* Vilnius—*but somehow it came out* Vilynus. *Authorities spell Estonia's capital* Tallin *or* Tallinn; *the unabridged* Webster's *prefers one "n."* —*ED.*

Half-Man, Half-Child

Dear Sirs:

Judge Mary Conway Kohler is to be highly commended for an excellent piece of writing [WHY DOES EUROPE HAVE LESS DELINQUENCY? Nov. 7].

EDWARD J. TAYLOR
New York State Director of Probation
Albany, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The article is thought-provoking and . . . a gold mine of information.

JUDGE LESTER H. LOBLE
Helena, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

I was particularly interested in [the author's] statement regarding the treatment of youngsters who are no longer interested in school. I heartily agree that we in this country have done too much to protect our youngsters. In so doing we have softened them and deprived them of the opportunity of developing good work habits, self-reliance and responsibility.

JUDGE LEO J. YEHLE
Syracuse, N.Y.

● *Judge Yehle is a former president of the National Council of Juvenile Court Judges.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

[The author accuses Americans of] prolonging the childhood of our adolescents! How can parents be accused of such a thing when today's child begins dating at an extremely early age, is almost entirely his own boss, owns his own car earlier and even marries much younger than the preceding generation? Perhaps we "grow him up" too fast. It might be better to keep him in childhood a little longer. Nowadays parents have control only over the very young and they hold even this control only by virtue of the superior size of the parent and complete dependence of the child. . . .

Let's "recognize the adolescent for the half-man, half-child that he is." When he is being a child let's treat him as a child. . . . But if he commits a man's crimes then let's deal with this as with a man. . . . Stealing a car . . . is stealing.

(Continued on Page 6)

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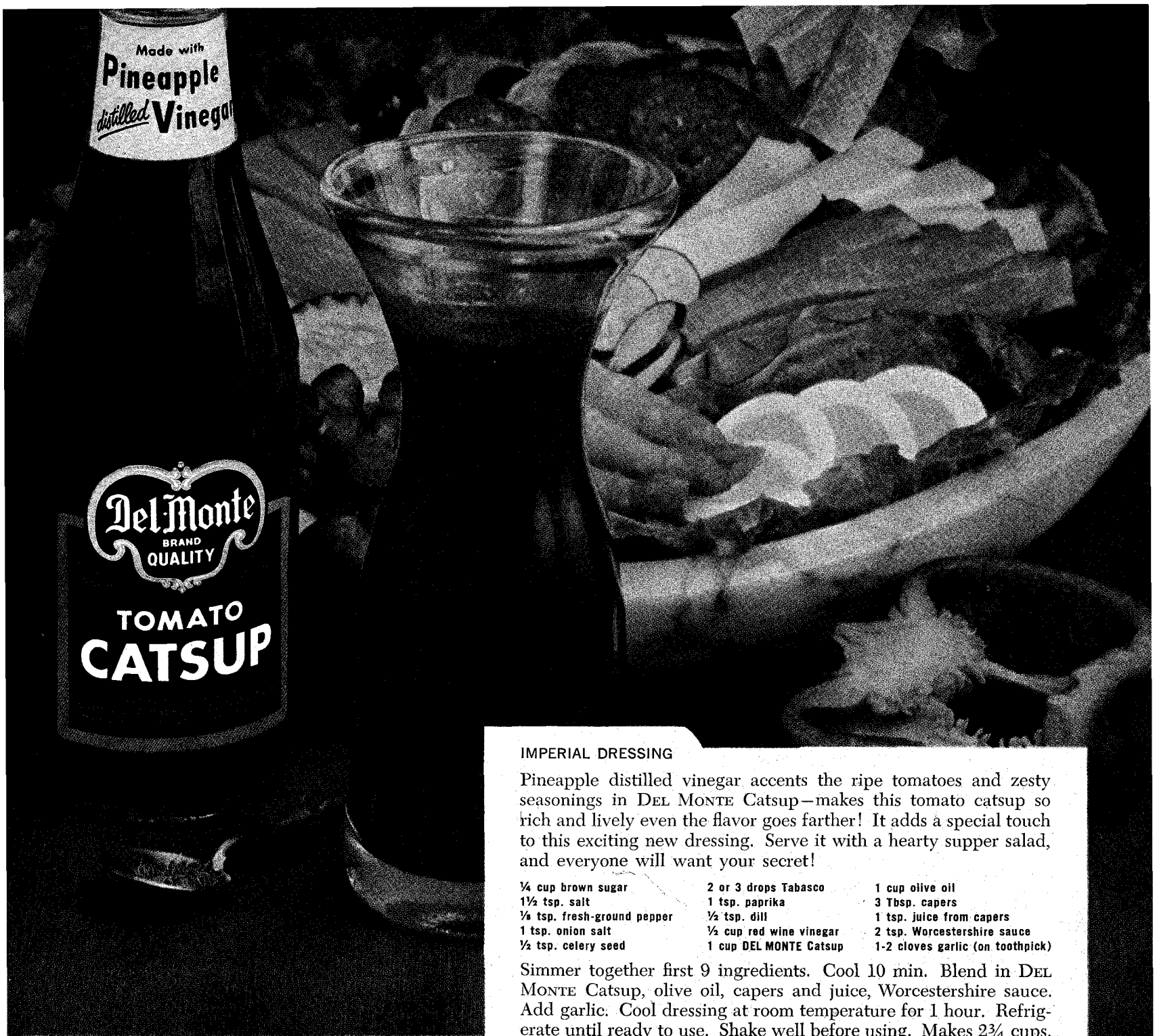

IMPERIAL DRESSING

Pineapple distilled vinegar accents the ripe tomatoes and zesty seasonings in DEL MONTE Catsup—makes this tomato catsup so rich and lively even the flavor goes farther! It adds a special touch to this exciting new dressing. Serve it with a hearty supper salad, and everyone will want your secret!

¼ cup brown sugar
1½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. fresh-ground pepper
1 tsp. onion salt
½ tsp. celery seed
2 or 3 drops Tabasco
1 tsp. paprika
½ tsp. dill
½ cup red wine vinegar
1 cup DEL MONTE Catsup
1 cup olive oil
3 Tbsp. capers
1 tsp. juice from capers
2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1-2 cloves garlic (on toothpick)

Simmer together first 9 ingredients. Cool 10 min. Blend in DEL MONTE Catsup, olive oil, capers and juice, Worcestershire sauce. Add garlic. Cool dressing at room temperature for 1 hour. Refrigerate until ready to use. Shake well before using. Makes 2¾ cups.

pineapple vinegar makes DEL MONTE® TOMATO CATSUP the liveliest you ever tasted!

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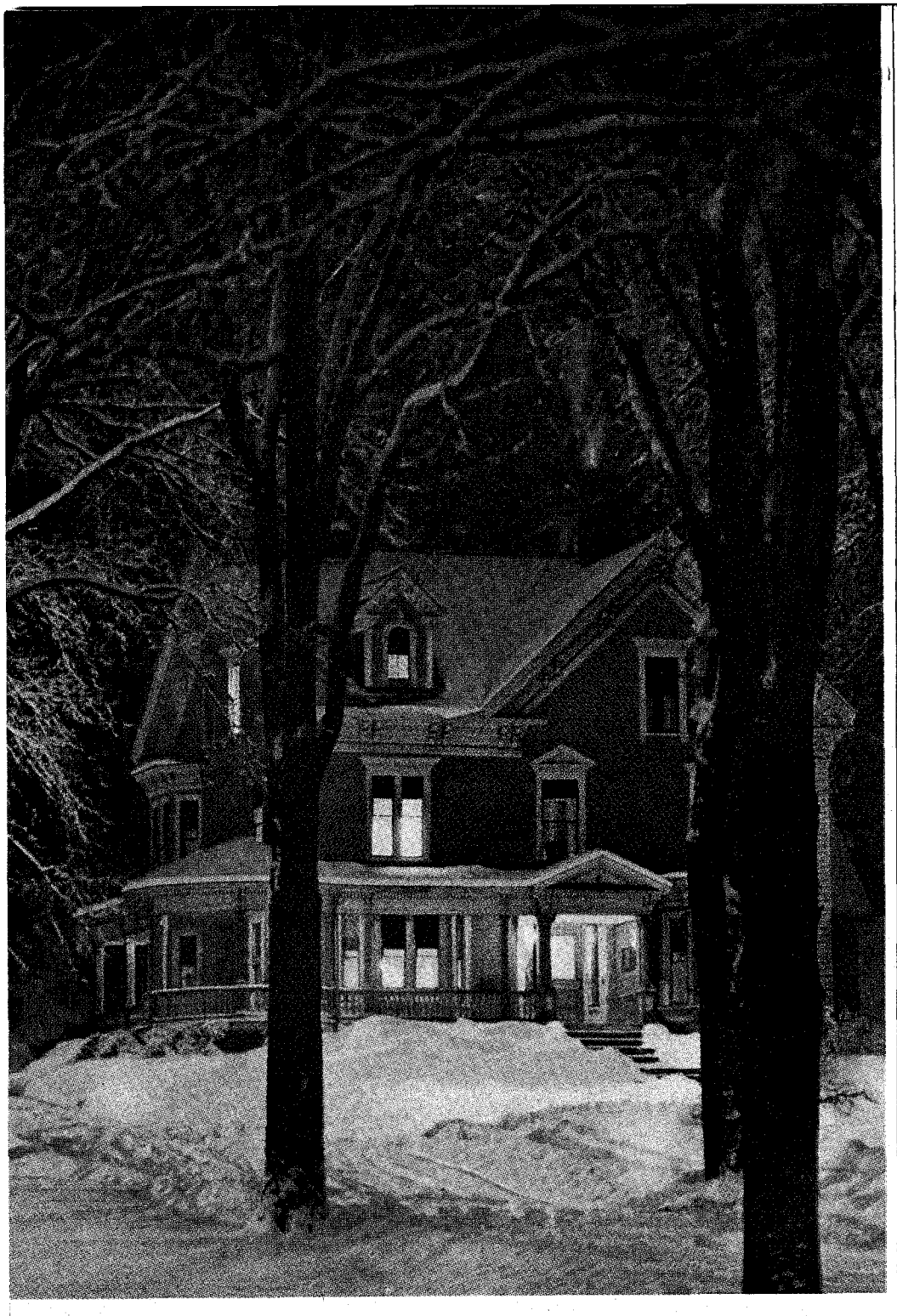

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JOYOUS GIFT:
same superb whiskey
in the handsome
Olympic Decanter—
priced no more than
the regular bottle.
100 Proof Bottled-in-Bond.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Must we call it a "joy-riding prank," dismiss it as such and let it happen again?

MRS. GEORGE B. CATRON
Sedalia, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

A great deal of money has been wasted by Judge Kohler if her studies lead her to believe that breaking into a car—an object costing several thousands of dollars—and driving it away is a "conduct problem."

Last night in South Ozone Park, N.Y., a car stolen and driven by a juvenile killed a mother, father and young child, and critically injured a five-year-old. Does the learned judge consider this a prank?

MARGARET SCHNEIDER
Jamaica, N.Y.

● *The author distinguishes between deliberate theft and mere joy riding. She does not deny that the results of joy riding can be tragic. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Idleness breeds trouble. If our educational system and trade unions would join in a concerted effort to end idleness, as has been done in Europe, one of America's greatest problems would be solved . . .

MEL MILLER
Azusa, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I am sure statistics will show that there is less delinquency among farm children than elsewhere. Farm children learn to work hard early in life, to enjoy their work and to accept responsibility. They also receive more love and affection and guidance from their parents than do children in the cities—not because other parents don't try, but because farm parents both work at home with their children and have much more opportunity to discuss and settle their problems.

DARIUS D. BUELL
Elmira, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The National Probation and Parole Association has repeatedly stated that we need an additional 40,000 parole and probation officers—not 400,000, as Judge Kohler's article claims. This is probably a typographical error. . . .

ERNEST A. MITLER
New York, N.Y.

● *Right.—ED.*

JACK'S ANGUISH

Dear Sirs:

[THE ANGUISH OF MODERN ART, by William Snaith, Nov. 7] was enlightening in regard to the works of my four-year-old son, Jack [see sample above].

His paintings are definitely acts of self-discovery. "Considerable visual impact is achieved through bold form" and "strong color contrast." He, also, constructs "his paintings from a semicontrolled fall of paint . . . with a physical vigor quite evident in the final result." Present are the "crude black strokes," the originality and the spontaneity. . . .

The creation of art may lie "beyond the capacities of most men," but never beyond those of a small boy.

CLAIRE STRICKLER
Pullman, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

[Snaith's article] . . . was intensely interesting and instructive. . . .

I hope to find the translation in some future issue.

G. E. BALDWIN
Ridley Park, Pa.

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NEW SCHICK 3 SPEED RAZOR

Because no one speed is right for every beard...give him the first and only electric razor that lets him shift the speed and adjust the shaving head to shave as close, as fast as he likes!

It's the gift that's right for every man—no matter how tough his beard, how sensitive his skin.

14 day free home trial starts Christmas Day!

Developed by the company that invented electric shaving: Schick Incorporated; Lancaster, Pa. ©1959

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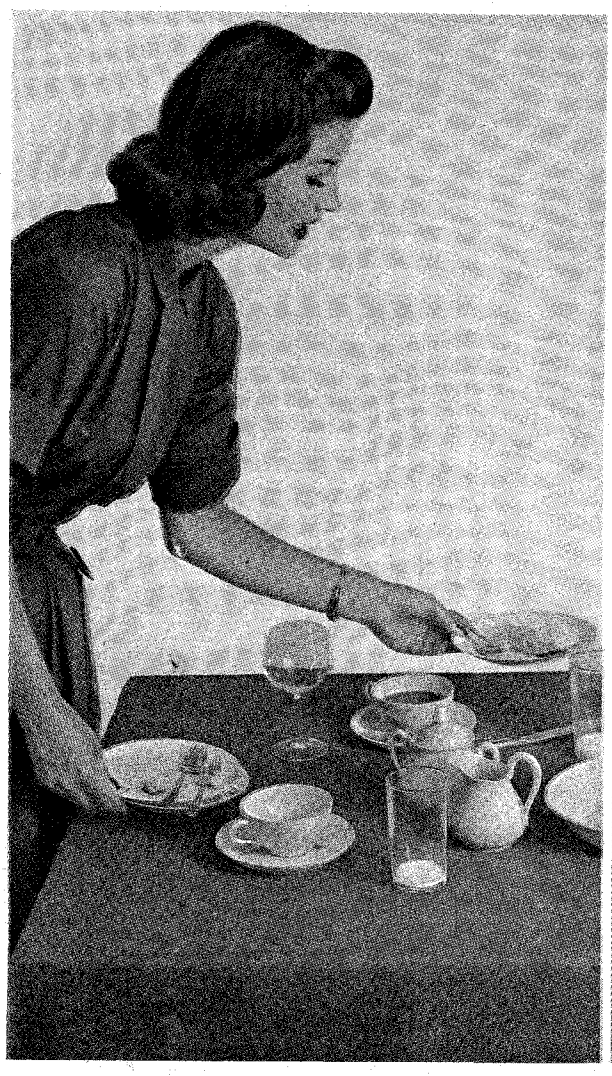
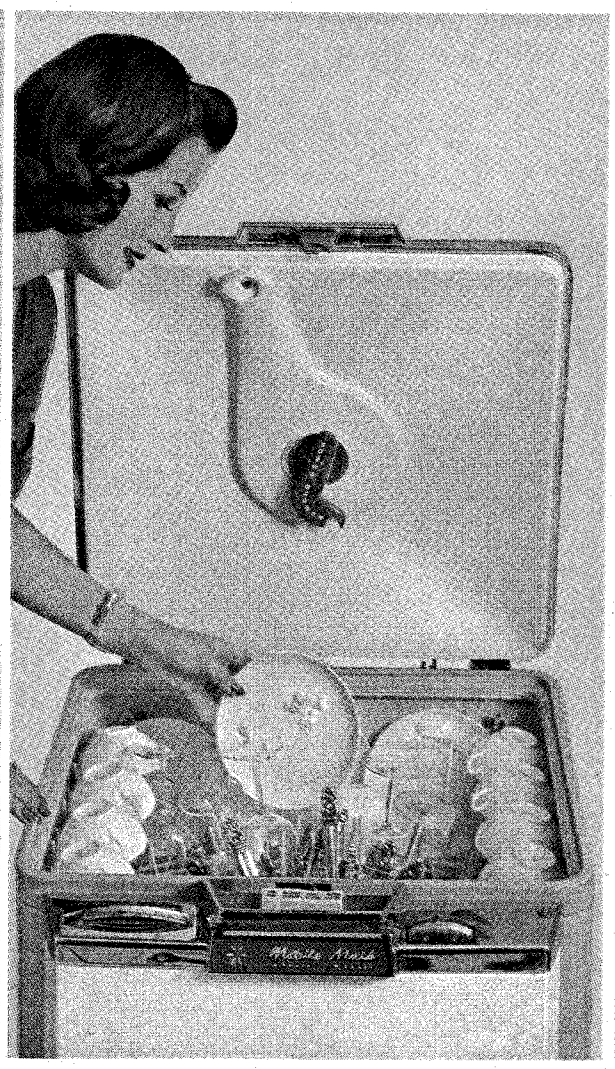
4½ minutes after dessert you're done!





New General Electric Dishwasher...

The Christmas Gift that gets the whole family out of doing the dishes!

You're done with the dishes in the time it takes to clear the table and put them in your General Electric Custom 3-cycle Mobile Maid®. Undoubtedly the biggest boon to dishwashing since paper plates. For along with washing all your dishes, Mobile Maid washes away all your reasons for not owning a dishwasher.

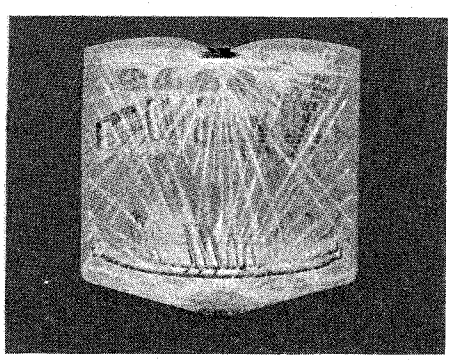
No more half-done dishes. With exclusive new Power Shower, Mobile Maid scrubs every piece to your highest standards.

And Mobile Maid is portable. You pay not one penny for installation.

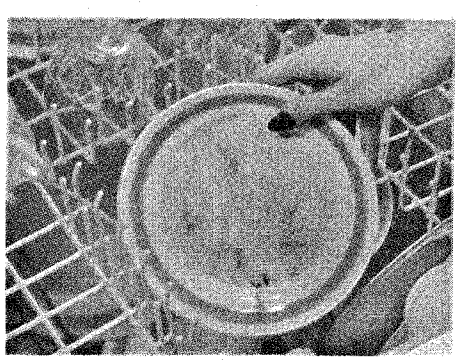
Capacity? Throw a dinner party for thirteen* and Mobile Maid washes everything on the table but the tablecloth.

Tonight after dinner, when you become one of the leftovers, think how nice it would be to replace yourself with a new Mobile Maid.

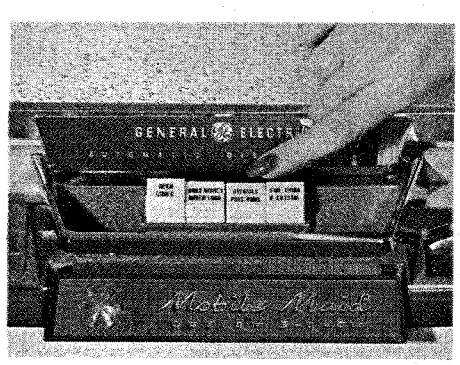
*NEMA place settings



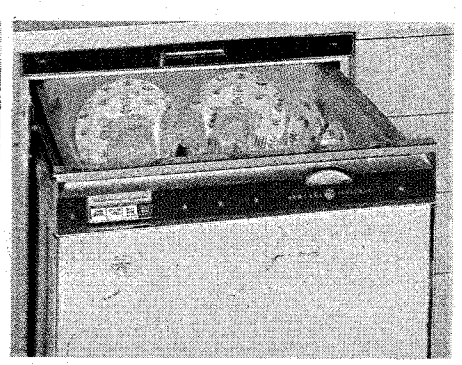
Cleaner dishes for sure! From under the lid, Power Shower swirls hot water over every dish while *more* hot water shoots from the bottom up. Top and bottom washing scrubs away even hard-to-remove soils.



No hand rinsing or scraping! Flushaway Drain does it *automatically*. All you do is remove large food scraps. Soft food is liquefied and flushed away—*before* washing begins. Easier-to-load racks, too.



Coddles china, scours pots! Three washing cycles. One gentle cycle washes fine china and crystal. One vigorous cycle scours utensils, pots, pans. All-purpose cycle scrubs a mixed load of daily dishes.



New Undercounter Model too! Top performance features... including Flushaway Drain, *four* cycles. In five colors, five woods, brushed chrome, coppertone. General Electric Co., Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Attention ladies: Leave the magazine open to this page as a subtle hint to puzzled Santas.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Relieve Pain of Headache, Neuritis, Neuralgia

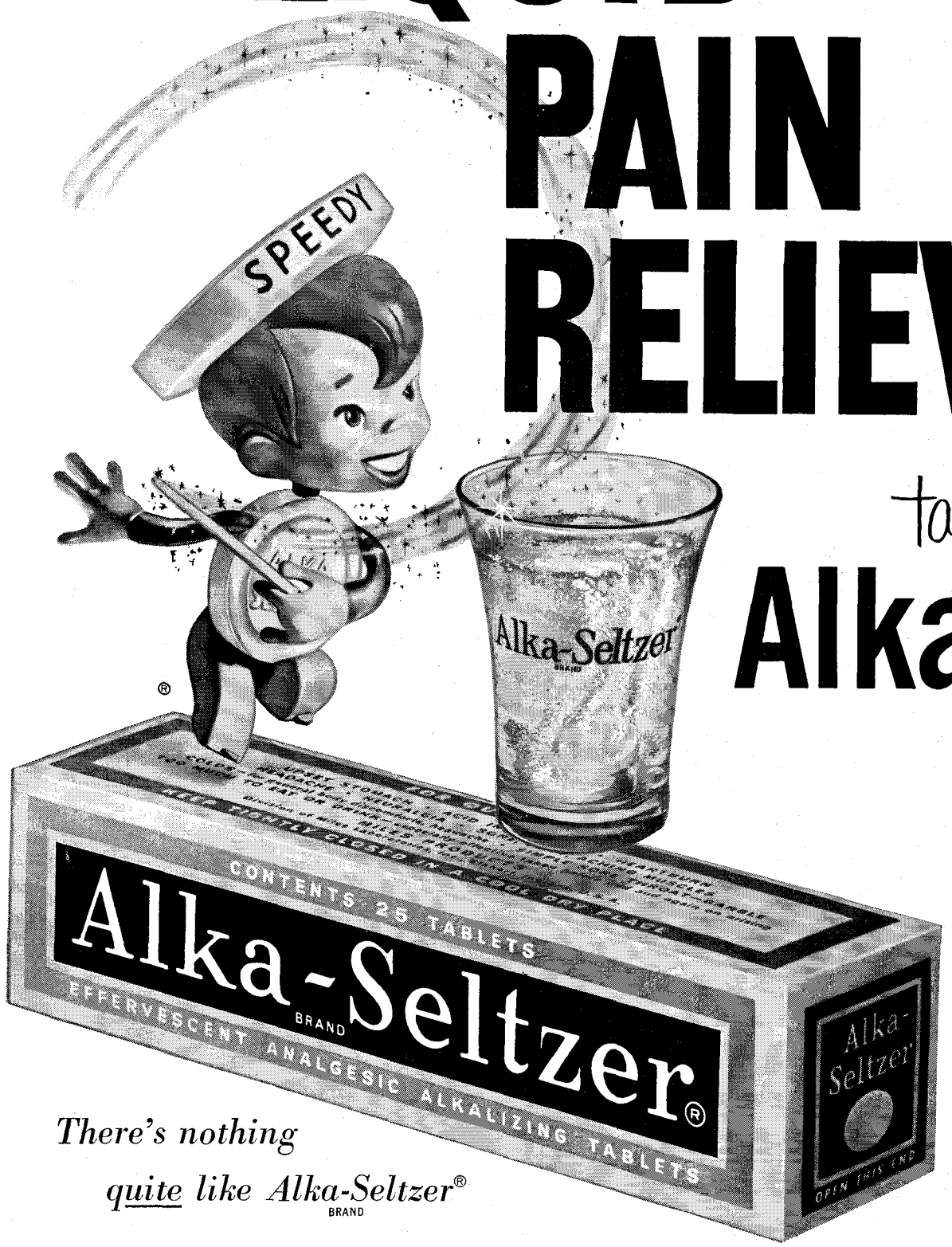
take the **QUICK-ACTING**

LIQUID PAIN RELIEVER

take

Alka-Seltzer®

BRAND



There's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer®
BRAND

There are pills for headache, neuritis, neuralgia. But they must dissolve in the stomach. (This is sometimes a slow process and delays relief.)

But ALKA-SELTZER in a glass of water is a pleasant, easy-to-take liquid pain-reliever. It acts quickly to relieve pain of headache, neuritis, neuralgia to help you feel better all over—that's why, with ALKA-SELTZER "Relief is just a swallow away."

MILES PRODUCTS *Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana*

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Editorial

Quiz Scandals Are Only a Symptom

During the past several weeks one of our principal competitors, television, has been under severe attack.

The temptation, of course, is to join in the assault—to parade before our readers the whole sorry gallery of witnesses who testified before Congressman Oren Harris' well-publicized hearings. There is reason to do so. The charges of deceitfulness have been proved; the sad spectacle of major networks surrendering control of their facilities to advertisers has been fully documented.

Nevertheless, we are reluctant to join in the field day that the press, generally, has enjoyed at television's expense. This is not because we believe the rogues to be innocent. Rather, it is because we believe that the importance of their guilt has been wildly exaggerated, the significance of their guilt almost wholly overlooked. The nation, we suspect, will not go into total decline because Xavier Cugat cribbed on his pop-music exams; we may even survive the revelation that network presidents were either asleep at the switch or more interested in advertising revenue than in the honesty of their programs.

What is important is that we recognize the television scandals for what they are—a symptom of the declining standards of moral behavior in the United States, that twinge in the national belly that warns of deep-seated malignancy in the body politic.

The issue before the republic, therefore, is not merely how to police the airways (the industry itself may see to that if only to avoid the twin threats of Federal regulation and pay TV). Ours is a far more difficult task. The first stone has been cast. Now all of our treasured institutions are called to account for their stewardship—each determining for itself how riddled with the cancer of moral indifference it may be.

Even a cursory glance at our society reveals that the ethics of the quiz show are by no means confined to television. In many of our schools, for instance, we tacitly approve the policy of automatic promotion—that sleazy practice of sending dullards from grade to grade when they can't, or won't, do the required work, but must be advanced because "there's no place else for them to go." Ultimately they are "graduated," ill prepared for the jobs they will seek with their fraudulent diplomas.

In our colleges responsible educators now estimate that perhaps as many as one third of all students cheat "rather regularly" on their examinations. It is really not surprising that they do so. Their more celebrated classmates, the football team, were very probably recruited by one or another of the undercover dodges employed by college administrators to circumvent the pious codes they publicly endorse.

On the labor front we are assailed by the dismal memory of Dave Beck and the spectacle of a Hoffa triumphant over the majesty of Federal authority. We see featherbedding and thuggery upheld in cynical disregard of the national welfare.

Medicine? After years of tongue-clucking by the American Medical Association, fee splitting goes on as always. Some specialists continue to kick back to general practitioners who send them patients. In another sector health-insurance plans mount in cost because, for one reason, doctors and patients conspire to chisel on the terms of the contracts.

Lawyers? Alongside the honest attorneys slinks that grimy fringe of ambulance chasers, shysters and mouthpieces—the flouters of justice whose special skill is to teach the willing pupil how to beat the law. Even the statutes themselves seem sometimes to encourage these delinquents. Some states, for example, encourage perjury by providing that the only legal ground for divorce is adultery. Too often the evidence of the adulterous act has to be faked, while solemn but helpless judges look the other way.

The income tax? Cheating on it is now a national game. New loopholes are greeted with hosannas, passed from willing lip to eager ear. Executives openly boast of living off their expense accounts. Too often the status symbols of the successful are the credit card and the company yacht used for private entertainment.

Washington? The home freezer and the mink coat are old stuff by now. So, also, is the strange case of the Miami television license, the vicuña coat, the Goldfine rug, the innocent phone calls of Sherman Adams, the Congressional payrolls stuffed with relatives.

But what about the senator who conveniently forgets that the hilarious speech which established him as a latter-day Will Rogers was actually written by some ink-stained ghost whose name the senator conveniently forgot to mention? And how many members of Congress accept campaign contributions from donors whose obvious, if unspecified, purpose is to compromise the vote of the successful candidate?

The catalogue of American Van Dorens is thick and blowzy. It includes those American businesses which caused the Federal Trade Commission to announce recently that advertising abuses were at an all-time high; the gyp repairmen who batten on the anguish of homeowners in trouble; the fast-talking bunko artists who swindle the unsophisticated by selling worthless stock by telephone. It even includes those suburban ministers who preach their Sunday sermons on racial integration—to all-white congregations.

Nor, we regret to say, is the press without blemish. Some of the publications that trumpeted television's derelictions most loudly are themselves guilty of questionable practice. Some permit their baseball writers, for example, to travel at the expense of the team they cover—compromising objectivity for a few dollars a year. Some see no ethical reason why their editors should not accept the free travel, free liquor, free entertainment offered by public-relations firms in pursuit of favorable mention for their clients. Some angle their editorial content with the advertiser, not the reader, in mind.

And all of us—newspapers and magazines alike—are wide open to the charge that we have abetted the national delinquency by helping to foster a phony value system in our country. By glamorizing sports we so inflated the football star that colleges felt justified in buying him to fill the stadium that costs more than the physics building. By our preoccupation with the bosomy starlet, the sweetly smiling faces of television, we encouraged our readers to accept phony standards of success, helped the creatures of publicity to rewards that their contributions do not merit.

Viewed against this capsule picture of the seamy side of the United States, the television mess begins to come into focus.

Television, we repeat, was guilty of gross negligence and gross cowardice in surrendering programing to the advertiser.

Those who have been damned by the revelations deserved to be damned.

Television paid the penalty not because it was the only offender but because it was the most obvious target.

Some other houses are in need of cleaning—for their own good and for the nation's.

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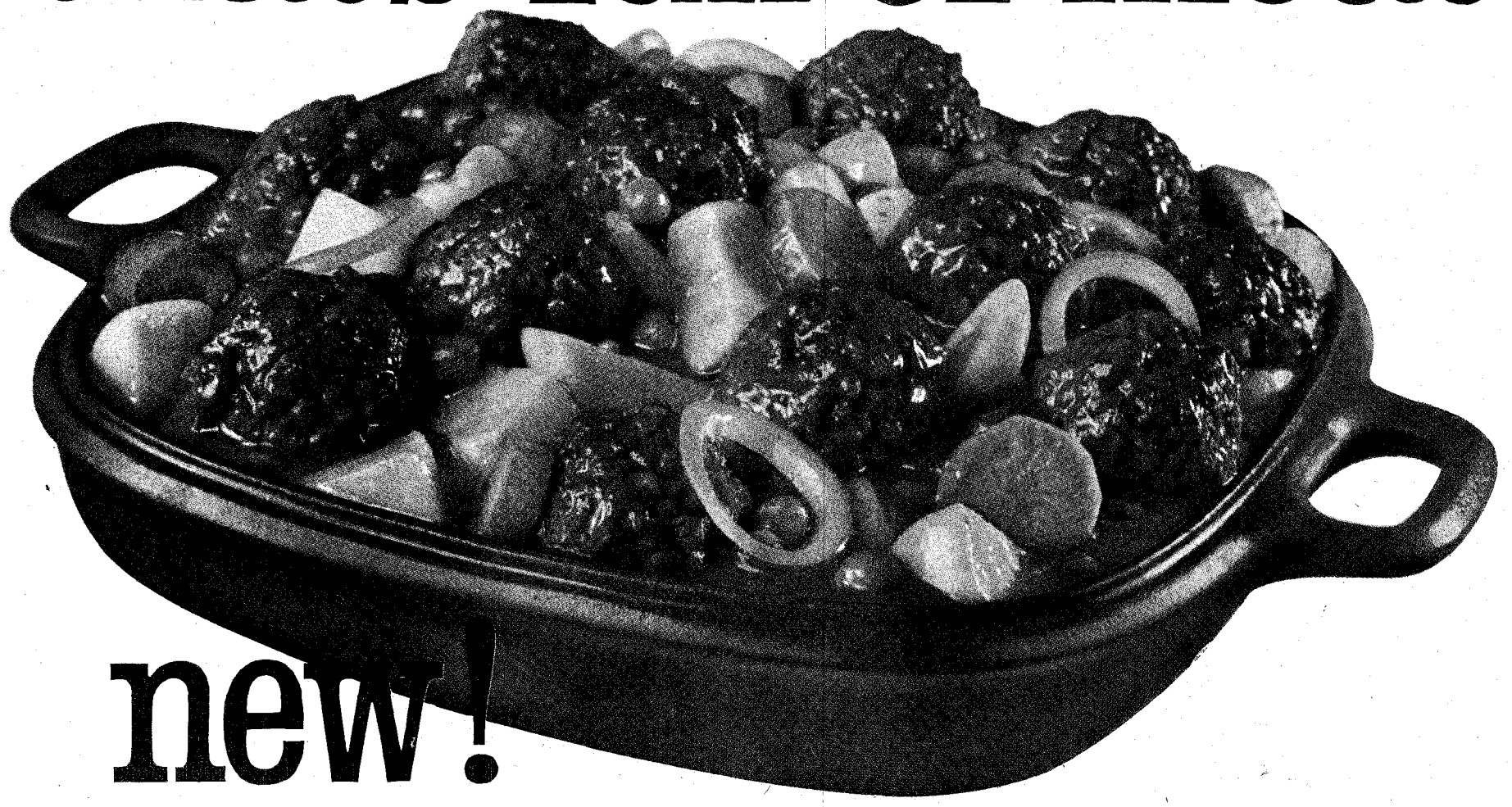
Casserole treat that's full of meat



new!

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Meat Ball Stew

The stew with 12 juicy beef meat balls—you don't have to dig for the meat! Peas, carrots, potatoes and hearty brown gravy. Loads of flavor. Children love it...grownups, too!

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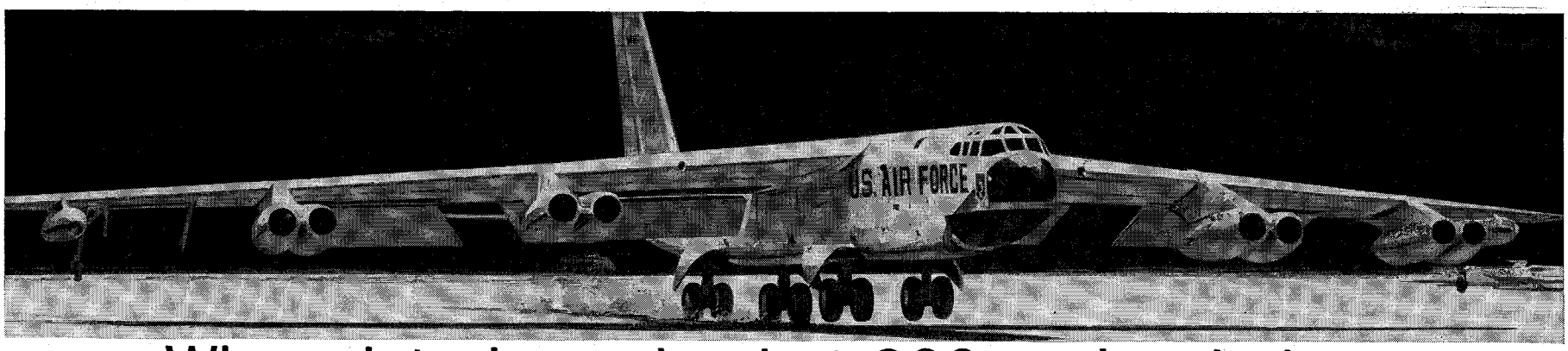
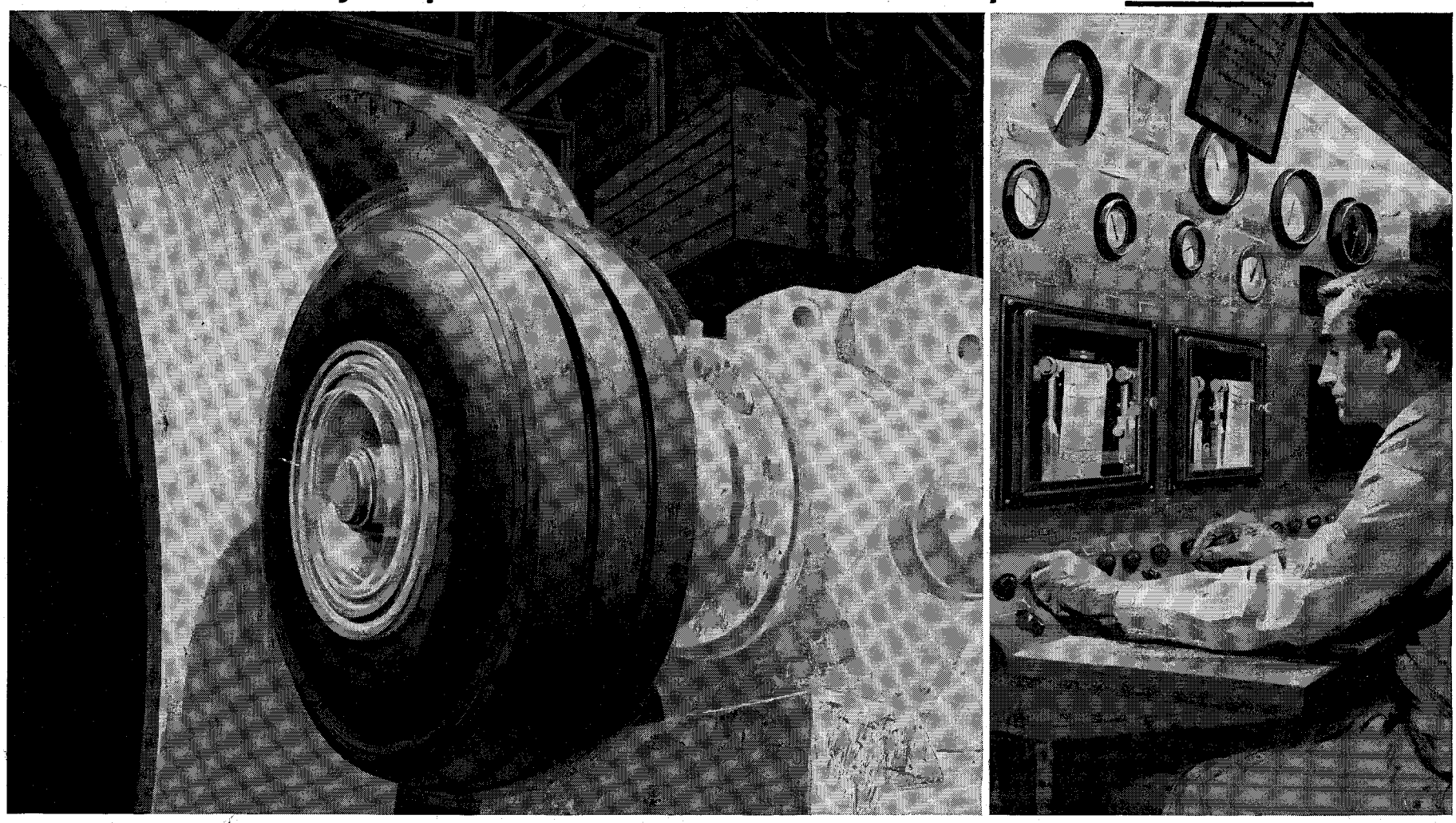


Where jet planes land at 300 mph... indoors



GIANT TIRE-TESTING WHEEL SIMULATES 80,000-LB. JET LANDING AT 300 MPH. ENGINEER CHECKS STRESSES AND HEAT BUILD-UP AT CONTROL PANEL.

U.S. Rubber Research gives the Armed Forces better tires to land on . . . gives you better tires to drive on!

Every time a military jet comes in for a landing, the welfare of our nation, the safety of military personnel, as well as millions of dollars of aircraft, *are riding on a set of tires.*

Those tires hit the ground at speeds that can melt rubber and set fabric aflame.

They take impacts that could burst steel barrels—carry loads that could break the back of a girder.

To produce tires that can withstand such punishment, we have been working closely with military aviation for many years.

An example of our experience, research, testing facilities and construction know-how is one of the world's biggest tire-testing wheels.

It stands 8 feet high, weighs 150,000 lbs., spins at 300 miles per hour and is powered by a 1,250 horsepower motor that could drive a locomotive.

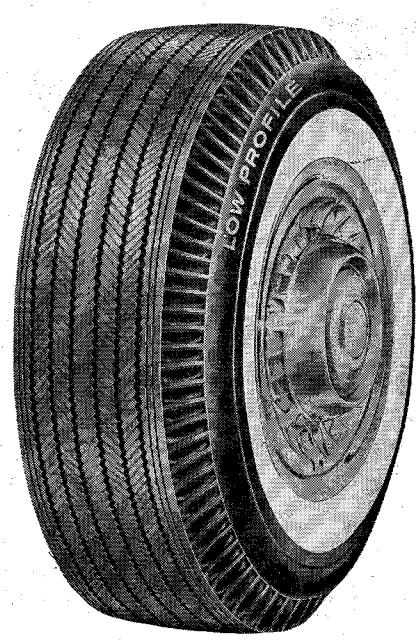
Here, jet plane tires can "land" every 20 minutes—right in the laboratory—without risk to Armed Forces personnel or property.

What's more, the experience gained in such research reflects itself in better U. S. Royal tires on your car. Better rubber. Better cords. Better construction.

For example, did you know that nylon tire cord was first pioneered by U.S. Rubber for aircraft tires?

In a very real sense, our engineers have their heads in the clouds . . . and their feet on solid ground . . . to bring you the safest, longest wearing tires for every truck and passenger need!

SUPER-SAFETY 8
ONE OF THE NEW LOW PROFILE TIRES FOR PASSENGER CARS



U.S. ROYAL SAFETY 1ST TIRES

US RUBBER **United States Rubber**
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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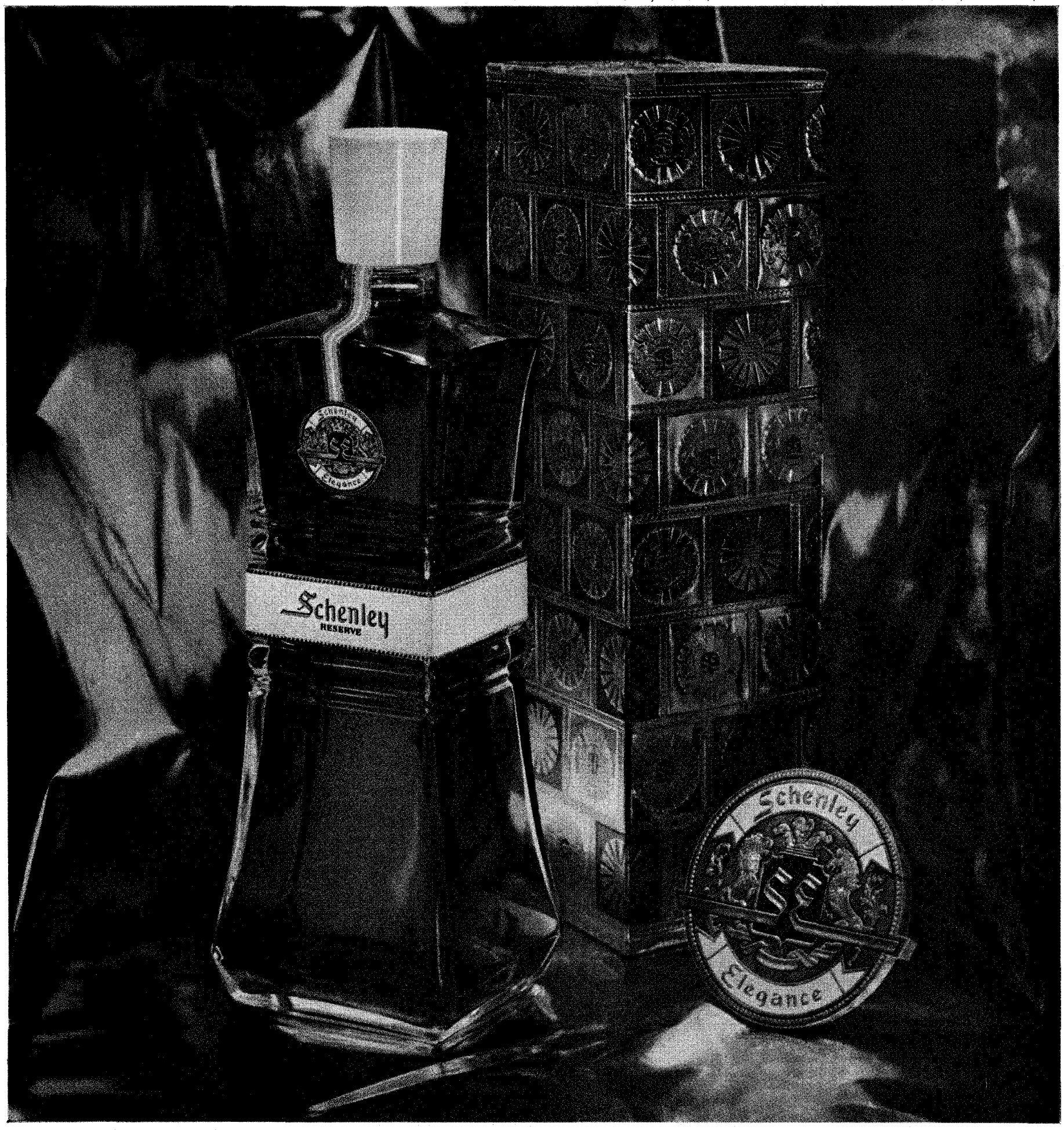
Schenley Distillers Co., N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKY OF ELEGANCE, 86 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits



IF YOU WISH THEM THE BEST — WHY NOT GIVE IT?

Schenley *The Whisky of Elegance in the Decanter of Elegance*

A full fifth of incomparable Schenley, magnificently gift-wrapped in rich embossed foil at no extra cost. Remove the cellophane sleeve and it's ready to give. Handsome year-round quarts, pints and half pints also gift-wrapped in the same beautiful foil.

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THE FINEST SHOOT'N' SHOW WEST OF THE PECOS

(also east, north or south, for that matter)

Too many TV shootin' shows at your house? This Argus Shoot and Show pair is a marvelous antidote! It's easy . . . fun . . . the kids are your stars . . . the life-size pictures are in full color . . . and there are no commercials!

The camera is our Argus Match-Matic C-3 . . . the fine camera that's as easy to set as a clock. All you do is match two numbers —on light meter and lens—and shoot. You can put it under your Christmas tree for just $64.95, with light meter, case and flash.

The projector is the Argus Electromatic. It puts 500-watt sparkle in your slides and operates three ways: fully automatic, remote control and pushbutton. We ask $99.95 for it with 36-slide aluminum magazine and carrying case.

See your Argus dealer soon! Make sure there's an Argus Shoot and Show pair on the stage coach to your house in plenty of time for Christmas!

argus® DIVISION OF SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC. GENERAL SYSTEM

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December 12, 1959

MAX FACTOR has a gift for making lips beautiful– Hi-Society in dazzling new designs for Christmas

©1959, MAX FACTOR & CO.

DIAMONDS BY MARVIN HIME, BEVERLY HILLS

give Hi-Society... dainty case, mirror and lipstick all-in-one

Choose (if you can) from these beautiful new Hi-Society case designs...each complete with lipstick refill.

A. Black and Golden Wreath design, smart enamel finish $3.50

B. Golden Swirl, graceful pattern on gleaming gold-tone $2.50

C. Golden Classic White design, etched on lustrous gold-tone $3.50

D. Golden Sunburst, with shimmering gold-tone finish . . . $2.50

E. Classic Silver and White, elegantly silver-plated $4.50

F. Mother-of-Pearl design, richly inlaid $4.50

G. Modern Florentine design, set with a glittering gem $3.50

H. Chic Tortoise-tone *or* Polished Ebony-tone $1.50

I. Golden Floral, etched on a glowing golden finish . . . $2.50

MAX FACTOR 50 YEARS

Max Factor...*master of make-up artistry for 50 years.*

U.S. PAT. #2830602

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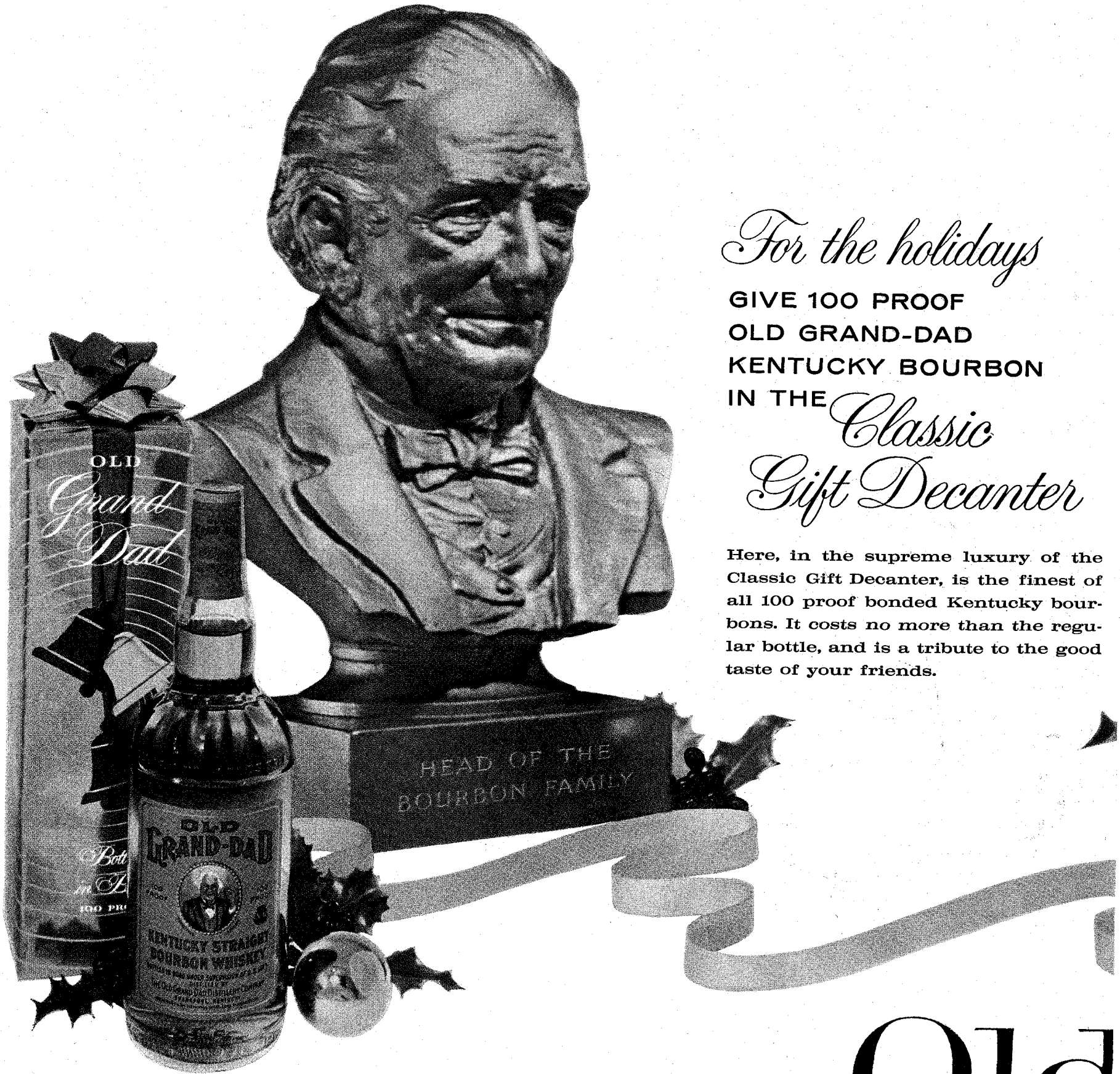
HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



For the holidays

GIVE 100 PROOF OLD GRAND-DAD KENTUCKY BOURBON IN THE *Classic Gift Decanter*

Here, in the supreme luxury of the Classic Gift Decanter, is the finest of all 100 proof bonded Kentucky bourbons. It costs no more than the regular bottle, and is a tribute to the good taste of your friends.

100 proof bonded Old Grand-Dad is also available in the gift-wrapped regular bottle, for those who prefer it.

Old

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Grand-Dad

THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KY. • DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY

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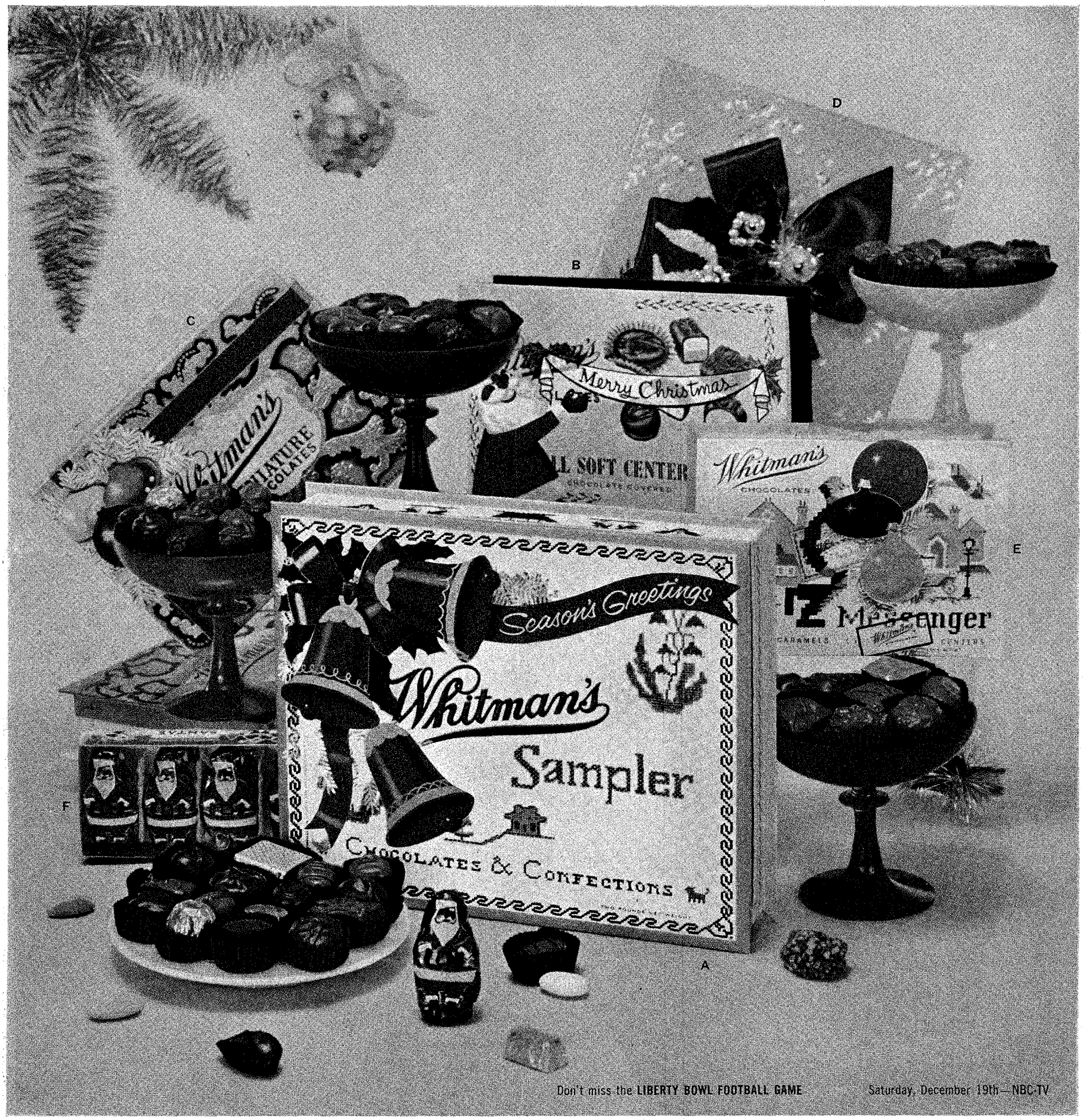

WHITMAN'S CHOCOLATES FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT LIST *The perfect way to remember everyone at Christmas—* **A** *Give Whitman's Sampler! The best liked box of chocolates in the world, only $2 per pound.* **B** *All Soft Centers, $1.75 per pound.* **C** *Bite-size Miniatures, $2 per pound.* **D** *The de luxe Corsage Box with a gay Christmas decoration, $3 per pound.* **E** *The Messenger Box, an assortment of caramels, nougats, creams and chewy centers, $1.50.* **F** *Chocolate Marshmallow Santas, ideal for stocking stuffers. Box of 8, 59¢. All fresh, direct from Whitman's, America's favorite quality chocolates. Be sure to have a box of Whitman's on hand for holiday hospitality.*

It's Whitman's® time

CHOCOLATES

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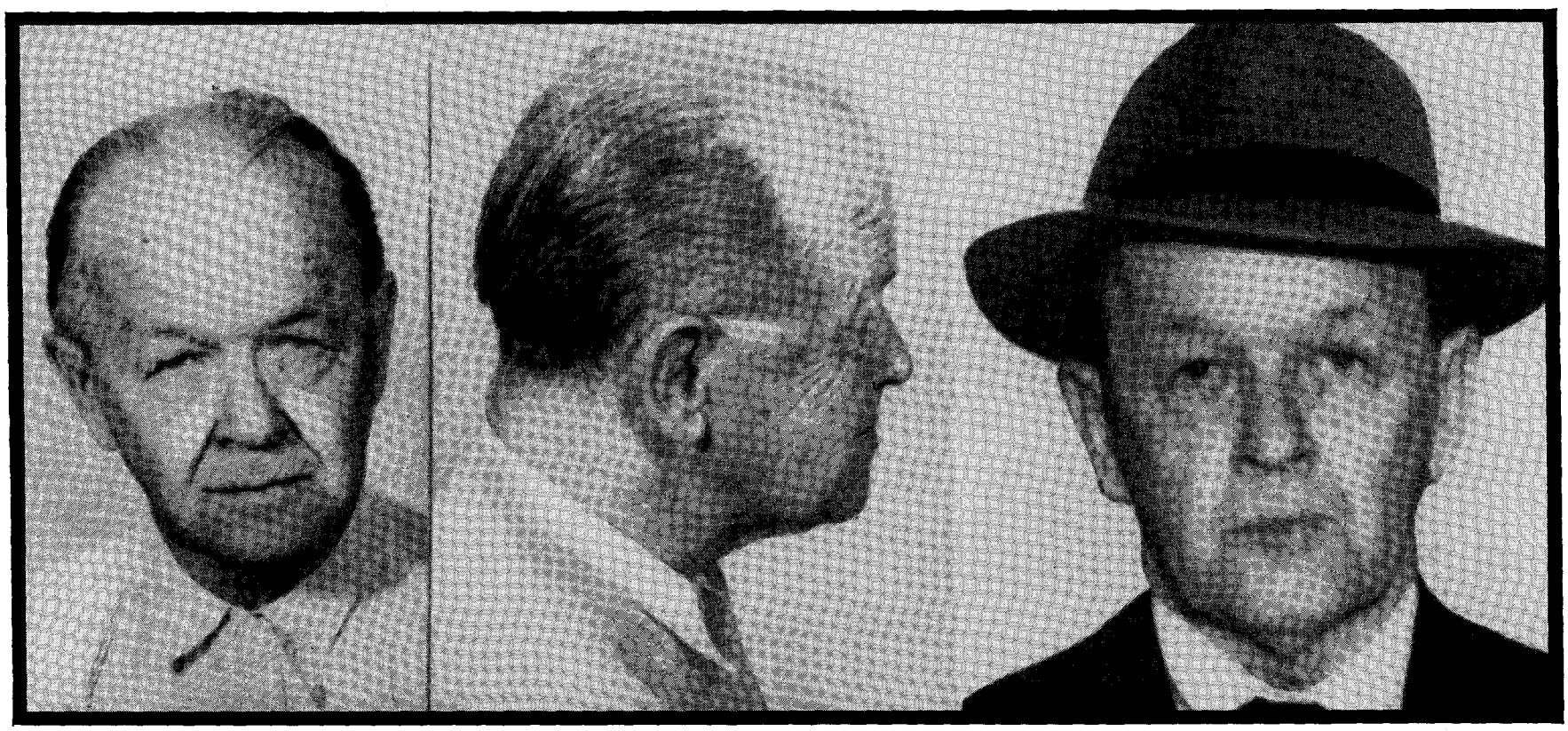
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin



FREDERICK EMERSON PETERS FBI No. 7,350

The Crook Everyone Liked

For half a century Frederick Emerson Peters, one of the cleverest confidence men on record, baffled the police and bilked the public between jail terms.

By Beverly Smith Jr.

On Saturday morning, July twenty-fifth last, a telephone operator at the Hotel Taft in New Haven, Connecticut, repeatedly rang Room 510. No answer. The small, elderly, professorial-looking gentleman in 510, who had registered as Dr. B. A. Morris of Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania, had left a call for nine A.M. Finally a bellboy was sent up to knock on the door. When there was still no answer, an assistant manager, opening the door with a passkey, found "Doctor Morris" unconscious on the bed. Apparently he had suffered a stroke in his sleep. He was taken by ambulance to Saint Raphael's Hospital, where he died the next afternoon without regaining consciousness.

Thus ended, two months short of his seventy-fourth birthday, the career of a learned, engaging, ingenious and talented man who had applied his gifts to establishing one of the longest police records in American history. As a confidence man, impersonator and bad-check artist, he had amiably swindled himself a modest living since the dawn of the twentieth century.

Sympathetic hotel officials, not suspecting the illegal eminence of their guest, tried to notify his family. Their phone calls revealed that the Bala Cynwyd address was fictitious. Puzzled, they examined the good doctor's scanty personal effects. Here was further mystery, including uncashed checks made out to Dr. J. A. Logan, a used airline ticket in the name of Doctor Morton, and shirts with the laundry mark "CAR." There were also a gold wrist watch, a stop watch, $38.09 in cash and four unused Scandinavian Railways tickets from Oslo to Bergen, Norway, made out to "Doctor Logan and party."

Now the New Haven police took over. They, too, were baffled by the varied names and addresses of the stricken man. After his death they mailed his fingerprints to the FBI in Washington.

The FBI does not become excited easily. But on the evening when the prints from New Haven reached the FBI Identification Division, it is fair to say there (Continued on Page 65)

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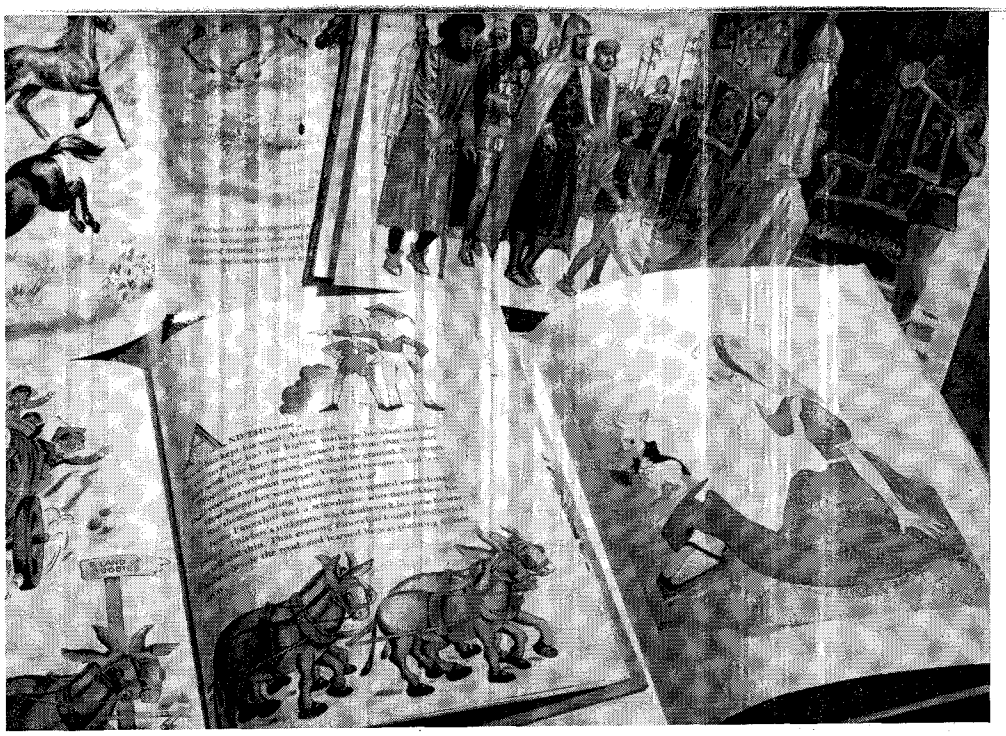

These cut-down versions of children's classics—*Black Beauty*, *King Arthur*, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Pinocchio*—show how text is often sacrificed for fancy art work.

Listening to "story records," says the author, is a poor substitute for reading the books they purport to condense. Of all abridgments he considers them "the worst offenders."

Must They Spoil Children's Books?

Misguided editors, who water down the classics to make them "easier" for young readers, are doing irreparable harm to the literary appetites of our future adults, says the author.

By J. C. Furnas

Reading aloud benefits the young mind's "growing edges." At left is the Hilary Simons family, of Bryn Athyn, Pa. Mr. Simons' employer, the Yale & Towne Co., maintains a special library of children's books and encourages employees to take them home.

O.K., Johnny, you *can* read. Never mind recent hollering about why you can't, how best to teach you to do it, and whoever claimed you couldn't, to begin with. Most of you youngsters somehow learn to read well enough to get along.

But that is not the end of your problem. Reading is more than an excellent way to acquire information. It is also a first-class pleasure deriving from the subtlest human art—writing. Be warned, Johnny, your elders have fouled this one up too. You can't count on run-of-mine schools, teachers, librarians, publishers or booksellers—maybe not even your own parents—to provide you with what makes civilized readers. Grownups mean well by you, no doubt. But the 100-proof stuff that really sends real readers—and is essential to your reading development—may not be there when you need it.

This is not another swipe at comic books. The offender that sent me first sniffing down this trail was never sold on newsstands or anywhere else. It was a book that the New York City Board of Education had prepared and presented to junior-high-school pupils—among them the daughter of a friend of mine. Its cover said, DAVID COPPERFIELD, BY CHARLES DICKENS. But the text inside was not what Dickens wrote under that title. I found instead the shook-up remains of heavy cutting and

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rewriting. Someone had substituted watery words wherever Dickens, the bungler, had used something pungent.

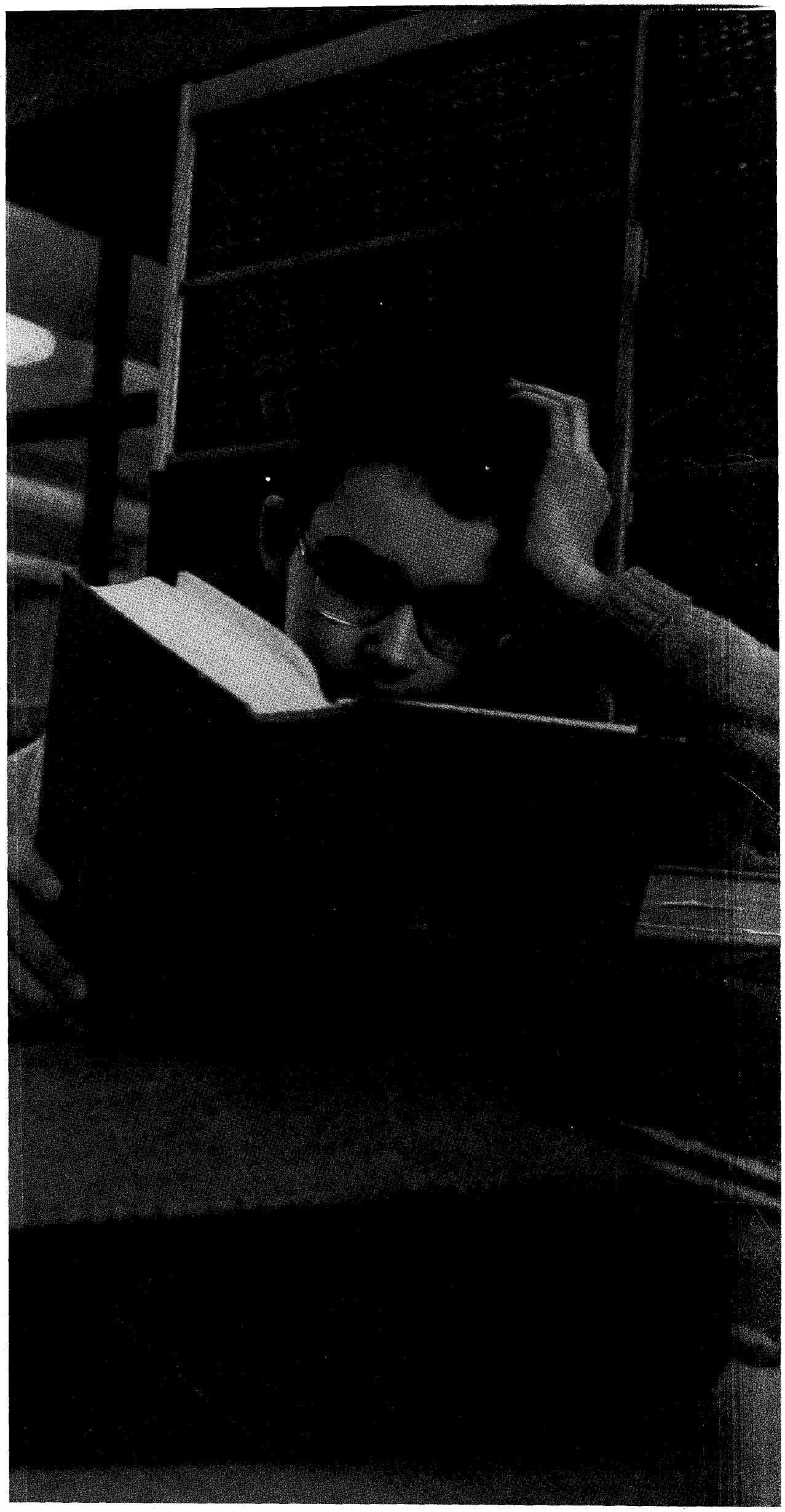
Tom Sawyer, *Treasure Island* and several other fine narratives were similarly "abridged" and handed out. The purpose—admirable in itself—was to start boys and girls on their own personal libraries. Each text was thus mangled on the assumption that the real thing would be over their heads. Several years ago the scheme washed out—not because those in charge came to think it a bad idea, but because it ran out of funds. By then, of course, thousands of teen-age Johnnies and Janies had the false impression that they had read *David Copperfield*.

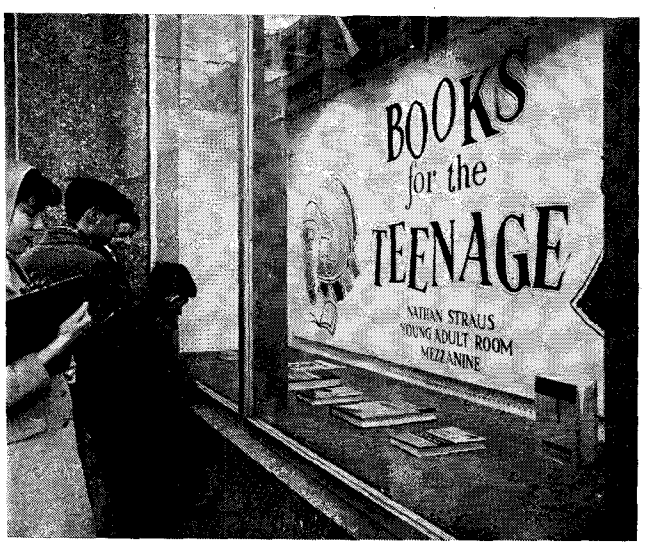
To give them at this formative stage a text robbed of the ginger and gurgle that make Dickens worth reading was like exposing them to Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* with every other note played a quarter-tone flat. Music lovers would mob anybody doing that. But the literary equivalent of such a misdemeanor caused no stir among educators. Many elementary and high schools have long taken such abridgments for granted. In fact—I found this amazing—it is usually teachers of English in teachers' colleges or heads of English departments in large high schools who let themselves be hired to mess up great writing.

Some of them believe they are doing literature a favor. A lady professor who turned out a widely used, crippled-up abridgment of *Huckleberry Finn* wrote in its preface, "So much of this book can be omitted without loss, one regrets that Mark Twain expanded the story to such length." Then she wades in and cuts out or down most of the best stuff in it.

Scores of such travesties of literature sell annually to thousands of schools. The excuse is that "classics"—a term including stuffy things like *Huckleberry Finn*, *Captains Courageous* and *Alice in Wonderland*—are long-winded and use many words unfamiliar to Johnny. It's futile to expect him to "wade through" such stuff. Yet he needs books in order to practice reading. Why not give him reading fodder that fills him in on who this David Copperfield was?

Abridgments took root, it appears, when teachers were trying to replace old-fashioned "readers" with more interesting reading-practice material. Antiabridgment librarians assure me that (Continued on Page 51)





"Make sure," urges Furnas, "that your youngsters get early and often to the children's end of the local library." Above, Manhattan's Donnell branch library.

"Books and most children are natural friends that need only cordial bringing together." Here at the Fair Lawn (N.J.) Junior High, Kent Carr takes his *Ivanhoe* straight and uncut.

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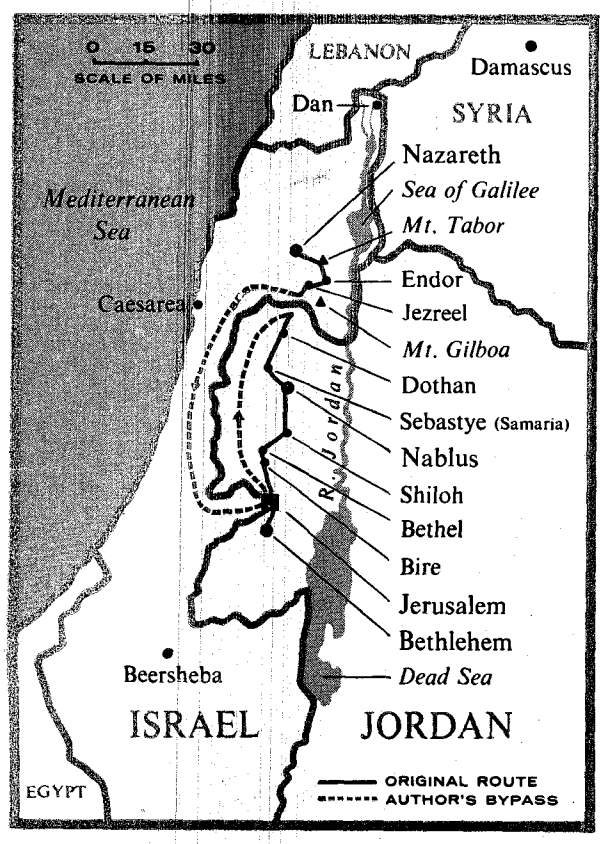
Nazareth has grown but little since the lifetime of Mary and Joseph, says the author. At upper left is Mount Tabor, where Christ is said to have been transfigured in the presence of Peter, John and James.

A modern pilgrim recounts his visit to Christendom's most sacred shrines, along the route that Mary and Joseph took from Nazareth nearly two thousand years ago.

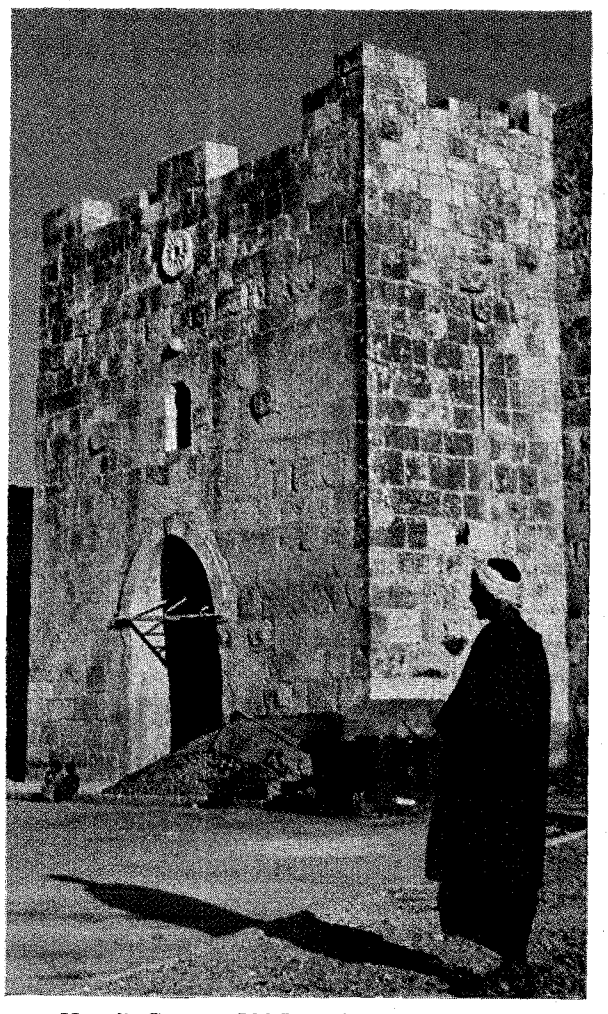
I Traveled the Road to Bethlehem

By Daniel Brown

The Basilica of the Transfiguration (right, above) on Mount Tabor replaces a fourth-century church, ruins of which can be seen at rear.



This map shows how the Israeli-Jordanian frontier, which now crosses the route taken by the holy family, forced the author to detour nearly 200 miles.



Herod's Gate on Old Jerusalem's northern wall. Near it is the Mandelbaum Gate, the only crossover point on the Israeli-Jordanian frontier.

Nineteen hundred years ago a physician named Lucas dipped his pen in an eloquent ink and, with an uncommon economy of words, told the most beautiful story ever written.

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. . . . And all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem . . . to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. *Luke 2: 1–7.*

Nazareth, "the Flower of Galilee," is a simple village. It has grown but little since the toddling boy Jesus tugged at Mary's skirts as she went for water at the town's only well. This fountain at the square is still the major source of water for the Nazarene villagers. There is a little carpenter's shop, not unlike the establishment Joseph kept, with a buzzing coffeehouse nearby. Townspeople point to a grotto which they say is the underpart of Mary's family home and to another which was the house of a gentle village elder named Joseph.

Nazareth was not mentioned in all the Old Testament. It was reserved especially for the wondrous events here later to unfold. Early historians ignored it also. Nathanael on the very eve of Christ's entry into public life asked, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" It is an odd fact that long after Jesus had achieved fame in the north country

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The Grotto of the Nativity, in Bethlehem. Inlaid in the marble at the base of the altar above is the silver star marking the supposed site of Christ's birth. This chamber, it is thought, served as a stable for the inn where Mary and Joseph sought shelter.

of Galilee, after he had resisted the blandishments of the devil on the Mount of Temptation, long after he was hailed as "the Great Physician," he was still scorned as a false prophet by his townsmen. Sadly he remarked at the synagogue one day, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country. . . ."

First mention of Nazareth in any major record is in the account of the appearance of God's messenger, Gabriel, to Mary. His salutation, "Blessed art thou among women," opened a grand new chapter in the world's sordid history.

From this sweet spring not long ago I set out on the road to Bethlehem, in the footsteps of Mary and Joseph. If theirs was a trying journey, it is scarcely less difficult today. They rode protesting donkeys in almost a straight line southward through the heartland of the Bible. To make my journey I must use two touring cars, one owned by a Jew of Israel, the other by an Arab of Jordan, and weave and backtrack over 300 miles to reach little Bethlehem, just 100 miles to the south.

War and man's folly have cut the road of Mary and Joseph at a point which was the boundary between old Galilee and Samaria. Today it is the eleven-year-old armistice line separating the Jewish state of Israel from the Arab state of Jordan. There is no crossing this hedge of steel and hate, for trouble lies heavily on the Holy Land today as so often in history it has.

It is a fact that if Jesus were to be born this year, the birth could not take place in Bethlehem. Nazareth is in Israel, and Bethlehem is in Jordan, and they are as surely separated as the moon is from the earth. No Nazarene may go to Bethlehem, and not even the most foolhardy Bethlehemite would dare set out for Nazareth. Only after complicated negotiation with the two governments am I able to begin my journey.

Moshe is my driver in Israel, and Musa is my driver in Jordan. They share a common name and a common heritage, for Moshe is the Hebrew and Musa is the Arabic for Moses, a relative of them both. It is a half-forgotten fact that the Arabs and the Jews are cousins within the Semitic race.

"I wish I could take you to Bethlehem," Moshe sadly tells me as we leave the little coffee garden in Nazareth. "In the old days I made the trip so many, many times." Pondering the futility of his reverie, we set out in his old car on the blacktop pike to the barrier to the south. (Continued on Page 98)

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"Would you do me a favor?" Cindy whispered. "Would you kiss me?"

EXPERIMENT IN LOVE

There was something she had to find out, and only one way to do it.

By PAUL BOLER

I had planned to go fishing again that day, but at breakfast dad said, "It's high time you did some work around here, young man. Them cedar posts is about cured, so you go along up to the wood lot and half-coat them with creosote, and this afternoon we'll get ready to set them in."

"All right," I said.

"I got to go to town and get us some more wire and a stretcher," he said. "It ain't a legal fence now unless it's got four strands of bob wire."

"Am I supposed to tote that barrel up there on my back?" I said.

"Never mind about that," said dad. "Cindy Marshal is coming over with her pa's pickup to give you a hand, but mind you don't let her do none of the heavy work."

"All right," I said.

"Ain't no need for you to sound like that either," said dad. "You can't expect to go fishing every day."

"Yeah," I said. "I know." I stood up from the table and got my hat, but just before I reached the door, mom said, "You bring Cindy along for lunch, Ted. You hear?"

"Yes," I said. "I hear."

"And mind you don't let her try to lift any of those posts."

"No," I said. "I won't."

I went outside and whistled to Jigger. He crawled out from under the house and looked up at me. "Come on, Jigger," I said. "We got to work today." He looked kind of disappointed, but he came along down to the shed with me and poked around the doorway while I found a couple of brushes and rolled the barrel outside.

Dad always claimed Jigger was half pointer, but I never saw him hold a point, and he sure didn't look like one. For one thing, he was about half again as big as any pointer I ever saw, and for another he was a kind of dusty-blue color with a deep barrel and a heavy underslung jaw and small yellow eyes. Not even dad could claim he was pretty, and he was only middling fair with birds, but with coons and cats (Continued on Page 110)

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By ERNEST O. HAUSER

Why Britain Squelched the Socialists

A *Post* editor reports on the significance for both the U.S. and Britain of the Conservative Party's victory over the Laborites.

LONDON.

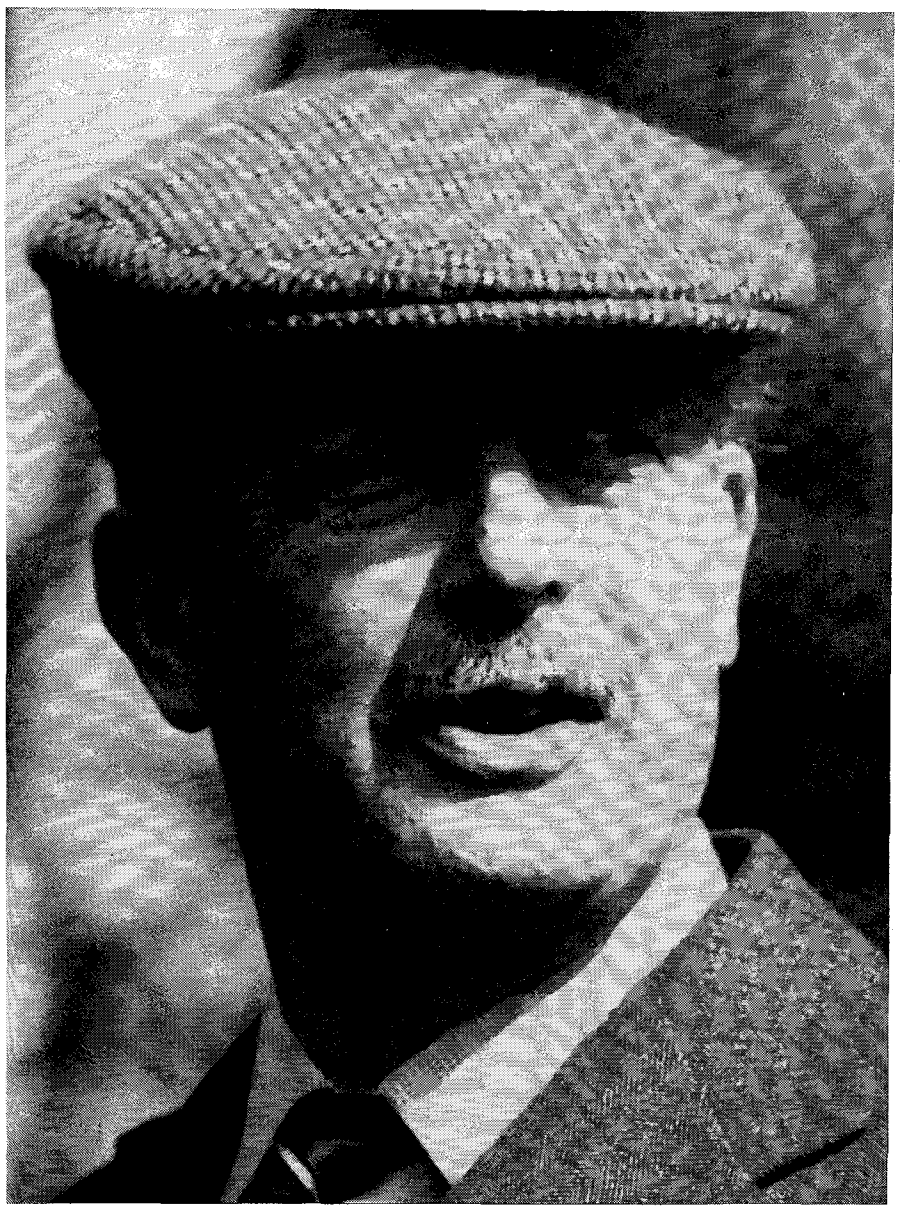
Great Britain, our "senior junior partner," is going through a social revolution of which Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's triumph at the national elections last October was but a symptom. The Labor Party's third defeat in less than a decade proved that the "party of the working man," which had presented Britain with the welfare state, was losing its appeal. In gaining virtually all its socialist objectives in the years after World War II, Labor had spent itself as a dynamic force—it would need a thorough overhauling before it could recapture its old function in British politics.

It was Macmillan himself who pointed to this deeper meaning of his victory when, in his summing up of the election results, he stated that "the class struggle is obsolete."

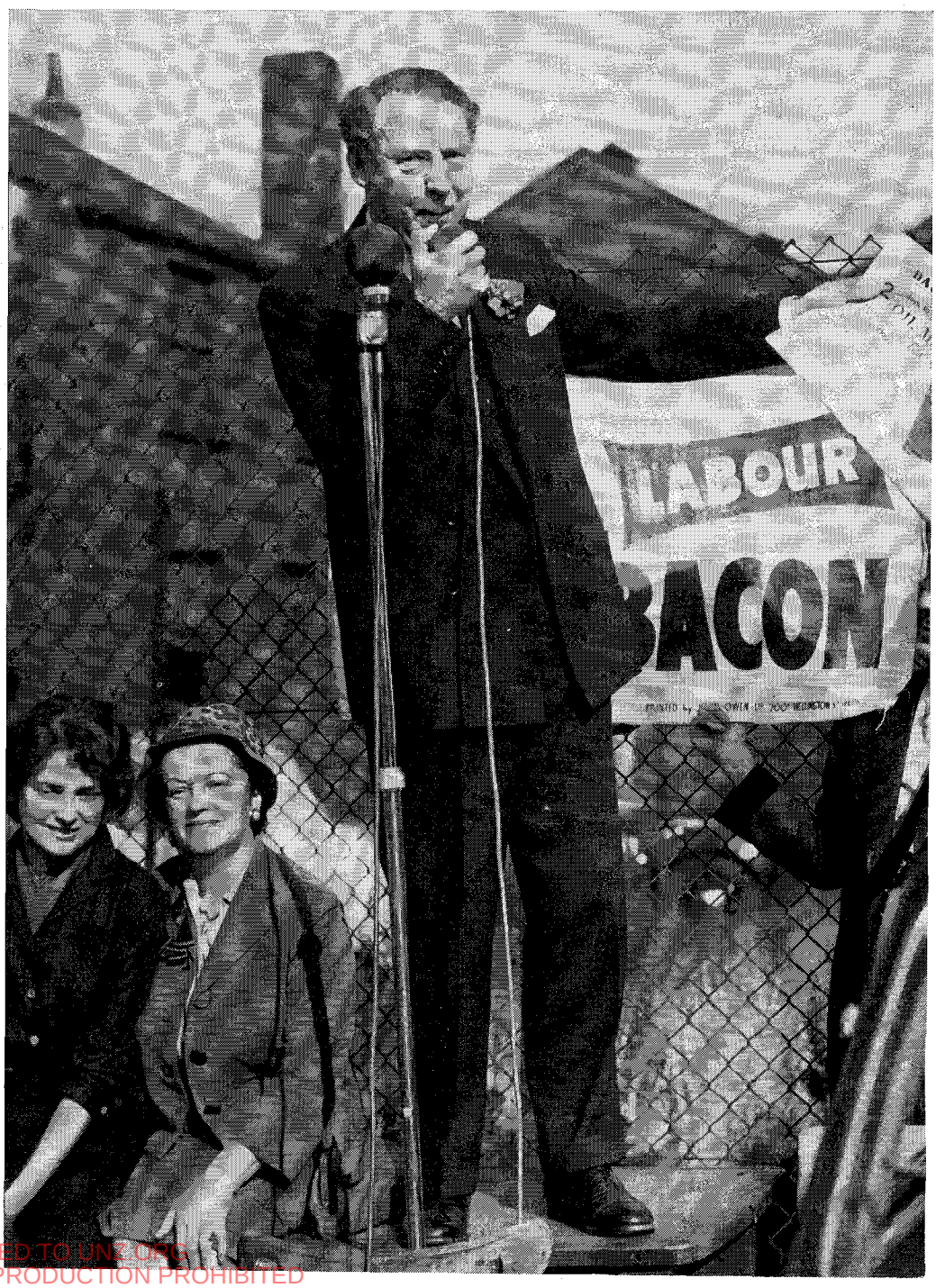
For nearly half a century the contest of the two big parties had mirrored the grim struggle between rich and poor. Today that rivalry has lost its meaning. True, the mere fact that 43.8 per cent of the electorate had voted Labor, compared to the Conservatives', or Tories', 49.4 per cent, proves that the British voter still favors the two-party system as a means of self-expression. But he has made it plain, by voting as he did, that he wishes to see the lines redrawn. What he desires clearly is a choice not between haves and have-nots, but between two great bodies of opinion differing only in their views on how to make democracy work best.

That such a realignment is bound to come, no one here doubts. And if it would give British politics a shove in the direction of the American two-party structure, would this not be in keeping with the fact that Britain's "affluent society" is looking more and more like our own? It will be up to the Labor Party in the next five years to liquidate its sterile policy and come (Continued on Page 94)

Labor leader Hugh Gaitskell, shown below stumping at Leeds, spearheaded his party's efforts to "give the Tories a hard time" during a spirited three-week campaign. At left are his wife and daughter.



Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. "He held all the trumps in the debate on the only two issues that really mattered to the British people—prosperity and peace," says Hauser.



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"I don't play golf or collect stamps or ride horses," says Sammy. "I write songs." Cahn, shown in the studio of his Holmby Hills, Calif., home, has won two Oscars and a TV Emmy award.

By ROBERT DE ROOS

SAMMY'S MAGIC TOUCH

Sammy Cahn, one of the most successful lyricists in show-business history, beguiles millions with his hits. Here's how he does it.

The big sight-seeing bus groaned up the short hill on South Mapleton Drive, Holmby Hills, California. The driver picked up his microphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "you are now on the most glamorous block on earth. To the right is the house Lana Turner lived in until recently. Over there is the mansion where Judy Garland lives with her husband, Sid Luft."

The bus rolled along. "Art Linkletter, the television fellow, lives there. Across the street is the hundred-thousand-dollar home built by Humphrey Bogart for Lauren Bacall—now occupied by the movie producer, Ray Stark, whose wife is the daughter of the famous Fanny Brice. Hal Wallis, the producer, lives just down the street. We'll see his house when we go to the end of the block for a view of the Bing Crosby mansion. And here," he added, "the white house with the ivy in front is where Sammy Cahn lives."

"Cahn?" cried a tourist. "Who's he? How'd he get in here?"

Photographs by Sid Avery

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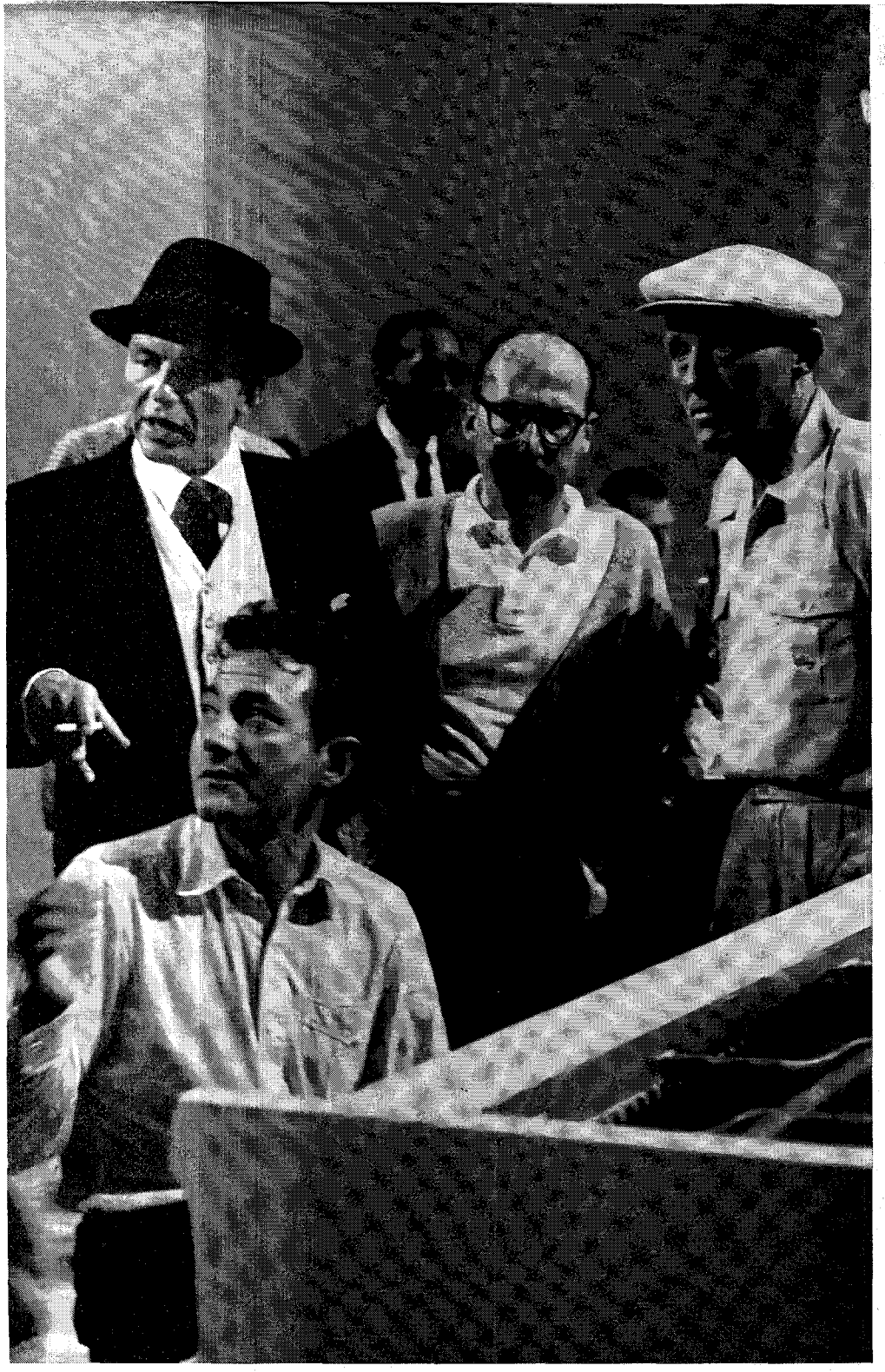

Some of the best-known performers won't make a move until they get his ideas. Above, at a rehearsal for Bing Crosby's TV show last September, are (from left): musical director Axel Stordahl, pianist Joe Bushkin, Frank Sinatra, Cahn and Bing.

When a big-name singer records one of his pieces, Sammy often sits in to give last-minute advice. With him here is Dean Martin.

"He writes songs," said the driver.

Sammy Cahn has a touch which can transform a tune and a few words into romance. Between his first runaway success, *Bei Mir Bist Du Schön*, and his latest, *High Hopes*, now rampant on the jukeboxes, Sammy has become one of the highest-paid writers in history. He frequently earns more than $1000 a word. He has won two Oscars, the Emmy television award and a Christopher award—a feat no other song writer has accomplished.

At forty-six Sammy Cahn is at the pinnacle of his career; he even belongs to an inner circle of Hollywood society, referred to by its members as The Clan, and by detractors as the Holmby Hills Rat Pack. He is the friend and mentor to some of the brightest lights in the entertainment world. In fact he entertains *them:* "I sing for Dean Martin and I go to New York all the time to sing for Perry Como."

While all this pleases Sammy, his real pride is in his ability to "demonstrate" songs. Demonstrating is the little-known art of selling a tune and lyric long before they reach the public ear. It is not to be confused with song plugging. The demonstration comes before publication; plugging, a device to push sales, comes afterward.

A song comes into the world in a very tender state, depending for survival on the loving care it gets during its first hours. The demonstrator has to sell the song to some tough customers—the producers, directors, singers and orchestra leaders who must finally approve. A bad demonstration can throttle a good song at birth.

It is not unusual for Sammy to sing a song thirty or forty times during an afternoon, but he demonstrates so well that his songs usually get off to a flourishing start.

"I am the king of the demonstrators," he says. "When we finish a song, my collaborator, Jimmy Van Heusen, and I get down to what we consider the most important work. We *learn* the song—'woodshedding,' we call it—find the right tempo and phrasing, the right attitude. Then comes the moment of truth: the demonstration." (Continued on Page 117)

Neighborhood gathering in the Cahns' back yard. From left: Steven Cahn, 12; Sammy's wife, Gloria; Art Linkletter and his daughter, Diana; Sammy and Laurie Cahn, 10.

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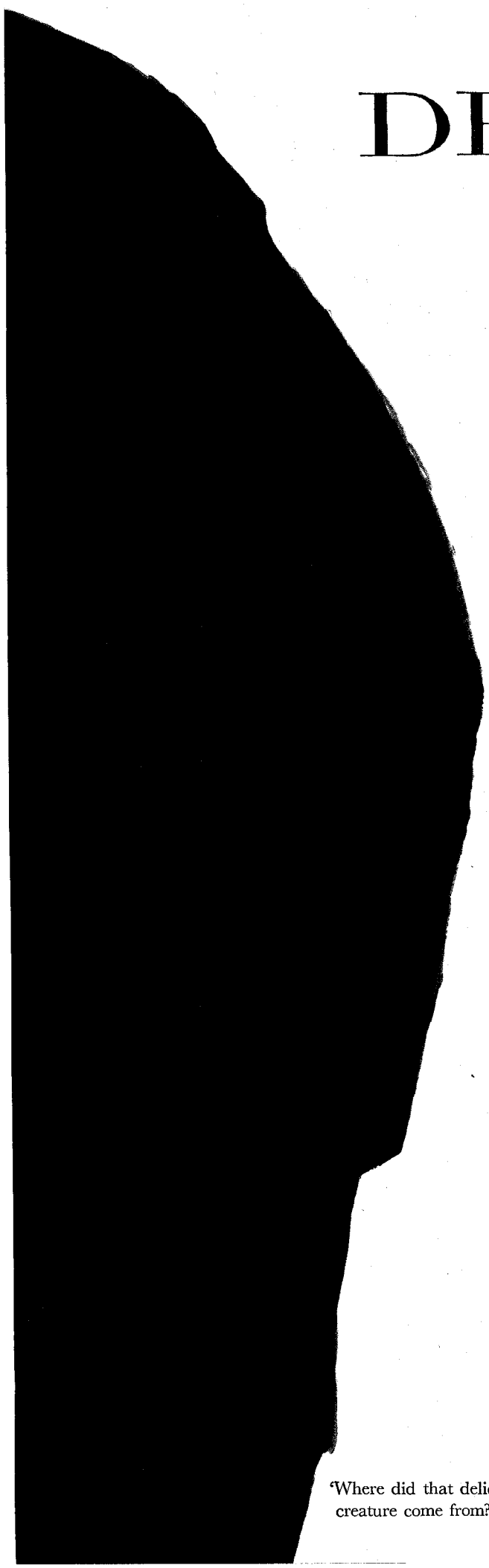
He had a weakness for women—and her job was to exploit it.

THE DELECTABLE DECEIVER

By LOUIS PAUL



'Where did that delicious creature come from?" Mal asked.

They were sitting on the terrace of the producer's apartment, the ribbon of the East River winding like a brook thirty stories below. It was warm, and Mr. Burney was wearing a beach outfit. Mrs. Burney, also attired for coolness, had on something that, whatever it was, certainly became her. The man Stanley, in slacks and linen jacket, sat beside a pitcher of iced punch.

"Do you happen to know," Mark Burney was inquiring, "how much it costs to produce a play nowadays?"

"No," said Stanley. "Every time somebody insists on telling me, I put my fingers in my ears. I am just an artist, Mark. If a set showing a millionaire's estate, including swimming pool and rolling gardens, is an artistic necessity according to the script, then I would need that set.

"The cost of building it does not interest me. As a director, I might worry about the problem of where to put it when the scene changes to the millionaire's yacht. A technical problem can keep me awake half the morning. But money, no. That is your headache."

Mark Burney, the producer, turned to his wife. "Ask a question of this man, Lolly—a simple, direct question—and what do you get? A speech."

"He is an artist," said Lolly, a blond woman who had obviously once been beautiful. "Stanley's not only a good director, he is also smart. Now you, honey, are not smart."

"How am I not smart?" demanded Mr. Burney.

"Because, darling, you would not be a theatrical producer if you were smart. When an actor wants to ignore the facts of life, he shrugs and says, 'Don't bother me with petty details. I am an artist.' The same thing goes for set designers, technicians, playwrights, even stage managers. They are all artists. But you have to go and be a producer, the one person who cannot claim to be an artist. So that is why I say you are not smart."

Burney shook his head. "What a wife! She reminds me of what's-her-name, that Greek oracle."

"The Delphic Oracle didn't have a name," volunteered Stanley, the director. "It was an institution."

"Where was I?" asked Mr. Burney.

"You were considering the sums of money required to stage a Broadway play. So why does the subject of money suddenly come up? I thought we had an angel."

"We have got an angel," said Lolly. "Mal Huntington, the same angel we had for *The Third Mrs. Shane*. He's offered to finance seventy-five per cent of the production costs of the new play. But Mark Burney, my loving husband, has other ideas."

"Other ideas?" Stanley's expression underwent a change, as though it had passed beneath a cloud. "What do you mean, other ideas?"

"I'm thinking of looking for backing elsewhere," murmured Mr. Burney.

"Would somebody please tell me what's been going on behind my back?" cried Stanley. "I understood everything was set. I thought I was about to go on salary. After all, I've got a daughter in school, as well as a few mortgages outstanding."

"Ha," said the producer. "Suddenly Mr. Stanley Gavin is now interested in money."

"Not even artists can live on thin air," declared Stanley. "Without Mal Huntington's backing we haven't got a play."

Lolly held up a hand. "Let me explain to him, honey. It's like this, Stan. Mark thinks the new script is absolutely sure-fire."

"So do I," said Stan. "It can't miss."

"Oh, it can miss," said Lolly. "Like *The Third Mrs. Shane* missed. We all thought we had a smash, but what happened?"

"It closed after eight performances. Why bring up the painful subject?"

"Because Mark is determined not to let it happen to *The*

(Continued on Page 75)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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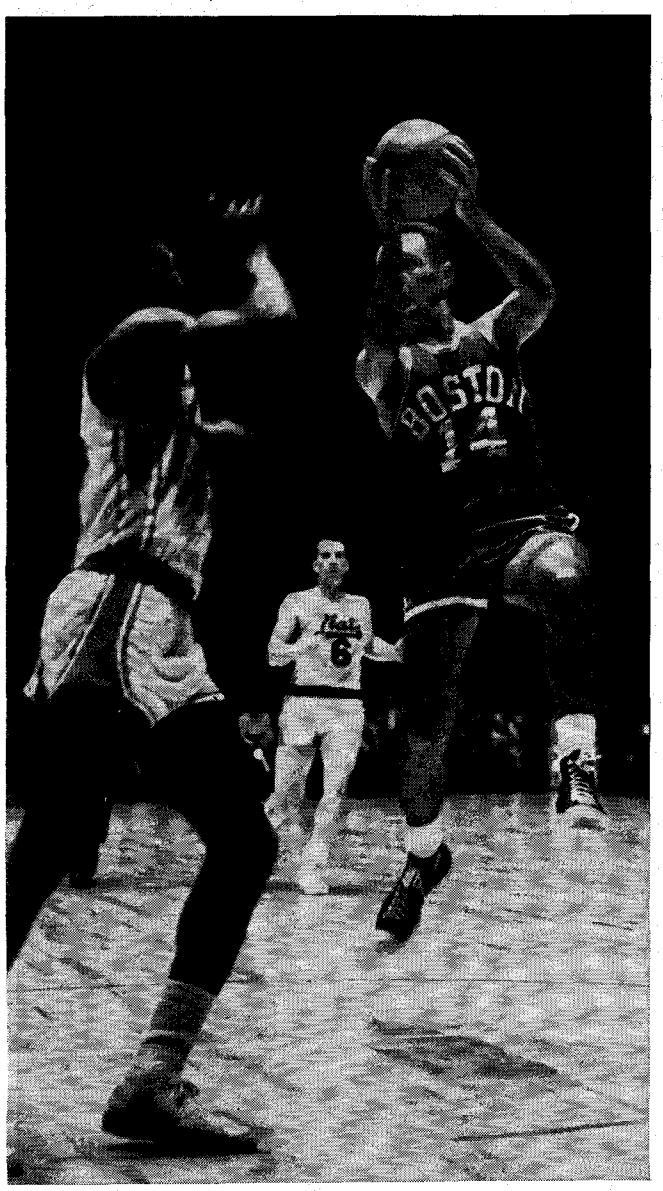
Cousy taking his characteristic one-hand outside shot. An outstanding marksman (20 points a game last season), he has played in every All-Star game since 1951.



Although he excels at a variety of shots, Cousy's stock in trade is in assists. He leads the league with a career total of 4652, including 108 in 11 games this year.

"There aren't many of us left," says Cousy, speaking of his relatively small stature. "We get by because of our experience, our speed and the tricks of the trade we've learned."

A Visit With Bob Cousy

By AL HIRSHBERG

The Boston Celtics' ball-handling wizard explains why he sometimes gets fed up with the pro-basketball grind. What does the future hold for "short" players like himself?

"I guess I'd be able to play another five years if it were just a question of my physical condition," said Bob Cousy. A new season was getting under way, and Cousy and I were talking shop in his room in Boston's Hotel Lenox. "The real problem is mental," the National Basketball Association's old pro went on. "Earlier and earlier each year I get sick and tired of basketball. It isn't the game itself so much as the traveling, the irregular eating, the sleeping wherever I happen to rest my head, the amount of time I have to spend away from my wife and two daughters in Worcester, the abuse of the fans when we're on the road.

"It all seems harder to take than it used to. By play-off time I'm ready to run off somewhere and hide. But even though I sometimes get sick of basketball, I can't imagine myself out of it. It's my life."

There are few professional athletes as candid and as articulate as Cousy, who has spearheaded the Boston Celtics to the league championship in two of the last three seasons, and is the only player in the N.B.A. to have played in every one of its nine All-Star games. At thirty-one, Cousy is still a standout. He is only six feet one inch, which makes him a midget as professional basketball players go today. However, they all look up to Cousy, not only as the cleverest ball handler in the game but also as a man who has done much to improve conditions for everybody in the league.

Cousy and I have known each other since he was a star at Holy Cross College in the late 1940's and I was a sports writer for the now-defunct *Boston Post*. Our paths crossed many times later, and I helped him write his autobiography,

(Continued on Page 91)

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Outwardly their marriage seemed ideal. Yet she had to put it to a test.

A WIFE MUST KNOW

By WILLIAMS FORREST

"Connie," he said. "What did you find out?"

It was a big surprise to Bud Tabor. He left the house in the morning, after a fine breakfast; at the door he received a large kiss from Connie, walked to the station, which he always did on good days, worked hard at his job in the oil company, arrived home at six-forty-five and found that the children had already been put to bed—he liked to play with them every night before a drink and dinner, Donna and Mavis, twins, seven years old—no dinner was ready, Connie was still wearing slacks, and the house was a mess.

"What gives?" he asked.

"Bud," said tall, slender Connie, with immense fortitude and patience, "if you don't mind, I don't want to talk to you."

Stunned, he said, "What happened?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

She seemed to be baring her teeth and trying not to. "You heard me."

"Let me feel your forehead," he said.

She batted his hand away. "You know where the refrigerator is. I'm going to take a walk by myself."

"Where to?"

"Just walk."

"Listen, honey, this isn't like you. Maybe I should call Doctor Wilkins."

"If you do," she said, "I'll scream from here to the city and back, and you'll wish you hadn't."

"How're the children?" he asked. "How're the children?"

"I gave them cereal and told them a story and as far as I know they're asleep. Go look at them. They're O.K."

She went to the closet next to the front door, got her light coat and opened the door to beginning autumn. Its blandishments came into the house, cool and with a hint of distant smoke. The light was failing.

"Connie."

She closed the front door behind her. He opened it and stood on the steps. "Connie?"

She shook her head, bending it over as if she were ready to (Continued on Page 87)

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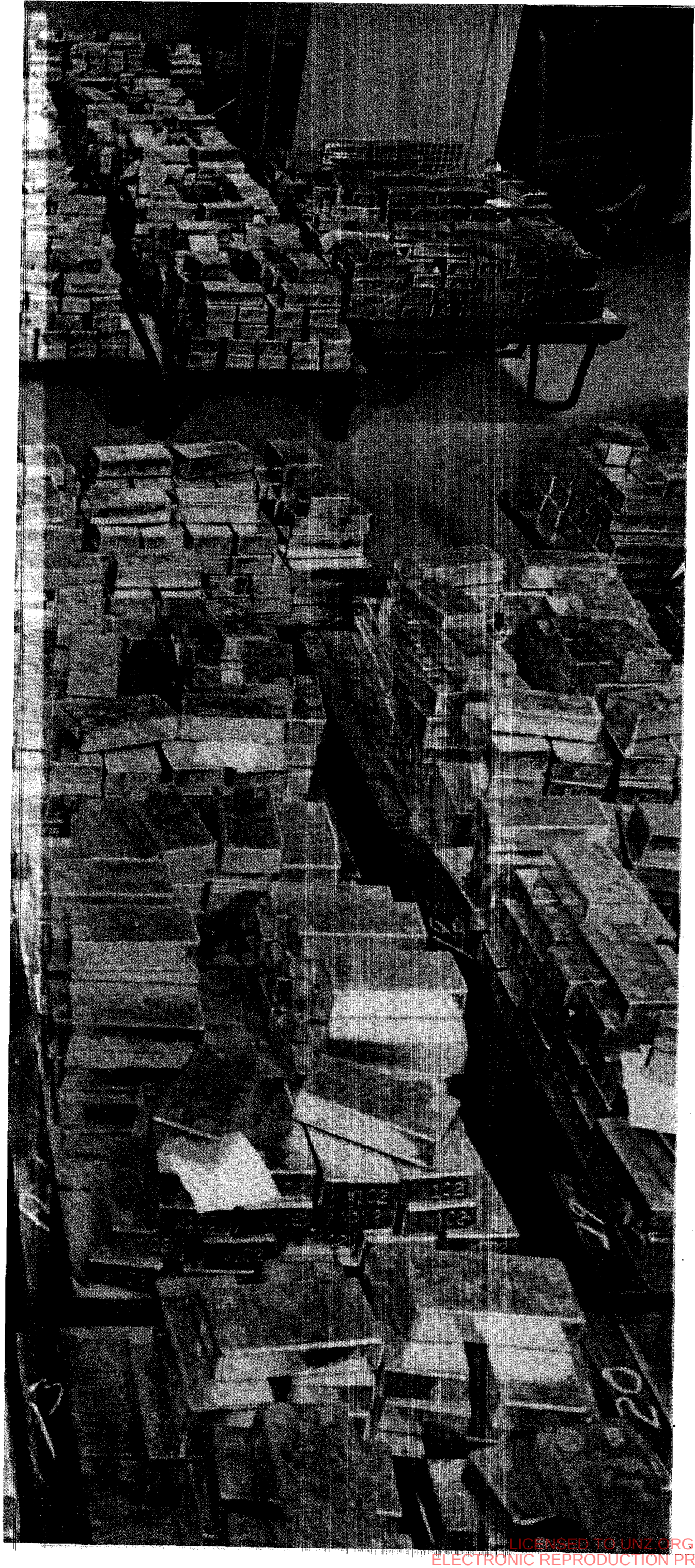

The Face of AMERICA

HOARD

All that glitters around Walter Rushmore, in the depths of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, definitely is gold, yellow as sunlight, pure as minted gold can be. He is manager of the Cash Custody Department of the bank and is listing the "melt" and bar numbers of a newly arrived batch. Stacked around him are seventy-six tons of the stuff, worth $76,000,000—almost half as much as Spain's fabled treasure fleets carried from the New World to the Old in the century after America's discovery. Europe again is gaining American bullion as the United States settles recent large deficits—$3,400,000,000 last year—in international accounts. But much of the gold we "lose" never leaves our shores. Instead it finds safekeeping in these vaults, eighty-five feet below street level, where it is stored for foreign governments and their banks. Each country's hoard is kept in separate cells. When used to pay balances, the golden counters must be weighed, listed and transferred to the new owner's cubicle. Such bookkeeping is heavy work—the bar that Rushmore holds weighs about twenty-eight pounds, worth $14,000, and the vaults are crammed with 9800 tons of foreign holdings. Moneymen fret about the outward yellow tide, but Fort Knox and other United States depositories still hold more than $19,500,000,000 of our nation's gold, nearly half of the free world's supply of the magic metal which, all through recorded history, has been one of man's most prized mediums of exchange.

• Photograph by Ormond Gigli

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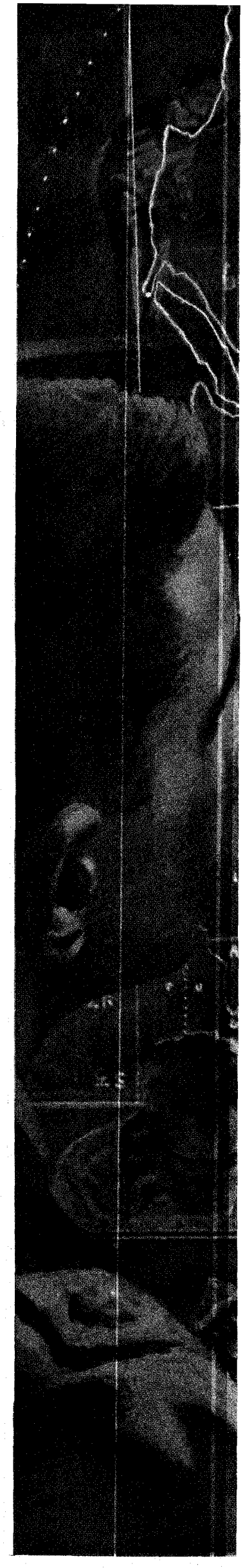
HOUR OF DISASTER

He knew it had come at last: A nuclear attack.



By ROBERT CRAIG

Nathaniel Saunders inherited a nightmare, an agonizing panorama of thundering holocaust, a fiery man-made cataclysm. One bomb—one city! A crater in the center of Manhattan, or Montreal, or Detroit, or Victoria, or Los Angeles! Around the crater, a terrible circle of ruins gutted by blast and heat; outside that circle, another charred circle cluttered with burned and dying people; and beyond that, above miles and miles of sweet rich country, a deadly ash falling like invisible snow, sickening and killing as it settled. Nat was ordered, and paid, to keep this nightmare well in mind, but his brain often turned away from it in revulsion.

"Let's not kid ourselves, Laurie," he said, pushing the awful idea once more into the back of his mind. "Fighter pilots are for the birds, not for Sarah."

His wife went on hemming a gray skirt, and she talked around three pins she held in her mouth. "Sarah is twenty," she reminded him, "in her fourth year at college, and handling the situation fairly well, I think."

"Gregg's halfway through a two-week leave," Nat said worriedly, "and I don't know how we can stand another week of it."

Laurie kept her eyes on her sewing. "Why are fathers so afraid of young men?"

She'd nettled him now. He took his pipe out of his mouth, and his voice sharpened.

"His first night in town Gregg had dinner with us. That was all right. The second night Sarah locked herself in her room and cried! The third night they were out until dawn! The fourth night Sarah was back in her room crying again! Tonight they're out on the town again! Tomorrow they're going into the mountains on a picnic alone!" He put his pipe back in his mouth. "How much more can you take?"

Laurie held up the skirt and studied it carefully, tilting her head one way and then another.

"It isn't easy to find love and understanding," she said softly. "They have to work at it in their own way. We have to give them time."

"But Sarah's falling in love," he said slowly and insistently. "Gregg's only playing, and everybody knows it!"

"Boys will be boys," Laurie said.

It was still obvious that she did not understand the basic savagery here, and he did! Every time he got to remembering his own bachelor days, his tongue would run along the plate in his mouth where his teeth had been knocked out; or the deep scar on the back of his neck would itch; or he'd reluctantly remember some girl—often that redhead from Hong Kong. Yes, he knew what young men were like; especially youngsters like Gregg Hilton, and Nat didn't want him playing around his Sarah.

But there was no use arguing with Laurie. He settled back in his chair and, through the living-room window, he watched the moon setting over the mountains, beyond Pikes Peak. There was another way to protect a daughter! All he had to do was get Gregg's serial number, and phone the right man in the Pentagon. First Lt. Gregg Hilton would be transferred suddenly to Morocco, and nobody would have to know except a trusted few.

"It's ten o'clock," he said, spooning the ashes out of his pipe.

"I'll wait up for the children," Laurie told him, going back to her endless little job of stitching. "I think they'll be in early tonight."

He stood up and, leaning over her, he cupped her chin in his thick hand, cradling the delicate bones of her face. Although her hair was graying slightly, her skin still had the color of youth, and he was moved by her loveliness. He kissed her softly on the mouth.

"Good night, Baby."

"Good night, Nat." (Continued on Page 44)

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

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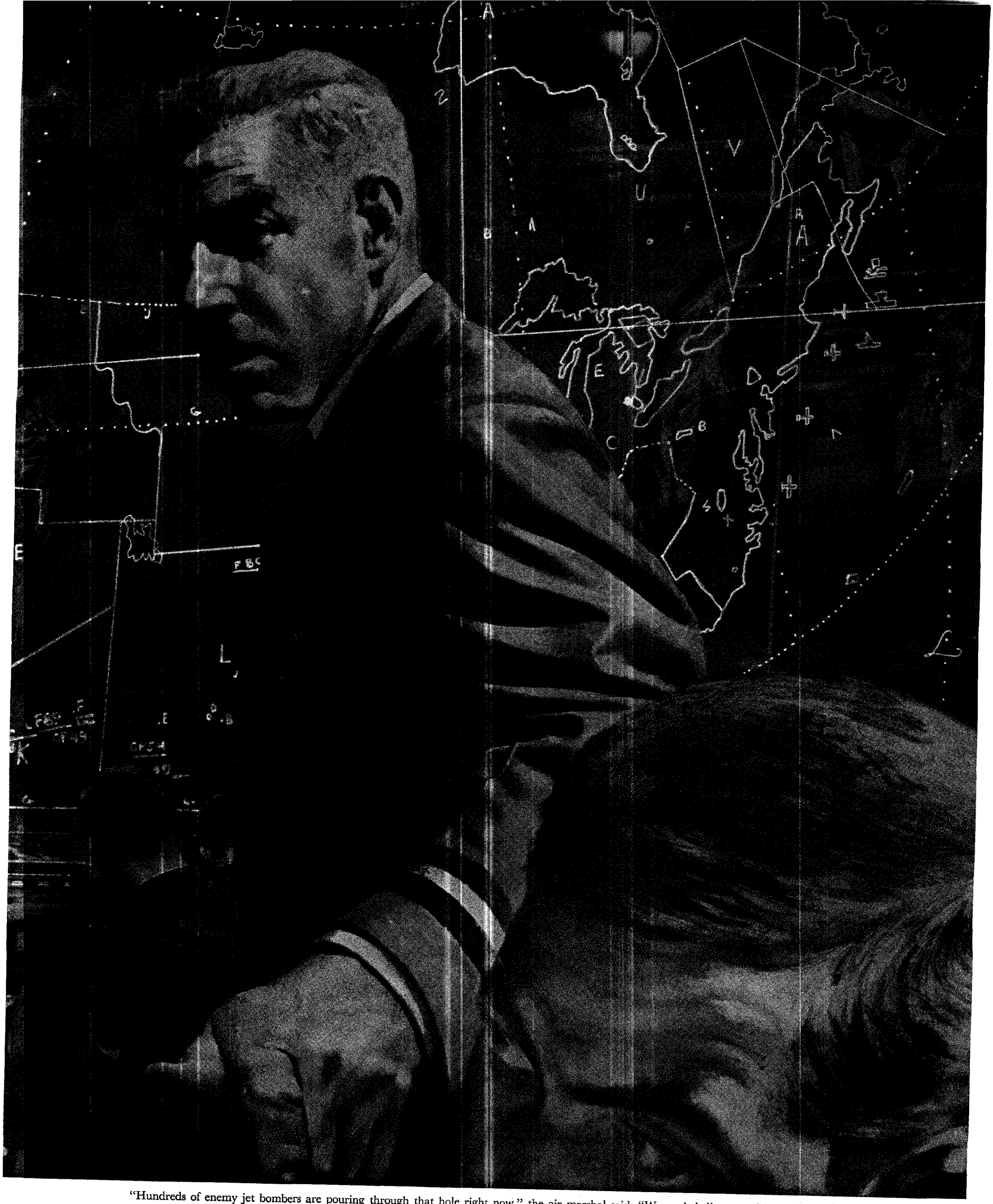

"Hundreds of enemy jet bombers are pouring through that hole right now," the air marshal said. "We can't believe anything else."

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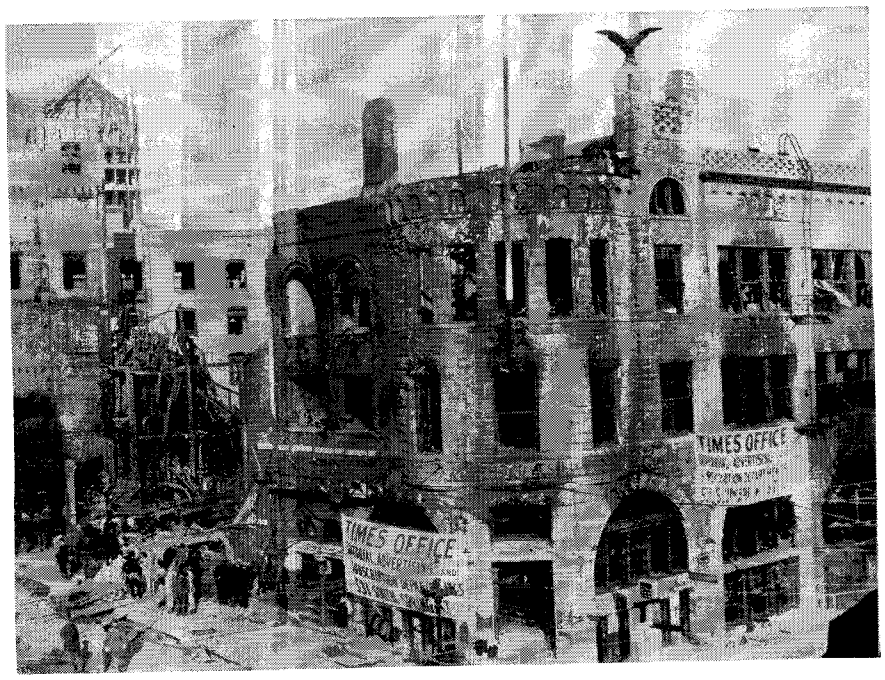
1912: Twenty-six-year-old Giesler (second from right) awaiting the verdict after his successful defense of lawyer Clarence Darrow (in light suit), at Darrow's trial for bribery.



The *Los Angeles Times* building the morning after it was dynamited by the McNamara brothers in 1910. The incident was part of a bloody labor dispute.

Below: Joseph (left) and James McNamara. As their counsel, Darrow was accused of trying to bribe jurors.

William J. Burns (above), "the J. Edgar Hoover of his day," handled the prosecution's investigation.

The Jerry Giesler Story PART FIVE

By JERRY GIESLER
as told to Pete Martin

My First Murder

The defender of celebrities in trouble tells of his own first murder client, his almost disastrous experience with alcohol and how he once acted as counsel for the great Clarence Darrow.

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The author with his second wife, Ruth, at their Beverly Hills home. They were married in 1931. "She takes care of me like a baby," Giesler says.

THE ETHICAL QUESTION

In telling his story, Jerry Giesler has withheld nothing except those "privileged communications"—from client to attorney—which a lawyer is bound to hold confidential. The basic facts of these case histories have appeared in public records—but without the colorful and lively details which Mr. Giesler has supplied here.

—THE EDITORS

When that broken window in Earl Rogers' office was replaced, my name was on it. It was more of a theoretical advantage than a real one. If any clients got down to my level, they never had any money. Mr. Rogers took the well-heeled ones. Those less well-fixed went to the next oldest man in the office, and so on down the line.

If I have developed long, sharp legal teeth, it is because I cut them on the gritty fare of cases no one else wanted.

I remember one client who filtered down to me. He had no money, but he had a case, and I was so eager that that in itself was a sufficient inducement.

He had been charged with grand theft in a preliminary examination and, as a result, he was coming up for a trial. I read the transcripts of his preliminary hearing. Then I looked up the law as it applied to his offense, and I found a decision from the appellate court of California which seemed on all fours with his. The case I looked up had been thrown out by the District Court of Appeals on the ground that it wasn't a legal offense and therefore wasn't a crime. I told my client not only that I would take his case, but that I'd get him off. It's the first and only time I've ever told anyone that.

Finally the day of the trial came, and we went into court. The trial began, and the opposing attorney presented his evidence. When he was through, I stood up and told the court that since the District Court of Appeals had held my client's offense was no crime, there was no case.

My client reached for his hat, and then, to my horror, the district attorney said, "Your honor, what Mr. Giesler says is true, but he has forgotten to mention one small fact. After the District Court of Appeals handed down the decision to which he refers, the Supreme Court reversed the District Court's decision."

That courtroom was over the county jail, and if the boards under me had opened and had let me down into it, I would have been happy. But that judge, bless his wise heart, was a decent fellow. "We will adjourn," he said, "and I'd like to talk to you in chambers, Mr. Giesler." He said, "I know you must feel very small and very ashamed, but I suggest you regard this as a useful lesson rather than a humiliating experience. Your lesson is: always Shepardize your case."

I didn't know what Shepardize meant, but I found out. It meant not only following through on your cases to see what happened to them when they were appealed to a higher court but also following them even further, to find out whether those decisions have been sustained or reversed by subsequent decisions. Shepard is the name of a company which prepares and publishes compilations of all court decisions. From that day on I have Shepardized every case (Continued on Page 105)

Dr. George Dazey (center) and his wife after Giesler won him an acquittal on a murder charge in 1940. The author calls it "The Case of the Perjured Witness."

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"Amelia, I don't want to turn him over," Tom said. "He's got a bad hole somewhere in his chest."

By CHARLES O. LOCKE

Violence on the Plains

The bitter range warfare claimed another victim . . .

This is cattle country, Turner," Hurd Patchem said, "and it's going to stay that way."

Patchem's threat was aimed not at lawyer Tom Turner but at his client and sweetheart, Amelia Rankin. As head of a vast Texas cattle ranch inherited from her husband, Amelia had enraged local cattlemen by fencing off some of her land for farming. Bitter events ensued. One farmer, Johnny Blaine's father, was killed by a Rankin hand, Red Johnson. Fearing that Johnson would be lynched, Amelia refused to hand him over to the law. To complicate matters her daughter, Mary, was staying at the Blaines'. Whether Mary's aim was to console Mrs. Blaine or be near hotheaded Johnny, Amelia could not be sure.

Then a blizzard hit, scattering the herds, and Amelia rode out with Bill Snow to watch two cowhands, Albright and McChesney, round up the strays. They discovered that someone had encircled one herd with a fence, cutting it off from water. Forty of the beasts were hamstrung. Suddenly two bullets struck near Albright who, wrapped up in a blanket by the fire, had looked like Amelia to a distant sharpshooter.

IV

Snow was ahead of her down the slope, and as she ran behind she saw Jess on his back kicking and caught her breath. McChesney had run for his horse and then had evidently changed his mind; when he turned and ran back to Jess, she caught the hard look he threw her.

"Are you all right, Jess?"

Albright sputtered and rose to his feet, blowing snow from his mustache and eyelashes, cursing, shaking his head like a large, shaggy dog. "'Course. Trying to get loose of that blanket. Durn near threw me. Scand'lous"—he kept repeating the word—"scand'lous."

Bill, with a bitter, drawn face, was looking up the slope. Amelia followed his eyes. There was not a break in the smooth white life of the land. "White everywhere," she heard him saying. "Not a break. Damn if I can make out now just what point it did come from."

McChesney pointed. "There." Snow and McChesney ran up the slope, slipping, falling now and then, their exclamations coming back to her. Suddenly she sat down and realized that she had been compelled to do so. She was no longer able to stand.

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Albright came with a tin cup of coffee for her. "You all right, Mrs. Rankin?"

"Am I all right?" She heard her own voice weak and querulous. "The point is, are you?"

"Yep." His voice was soothing and quiet as he forced the coffee almost to her mouth. Then his temper broke. "Point, Mrs. Rankin? Point? Point is, I looked like you."

She stared at him over the cup.

Snow and McChesney trailed back disconsolately. "Not even a horse sign," said Snow.

"You're not used to trackin' in stuff like this," said Albright. "Anyhow, chances are you got the direction dead wrong. Happened too fast. Seemed to me it was there." He pointed in an exactly opposite direction.

"Who you think it was?"

"Maybe it was them two Patchem riders." McChesney's sudden offering surprised them.

Albright slapped his leg. "Well, by grabs. I did tell you they came by, didn't I?"

McChesney nodded.

"Who was it?"

"Bud Miller and the one they call Abe."

"Is that so? How long back?"

"'Bout an hour."

"Abe wouldn't do it."

"I don't think so."

"Musta been Miller."

"That was pretty good shootin' at that range, and Miller can't shoot," said Albright.

Amelia was on her horse, and Jess and McChesney were readying their mounts. Snow stood beside her, his shoulder brushing her knee as he examined the cinches. "I had planned to send just Jess back, but I believe I'll feel better if McChesney goes. He can get back tomorrow. I'll move on down with the other hand. He'll be enough."

"Bill."

"Yes, Mrs. Rankin."

"You haven't any guns here."

He bowed his head, working at the cinch knot, then looked up. "Well, ranch orders. I broke 'em this time. Most of the old hands are payin' attention to it, but to be square with you, the young men are snakin' their revolvers and such out of the bunkhouse. I brought down a Colt with me in my coat here." He looked up the hill. "But you can't do nothin' in a case like this. Whoever did it is to hell 'n' gone by now."

Amelia settled herself in the saddle, and he stood back a little. "I want to ask you a question, Bill. Shall I give up? Shall I change the policy ——"

"You mean give up the work program, all the things you're planning just because of this—you mean just mosey along like the rest of the cattle crowd?"

"I mean that."

Snow took off his hat, brushed snow from her horse's rump, shaking his head.

"In detail I think you'll change ideas, ma'am. But in the big idea of freshening the land and running the ranch according to your lights, I'd stick and fight for that till I dropped in my tracks. Change? Change what? I dunno what to change." He paused. "Mrs. Rankin, I'm no educated man, but maybe I can offer a thought. When I decide to give in on a point to the men, I always first ask—is it because they're right and I'm wrong, or am I doing it to ease myself?"

Amelia stared at him and sorted over words and found none of them worth using. There was no doubting his simple, forceful sincerity.

"I'll see you back at the ranch, Bill."

"Sure will." He slapped the horse's withers lightly.

"Those details you say I might change, that's why I came down here. I've been too far out of things. I wanted to see the cattle. I needed to."

Lambert, the itinerant preacher, came riding out of the south on the heels of the norther. Amelia woke on a morning to find the world darker than it had been at the peak of the storm, and the last, stray, white flakes careening languidly. From the dining room she saw Lambert getting off a new horse that had evidently replaced the worn-out gelding. This horse was also big, but near white, on the pepper-and-salt side.

She felt excited at seeing Lambert. She was on the verge of forcing up the frozen window and calling to him; but she controlled herself and sent word to him at the bunkhouse, where he had been taken by the hands.

Lambert came into the dining room. He was prepared for much, he told Amelia, but not for this; and surely not for the warmth of her welcome.

After Lambert had had his first cup of coffee and was going at the second cake stack that Etta brought him, he seemed to recover his voice.

"Like an oasis in the desert," he kept saying, and then, "I've come here, Mrs. Rankin, just as you said you wanted me to. I've kept it in mind all the time. I've had a wonderful experience. The people say they want to hear me again sometime. But my stay was ended. So I return to you, Mrs. Rankin, like the prodigal son. I am here to serve you in any way I can. You know"—he stopped eating and leaned his head on his right hand that also poised the fork—"the Lord can do with a lot of work in these places. So many are so lonely and alone."

He became quiet again. As Amelia began to explain and he drank his third cup of coffee, she saw his eyes in the deep caves of his face change their light. When she had told him everything, all he could say was, "I'm plain shivered," and ask if they could go and see the place.

They stood in the middle of the old bunkhouse, and Lambert was still speechless. He started talking several times and stopped. All he wanted was tools, he said, claiming he was right handy with them. Suddenly he turned and said, "With your approval."

She was startled. He was always startling her, and she said, "Of course."

She waited for him to speak, but he walked a few steps and put his hand against the skimpy shoring timber. "Good, solid." He shook the timber a little and the roof creaked and let down a few drops of snow water. "We'll patch that." Amelia saw his surprising strength, matching his big hands, under the broadcloth coat.

(Continued on Page 80)

Amelia stood looking at her husband's grave, thinking of their last years together.

Illustrated by Fred Otnes

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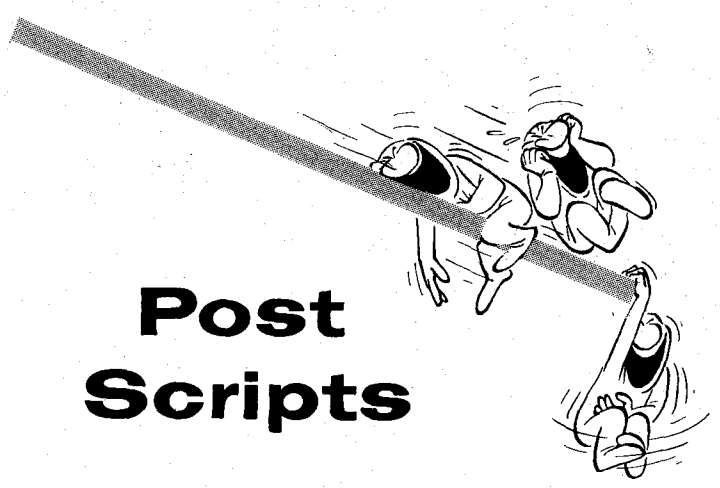


Post Scripts

To Greeks and Others Bearing Gift Catalogues

Before it's too late, I should like to advise:
Who says I'm the Girl Who Has Everything, lies;
So please, chum, don't fall for that Christmas malarkey—
And don't give me solid gold chains for my car key.
I don't want a cut-glass container for ice water;
Please send me no sequin- and pearl-studded fly swatter,
No platinum, monogrammed anchovy chopper,
No ermine-lined dustpan, no rhinestone sink stopper,
No mink-handled brush for my bathing adventures,
No musical overnight case for my dentures.
Oh, please, clever friends, when you get out your wallets,
Resist all those gadgety whatchamacallits;
Just stick to that old-fashioned Yuletide rehash
Of gifties of liquid. Or cashmere. Or cash.

PHILENE HAMMER

Our Song

Me and Living Doll, who happens to be my childhood sweetheart, we dream up this really big idea for a hit record. We tool on down to see the man at Spud Records, who yawns, but nods for us to beat it out.

I fill him in that our number is titled *Our Song*. I work up an intro on my guitar, and then Living Doll cuts loose on the lyrics, loud and clear:

Who cares, yay, yay. Who cares?
They're aplayin' Our Song!

Crazy li'l grandma, bees in her bonnet,
Plays a guitar with no strings on it.
Monkey's in the courthouse, judge's in the zoo,
Tiger's on the podium, now what's that cat
gonna do?

Who cares, yay, yay. Who cares?
They're aplayin' Our Song!

Froze my feet just alyin' in the shade,
Dropped my teeth in the marmalade.
Eat your beans and call off your dogs,
Come on, boy, we gotta slop the hogs.

Who cares, man? Who cares?
They're aplayin' Our Song!

We finally run out of verses, and when we stop it seems real quiet. The Spud man yawns and says, "You play a lousy guitar, boy."

"Thank you."

"And this chick sings as flat as a cold flute."

"The words don't make sense, either," I say, putting in a plug.

"It'll move," he says. "Sign here."

Well, sir, *Our Song* is a topper. and the Spud man gives us a gold record for a wedding gift. And when Living Doll comes arockin' down the aisle, the organ'll be playing *Our Song*.

Be there, man. It'll be a ball, you all.

A. R. SWINNERTON

Dr. Foofel's Notebook

HOW WEATHER IS MADE

A lot of people think that Weather is made in Washington. That, of course, is nonsense. It's made on TV, right after the eleven o'clock news. Or, as they say, "Everybody talks about the weather and it's a pretty fast buck."

To be sure, there are amateur, or "unpaid," weathermen, but you can tell them from the pros. For instance, their bones ache; also, they don't carry chalk. The professional, on the other hand, particularly the female, purrs in front of a large, electronic blackboard, making with Highs and Lows.

Goodness knows how many persons just sit around waiting for Weather, and it never disappoints them. Moreover, it always comes in Fronts. No Backs. Or Midsections. Just Fronts. And what causes these Fronts? The explanation is not simple, but it can be made lots more complex.

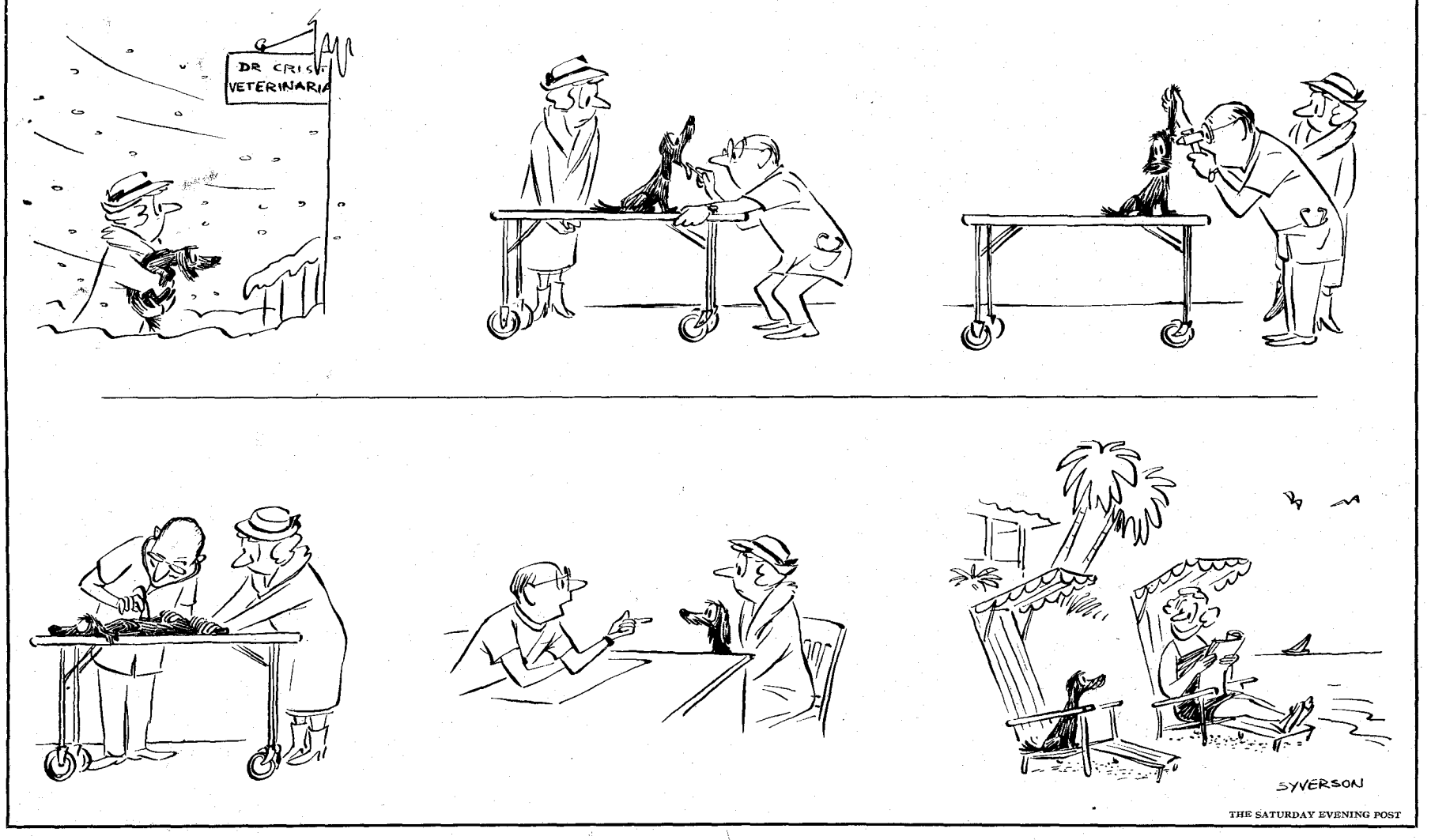
Try to understand, first, that the earth itself is not round, as most of us were once taught in school, but L-shaped, with a diving board at the deep end.

Aeons ago, when human beings first learned to talk, hot-air pockets suddenly began to form. Mostly around barbershops and capitols.

Now hot air, when it has no place else to go, rises. This is a natural law. Law clerks become congressmen, congressmen become governors, governors become—and so on. This, in turn, establishes an unbearably high-pressure Front on the discomfort chart, and everyone's off to the beach.

But nature abhors a vacuum. Even a school child knows that. When hot air rises, something must take its place. So cold air rushes in. And guests. They fill the house and leave the refrigerator door open. The interdensity of the ice cubes, fusing with body heat and vermouth, sets off the galactic counterspam and triggers the gooch. And from then on it's anybody's ball game.

TED KEY



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Good things begin to happen

when the men have their good hot soup

A man likes to share good things with people he likes. And soup's one of them. Good things happen when you have soup. It makes you feel good. It tastes good. Coaxes appetites along and lets you enjoy the rest of the meal.

And soup is so right for a man of any age – gives him the kind of good eating he likes. Good meat broths and meats, nourishing vegetables, dairy products, cereals. No nonsense about soup. You get proteins, minerals and vitamins in every spoonful.

Every man has his favorite soup. These two have chosen Campbell's Vegetable. There are 15 different vegetables in this soup (just for fun, count them up—they're listed on the label), gently seasoned and simmered in meat broth. Can you blame them for making it their favorite?

Have some yourself and see what good things begin to happen. You can have soup ready in just 4 minutes . . . to warm you up . . . to gentle you down . . . to make you feel good all over. **Say** . . . *have you had your soup today?*

Once a day . . . every day . . . enjoy *Campbell's Soup*

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Too Many Ghosts

By PAUL GALLICO

In a matter of seconds a dreadful prophecy would be fulfilled.

Only one ghost remained at large in Paradine Hall—the one that played the harp and who was apparently bent on death and destruction. Alexander Hero, ghost-breaker extraordinary, and his photographer stepsister Meg had exposed the other "ghosts" with the help of concealed cameras and a chart of the rare high tides that shook the manor walls.

Now they noticed a strange odor. Before they could search for its source, Sir Richard, a close friend of the Paradines, suddenly summoned them to Beth Paradine's room. There they found Lord Paradine's daughter lying unconscious on her bed, clothed in a nun's habit. The legend of the "phantom nun" seemed solved. But then Sir Richard revealed that Beth had been with him the previous night while the harp was being played. Because the harp and the "nun" were inseparable, Hero deduced that Beth had been drugged and that the nun's habit had been put on her.

"Then who or what is the nun?" Sir Richard asked Hero.

Before he could answer, Hero again noticed the stench that was filling the room.

CONCLUSION

Now that the crisis of Beth had been passed and it was clear that she would recover, they were all aware of the horrid, mephitic stench that enveloped them.

Susan Marshall's nerves appeared to give way, and she sat down upon a chair suddenly, white-faced, and asked, "Are we then really haunted, Alex?"

"No," Hero replied so sharply that it was almost like a slap designed to bring her out of approaching hysteria. "Ghosts don't smell." But all of a sudden he was deeply worried again; one part of Mrs. Taylor's prophecy had been fulfilled—a near thing for the life of a young girl. What about the other?

The odor, too, had intruded itself upon Doctor Wynters now that his patient was out of danger, and he asked, "What are you burning in your furnace here—wherever is that stink coming from?"

"Doctor Wynters," Hero asked, "have you prescribed tincture of valerian for anyone here recently?"

© 1959 by Paul Gallico

As Hero hurled himself through the door she made an attempt to reach for the hot, glowing lantern.

Doctor Wynters looked at Hero, frowning for a moment, and then replied, "Why, of course; several days ago I took a bottle of it up to Mrs. Spendley-Carter. I still use it as a sedative. By Jove, that's what it is. What the devil does it mean spread all over the house?"

It was Mr. Hero who was pale and sweating now. He said, "If it means what I think it does ——" And at that moment the handless harp of Paradine Hall once more tinkled forth the tune of *My Bonnie Dear.*

Oh, Lord, please let me be in time, Hero prayed, and ran from the room.

He went pelting along the corridor and down the narrow inside staircase that led to the floor below, two steps at a time. He did not even pause as he ran past the door of the music room from behind which the ghostly strains of the harp were sounding; he knew that the door would be locked, that there would be no one in the room, and that the harp strings would be vibrating as though plucked by human fingers. His mind was trying to place how much of the song had already been played, and at the same time trying to count the bars that yet remained to the closing lines.

And now thou'rt cold and laid upon thy bier—
Good-by my bonnie, good-by my bonnie dear.

He understood why the valerian now. When that song for the last time would be ended, so, too, would Paradine Hall, and heaven only knew how many of its inmates along with it. The fire prophecy of Mrs. Taylor was about be be fulfilled.

Ought he have remained first to warn those above of what was about to happen, and get them to a place of safety? It was too late now. He had gambled on one last desperate attempt to stem the disaster.

He crashed through the pantry door and made for the steps that led to the cellar, grateful that this time the lights had not been tampered with, and trying as he flung himself down the stairs, to revisualize the layout and the labyrinth of corridors, passages and dead ends that spread out in all directions underground at the Hall.

Whether it was his fear for the safety of those he had left above or the breathlessness engendered by the rapidity of his descent, at the moment of crisis Hero found himself momentarily confused. Then from down one of the darkened passages came drifting those final strains.

And now thou'rt cold and laid upon thy bier—
Good-by my bonnie, good-by my bonnie dear.

And after that, silence.

"Oh, no!" he cried aloud. "I'm too late!" Nevertheless he hurled himself down the dark corridor, knowing he had not even had the wit to seize a fire extinguisher or so much as a bucket of sand on the way.

He did not try the handle of the door that led into the storeroom, for he knew it would be locked; he could only hope it would be flimsy. He crashed against it with his shoulder with all the power of his body behind it and burst into the small, dimly lighted enclosure where he was assailed by the almost overwhelmingly powerful fumes of the gasoline that had been poured over a huge, piled-up mass of paper, old rags and wood kindling.

A kerosene lantern was burning on the floor nearby; it was a (Continued on Page 54)

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THEY BELONG TOGETHER

Other things belong together, too. Choosing a car and financing it, for example. Both are part of the same transaction—best handled at the same time. Using GMAC, your General Motors dealer can take care of all your needs in one easy step. What could be more convenient and practical?

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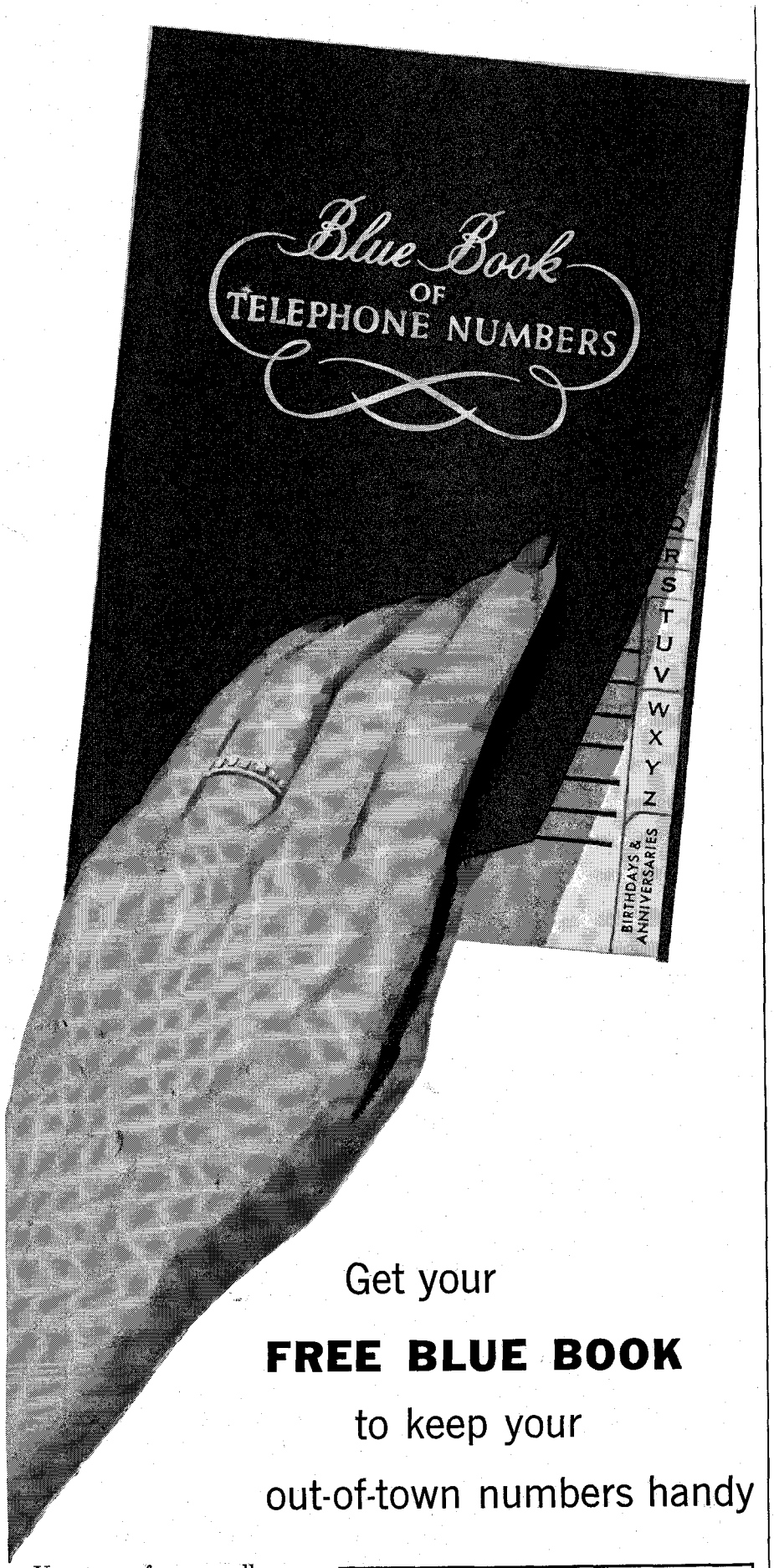

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Here are some examples:

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These are Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 p.m. and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Hour of Disaster (Continued from Page 34)

The last thing he did before getting into bed was to pick up the bright-red telephone on his bedside table. It wasn't red just for decoration. It was part of Hell's own nerve system. It would get him Alaska, Goose Bay, Paris or the Pentagon just as fast as it would make contact with downtown headquarters. Even before the receiver was all the way to his ear, a man's voice snapped over the wire.

"Operator."

"NORAD. Combat," Nat said, and before he finished the last word, there was a click and another voice crackled over the wire.

"NORAD. Combat." He recognized Major McBride's voice.

"Colonel Saunders here," Nat said. "Anything on the board?"

"No, sir," McBride told him. "It's all quiet. Will you be at this phone all night, sir?"

"Yes. All night."

It was later—much later—when Nat reared out of bed at the first tinkle of the bell. His hand snatched at the phone in the darkness as if he had been waiting for it to ring.

"Saunders," he said quietly.

"Major McBride again, sir," the duty officer began. "Six vapor trails have been sighted over Nunivak Island, Alaska, heading east-southeast; altitude approximately forty thousand feet; ground speed roughly three hundred knots. The sighting was made at twenty-two-fifty-eight our time. This is not confirmed by radar, but it has been reported through Elmendorf Combat Operations to Headquarters Western Air Defense. The word has just arrived here."

Six vapor trails. Not confirmed by the radar network. Who saw them? A pilot? A hunter? A housewife? An Eskimo? It didn't sound at all important.

"Coming," Nat said.

He hung up, flicked on his light, saw that it was twenty-seven minutes past midnight and that Laurie was asleep in her bed across from him. She was sleeping as serenely as if she were having a calm and lovely dream, and for an instant he wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her hard, but this was no moment for love. He pulled on his socks, shoes and uniform; turned off the light; hurried out of his bedroom, down the dimly lighted hallway and stiff-armed the door to the living room.

As it flew open, he saw there was a low light turned on by the hi-fi set—so low that if they hadn't moved he never would have seen the young people sitting in the darkness on the sofa. As it was, they sprang to their feet startled, Sarah, exquisitely slim, clutching the neck of her blouse with one hand, stared at him with wide, frightened eyes. Her hair was so mussed it looked like a handful of hay. Lt. Gregg Hilton towered beside her, his crew-cut hair making him look even more surprised, and his wide-open mouth, cheeks and big undershot jaw were blotched with lipstick.

"Hi," Nat said.

He couldn't resist the evil smile that flashed over his face, but he didn't even slow down. He stormed past the stricken lovers and out the front door to where his car was parked at the ready.

He was barely underway when the Colorado Springs police spotted him; opened up with their siren and led him all the way to the gate at Ent Air Force Base. Air Police passed him through the gate with a salute measured in milliseconds, and by the time he'd slammed in through the main door of the Combat Operations Building, he noted that seven minutes and twenty-three seconds had passed since he'd jumped out of bed at home.

Just inside the door the sergeant of the guard, an immaculately dressed Negro, handed him his badge, and he sprinted on up two flights of stairs to the Command Position. General Hogarth, United States Air Force, and Air Marshal Totherow, Royal Canadian Air Force, shared this office, an office that was much like a deserted box at the opera. It looked out over a great half-dark room at a translucent map that was three stories high.

The huge plotting map was flanked with subsidiary maps and top-secret lists of fighter, interceptor and antiaircraft-missile units available for instant defense. Behind the maps were tiers of teletype-writing machines, and WAF crews stood by to transfer information from the machines to the maps. They had been trained to write their cryptic messages backward on the back of the translucent maps, so that they showed through in the usual left-to-right reading pattern.

This was Combat Operations Center for NORAD—North American Air Defense Command. Organized around the frightening knowledge that it was one for all and all for one or utter disaster, it was staffed with men from the United States Air Force, Navy and Army and from the Royal Canadian Air Force. Although it was almost empty at the moment, manned by only skeleton crews, it hummed with subdued activity—a giant brain watching over a continent.

Standing in the quiet, in the Command Position, Nat was actually looking at the skies over Alaska, Canada, Newfoundland and the entire United States. He was looking out to sea too, westward over the Pacific and eastward over the Atlantic for thousands of miles. He could even see the positions (*Continued on Page 46*)

"This was actually Herb's bowling night!"

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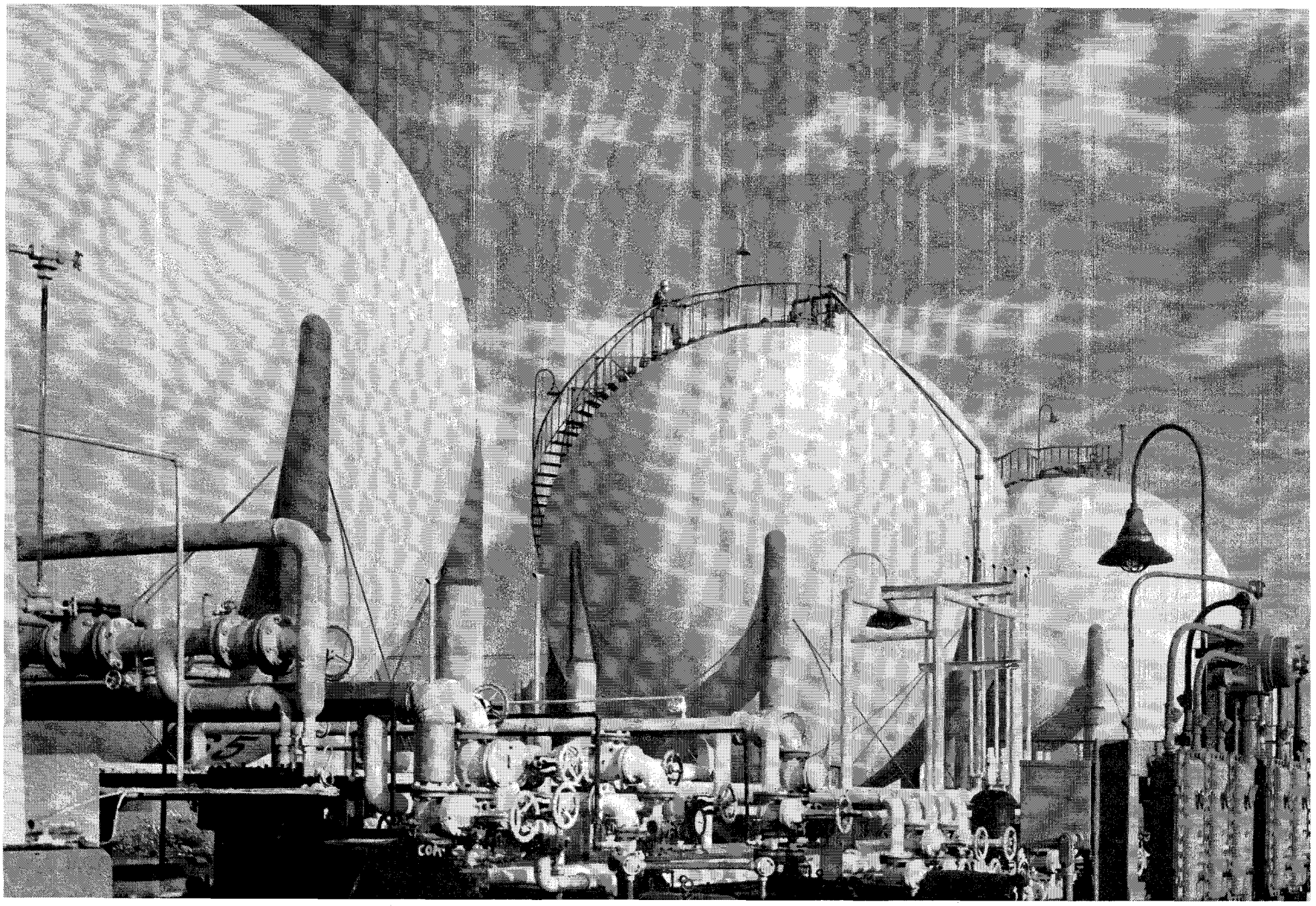


Butane storage tanks at a Pure Oil refinery

What Pure Oil keeps in those big white spheres...and why

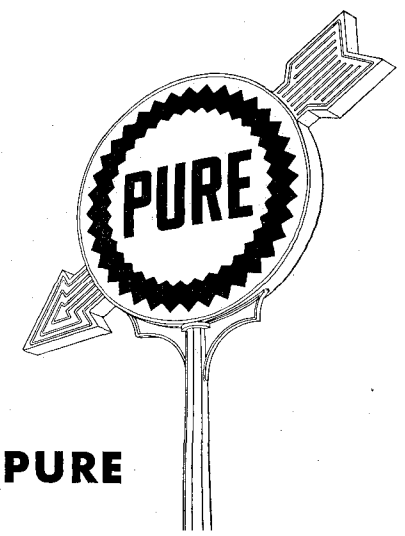
Butane in these special pressure tanks goes into gasoline for easy starts, smooth warm-ups

As a high-octane gasoline blending component that provides easy starts and smooth, rapid warm-ups, butane is a versatile and valuable product. But it's as tricky to handle as it is useful. In fact, butane is so volatile that, unless it is kept under pressure, it will boil at roughly the same temperature at which water freezes.

That's the reason for the spherical shape of the tanks above. A sphere, with uniform strength at all points, is the best shaped vessel to contain large volumes of butane and keep it in liquid form. These tanks maintain a pressure of 50 to 90 pounds per square inch.

The maze of strange shapes and miles of pipes and tubes in a Pure Oil refinery is complex enough to confuse all but the experts. But the purpose of the whole operation is plenty plain: to keep the *sure* in PURE for our customers—at the nearly 16,000 Pure Oil dealers in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

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(*Continued from Page 44*) of lurking unknown submarines reported by the Navy, and they made admittedly thin but ominous half circles along the coasts.

To Nat, however, it was never just a picture. He knew too well that this picture was possible only because there were thousands of civilians, soldiers, sailors and airmen—Canadians and Americans—spread over a quarter of the world watching their radarscopes. Some were wintered in on the DEW line, far flung along the arctic rim of North America. Others were living in Navy picket ships hundreds of miles at sea. Some were members of Air Force or Navy crews that flew ceaselessly back and forth in radar-equipped planes over the Pacific and the Atlantic. Each one of the thousands watched for that tiny blip of light on his radarscope that might be enemy planes coming to turn a time of peace into thunderous war.

Then, too, there were the young men who stood by their interceptors, instantly ready to fight that war of defense. They were men like Gregg Hilton, tough, daring, young. Of all these people, each might take his turn at play, at leave and at sleep, but the system itself never slept.

Nat saw the vapor trails marked over Nunivak Island, and he saw that their course could take them to Chicago as easily as to Seattle. Aside from these unknowns, however, the map was clear. There were "fakers" shown over the wilderness of Northern Canada, but they were only bombers of the Strategic Air Command playing their endless game of hide-and-seek with NORAD. They were testing their own electronic countermeasures; testing NORAD identification systems; looking for weaknesses and practicing infiltration tactics.

Now and then there were false reports—everybody called them "flaps"—and those six vapor trails looked like a flap to Nat, but they must be checked. That was the law. Every unknown aircraft had to be positively identified. He turned right and walked directly into his own office, which was like the commander in chief's except smaller, and picked up the red phone on his desk. A quick call to the Strategic Air Command at Omaha, Nebraska, would settle one thing anyway.

"Combat. SAC," he said.

"Combat, SAC," came back from the wire, and he recognized the voice of Lieutenant Colonel Bullwinkle. He and "Bull" had flown B-17's together over Germany a long time ago.

"Calling from NORAD, Bull," he said. "Reporting six vapor trails over Nunivak, heading east-southeast at forty angels, doing three hundred knots. Do you have any big photos or fakers in that area?"

"Negative, Nat. Negative," Bullwinkle said. "We have the same report."

"I'll double-check with you later," Nat told him and hung up.

Major McBride came in, and Nat realized that he looked exactly like Gregg Hilton ten years from now—bland brave face, crew-cut and all!

"What do you think of it, sir?" McBride asked eagerly.

"It looks like a phony," Nat told him sharply, "but it's not our decision!"

He picked up the phone again and asked for General Berger. Brigadier General Berger, USAF, Assistant Chief of Staff, Intelligence, had a slow voice that hid a quick mind. When he'd listened to Nat's report, he thought it over for one second.

"At three hundred knots they're prop-driven planes," Berger said quietly. "A stupid opening for an offensive, and nobody's stupid. But I'll come down anyway."

"Thank you, sir," Nat said, and he meant it. The responsibility was too big for one man.

"Tell the guard to expect General Berger," he told McBride, "and tell Sergeant Ketch I want to see him."

"I'm here, sir," a voice behind him said, and Master Sergeant Ketch came to the edge of his desk and put down a mug of coffee sweetened just the way Nat liked it.

Major McBride hurried out, and Nat and the sergeant were alone. Sergeant Ketch was gray-haired and built like a problem in solid geometry. He and Nat had been on the same tours of duty in England and Alaska, and now they were here at NORAD.

"Thanks, Bill," Nat said.

"Anything else, sir?"

"Yes." Nat looked around to be sure McBride was out of sight, and the sergeant's eyes lighted with new interest. "Have you seen a Lt. Gregg Hilton around the club?"

"Have I seen him, sir!" Ketch said laughing. "When I was tending bar night before last, I watched him get stewed to the eyeballs!"

Nat remembered that night before last was the second night Sarah had locked herself in her room to cry.

"They tell me," the sergeant went on, "he's an F-one-o-four pilot from McChord Air Force Base, and that he's really good. He's a nice young fellow, but he's a wild one, sir."

"Yes, I know," Nat mumbled.

"What gets me, sir, is why he'd spend two weeks of leave in this town at this time of year."

Nat studied Ketch for a long count of two. He'd trusted this man before, trusted him all the way.

"He's courting Sarah," Nat said quietly.

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When Ketch spoke again, he was a subdued man. "Maybe I don't have to tell you, sir, the lieutenant's hobby is collecting pretty scalps. I'll bet my last fin on that."

Nat picked up a pencil and absently but carefully drew a circle on a scratch pad as if he were making a target. "Could you get his serial number for me?" he asked after a minute.

"You can count on that, sir."

At that moment, Brigadier General Berger walked in. This general was a delicately shaped man with a shining pate only fringed with dark hair. He was half scholar, half soldier with a sensitive face, a high forehead and a stern mouth.

"Anything new, colonel?" he asked, nodding at the yellow lines over Nunivak.

"Nothing, sir," Nat said, getting to his feet as Sergeant Ketch faded away in the background. "I figure they won't hit the Seattle radar net until sometime after four this morning."

"Let's double-check with Alaska." Berger was already picking up Nat's red phone, and now he said, "Combat, Elmendorf."

It must have been six seconds before Nat realized that something was going wrong. "Try another line, operator!" the general said suddenly. He turned to Nat and covered the phone. "How could the phone line to Alaska be out?"

Nat leaned over to his communications panel at one side of his desk and pushed down the lever for the teletypewriter room and ordered, "Ring Combat, Elmendorf!"

"Sir!" a voice ringing with excitement answered, "Master Sergeant Adams here. All lines to Alaska have just gone out!"

"I don't like that!" General Berger said slowly, staring at the plotting map. "Maybe bad weather washed them out."

"Stand by that teletypewriter," Nat said. "Keep trying."

Nat flicked off the switch, and General Berger hung up the red phone and started out. "General Hogarth is flying in from Washington. I'll make the contact with him from my office," he said; and, just before he left, he turned once more to Nat. He was obviously puzzled and worried now. "You phone the air marshal."

That started it. After that it seemed to Nat that he was watching the world come apart piece by piece. While he was talking to the air marshal, radar at Baffin Bay and Newfoundland reported five unknown, widely separated aircraft flying south toward Montreal and Presque Isle. This was no formation. Each aircraft was on its own. Traveling high and fast, they were undoubtedly jet-powered, and they were headed for the great cities of the East—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Washington. Bombers from the Kola Peninsula might come in just that way.

After he'd talked to the air marshal, Nat got McBride on the intercom. "Call all personnel for emergency duty," he told him, "and check the guard."

At 0137, another unknown aircraft was reported by the DEW line. It was big and

... ...

Christmas List

Instead of looking storeward
With yen to fill my pack,
I'm really looking forward
To when I'm looking back.

Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

... ...

supersonic, and it was coming in low over the pole, right down the center of Canada.

Just as it was being marked on the plotting map, Air Marshal Totherow walked up to his desk, talking earnestly with General Berger. As deputy commander, this general officer from the Royal Canadian Air Force would be in command of the defense of the continent until General Hogarth arrived. That a Canadian should be in command of the United States Air Force, Army and Navy defense units might be a political problem elsewhere, but not here.

This man, who had the manners of a diplomat and the body of a heavyweight prize fighter, was respected as thoroughly in Washington as he was in Ottawa. He had come directly from a ball at the country club, and he was still in full-dress uniform. Nat stood in the doorway between their offices in case the air marshal wanted him, and he did.

"Colonel, is the Combat Center fully staffed," he asked, "and fully operational right now?"

"Yes, sir, it is," Nat told him.

"Good."

At 0227, except for General Hogarth, the commander in chief himself, the entire NORAD battle staff was there. They were bunched around the Canadian air marshal's desk when Rear Admiral Stone came in.

"A WV-two has disappeared out of the Pacific Midocean Line," the admiral said quietly. "Last position reported, about nine hundred miles north of Hawaii in a line with Kodiak Naval Station."

For an instant the silence among the general officers was so complete that Nat could hear the (*Continued on Page 49*)

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Toast-R-Oven*. "Upstairs" a fully auto- ic toaster—"downstairs" a toasting oven you make toasted cheese sandwiches, n buns and muffins. Use it at every meal.
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And, of course, it proudly pours the favorite of gift whiskies—mellow, perfect Four Roses. This quart decanter comes at regular quart price in beautifully festive gift carton.

The festive fifth of Four Roses comes superbly gift-wrapped—with famous eggnog recipe tucked inside.

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(*Continued from Page 47*) click of the teletypewriters behind the distant plotting map, and there was some reason for the worried stillness. A WV-two was a super airliner, especially equipped by the Navy with a far-seeing radar scanning system.

"Of course," the admiral went on suddenly, "it could have been an electrical failure."

"It could have been," Marshal Totherow said quietly, "and I want to believe that it was an equipment failure, but I'm not going to. We are going to assume instead that these unknown aircraft"—he indicated the map with a nod—"form part of a diversionary attack; that the enemy has sabotaged our communications with Alaska for deadly purposes; that the WV-two was shot down by a Soviet interceptor to make a hole in the line for a run-through. We cannot afford to believe anything except that there are hundreds of jet bombers pouring through that hole right now. They could swing in over the Mexican mountains, across the gulf before we could identify them, then up the Mississippi Valley. And for us that triggers it." He paused and then gave his order solemnly. "All sectors will go on Air Defense Readiness immediately."

As the battle staff turned quickly to their commands, Nat's nightmare closed in on him with torturing reality, and there could be no doubt about that reality. The bombers of the Strategic Air Command already had been ordered off their runways all over the world. Their commanding general at Offutt Air Force Base, Omaha, had decided twenty-five minutes ago that he could not risk their being caught on the ground. They were air-borne like monstrous hawks, waiting for the word to strike, and that could come from only the President of the United States. Even now, however, the air marshal was talking on a three-way hookup with the President and the Prime Minister of Canada, advising them on the situation.

Orders recorded on tape months ago were automatically flashing from NORAD to every kind of defense unit on the continent. Canadian and American soldiers, sailors and airmen even now were racing for their battle stations. From Nome to New York, from Quebec to Miami, from Atlanta to Vancouver, from Winnipeg to Houston—even on the high seas—anti-aircraft missiles were lifting their sophisticated snouts skyward; they were Nikes and Hawks, Terriers and Bomarcs, and their sinister inanimate brains were already whirling, clicking, calculating.

Everywhere extra men were hurrying to their airdromes. Pilots, mechanics, navigators—all rushing to support the men already alert on the flight lines. On the airstrips of every defense unit from the arctic to the tropics there was the petulant whine of jet-engined interceptors and fighters begging to be unleashed—Super Sabres, Voodoos, Delta Daggers, Canucks, Starfighters and Thunderchiefs. But the men held them tight, waiting for the unknown aircraft to get within fuel range of the interceptors.

The incredibly complicated defense system that had cost billions of Canadian and American dollars was beginning to work all-out for the first time to protect a sleeping continent. From DEW-line radar units to the man who made coffee for mechanics on a southern airfield, the system was moving toward complete readiness with amazing speed. As well as Nat knew the system, he was awed by its immensity and by what this battle staff had done, and still reports and figures flooded in from thousands of miles away through red telephones and secret wires.

It gave him one last great hope. Maybe—perhaps—it was just possible that the system was good enough. Maybe there would always be cities named Dallas, Victoria, New York, Quebec, Portland, Ottawa, New Orleans. Maybe some two hundred million people could be saved from blast, fire, crumbling ruins and radiation, but the hope turned forlorn. Every military man knew that the advantage was always with the offense. No matter how good the defense, some bombers would get through. One bomb—one city! Which cities?

"Sir?" It was Sergeant Ketch.

"Come in."

"General Hogarth is meeting with the battle staff in two minutes in the conference room."

Nat had been so busy he didn't even know the commanding general had arrived. "I'll be there," he said, and as he made a fast note for one of his tactical officers, Sergeant Ketch put a sheet of paper on his desk.

To Nat's astonishment, there was Gregg Hilton's full name, military address and serial number neatly typed out. He stared dumbly at the sergeant, only now remembering their earlier conversation, and when he did speak he was still clumsy with surprise.

"So soon?"

"Twenty-four years in the service, sir," Ketch said, smiling. "It should take me a week?"

General Berger stuck his head in the door and called to him. "You coming, colonel?"

"Yes, sir," Nat said. He crammed the sheet of paper deeply into his pocket and stood up. "Thanks, Bill," he whispered.

General Hogarth sat at the head of the long, polished table studying a pad of notes while the members of the staff seated themselves. The general was a long-boned, gaunt New Englander. Usually there was just a suggestion of a smile around the tight straight mouth, but now his face was bleak and humorless.

"Gentlemen," he began when they were seated, "this will take one and a half minutes of your time. The air marshal and I have just finished a telephone conference with Chiefs of Staff in Washington and Ottawa."

He was a deliberate man, and now he studied his notes again before he made his first statement. "Although certain facts are not yet clear," he went on, "the Number One opinion is that this could be a flap. We have been in contact with Elmendorf by radio. Although they reported considerable action on Kamchatka airfields, Alaska has not been attacked—at least not yet. Elmendorf also advised us that aircraft reported over Nunivak Island have not been confirmed by radar, although the radar at Galena is on maximum search." He paused only briefly. "Five transatlantic airliners from Europe have not reported their positions at the scheduled time. These could be the unknowns over the Northeast. They may have changed flight plans because of weather. This report has not come through, probably because that same weather has disrupted communications in several places."

The general looked tired, and Nat thought he spoke as if he didn't quite believe what he was saying.

"The Soviet Air Force can cause disaster in North America any time it is ordered to do so, but we all know the hideous price SAC would charge the Soviet for this," General Hogarth went on. "Neither Ottawa nor Washington believes that the men in the Kremlin are so insane."

He shifted his weight in the chair, and his voice rose. "There are, however, three developments which worry me deeply," he told them. "There is still a hole in our Pacific line, and until it is plugged, we are blind in that area." He looked at his notes again. "The unknown aircraft coming in over the pole has not been picked up by the Mid-Canada line. He must have turned west and is now flying below the level of radar sight. This seems to us to be enemy reconnaissance action!"

Nat saw the general's eyes narrow, and he knew the sixty-four-trillion-dollar question was coming, but even then he wasn't prepared for it.

"Scopes in Greenland and the Baffin Bay area have just reported the flight of an object that seemed to come out of space. It disappeared in the polar region in the direction of Ellesmere Island." He paused, and not a man on the staff moved. "We know only that its velocity was well over fifteen thousand miles per hour." He was talking slowly, and his eyes reflected his inner worries with sharp accuracy. "It could have been the remains of a meteor slowed down by atmospheric friction. It could have been an intercontinental ballistic missile—a shot gone wrong, or a trial shot."

Nat took a long breath to stem the fear that was rising within him. This was the screaming point of the nightmare—intercontinental ballistic missiles! NORAD had no defense against them. By next year—certainly by 1961—NORAD would have to have some sort of automatically firing antimissile, but there was no such thing now!

"If this is the attack, if some madman is going for broke," the commanding general was saying, "we figure the first wave of manned bombers will strike at approximately 0430 this morning. If the enemy has operational missiles, they probably will be timed to arrive just before the first bombers strike."

The general stood up, and everyone rose with him. "One more thing," he said. "If tonight's situation turns out to be just the biggest flap we've ever had, I don't want it to be considered as good luck! Let us religiously believe that it has been ordained as a full-dress rehearsal for the real thing when it does come!"

In the tense hours that followed, General Hogarth's Number One opinion was checked out to be the truth. Arctic weather that could crush communications and force aircraft off their preplanned flight paths had been the principal cause of the flap. One by one, each unknown had been intercepted and identified as friendly. Whatever aircraft had caused the Nunivak contrails were never picked up again, and the Navy had plugged the hole in the Pacific line. The aircraft which had tried to sneak in over the pole, however, had been identified as enemy, but it had made a quick turn and a fast run for home.

At 0930 Nat parked his car in front of his house at the ready, headed downhill, key in the ignition. Even before he opened the door and stepped out, he saw Laurie's station wagon in the driveway, and the youngsters loading a picnic basket, extra vacuum bottles and a blanket in the back end.

He had forgotten them entirely, but he saw they had not forgotten him. In front of him they were guilty with the memory of last night. They turned awkward with fear, and they moved together for mutual comfort. He walked toward them, his resentment against Gregg rising, and he put his hand in his pocket to feel the sheet of paper on which Ketch had written Gregg's serial number.

Behind the young people he saw the great mountains golden with morning sunlight. The night of hag-ridden thoughts was behind him, and he was acutely aware that this was a time of peace. He remembered Laurie saying, "It isn't easy to find love and understanding. They have to work at it in their own way. We have to give them time." *How much time did they have* he wondered. *How much time did anybody have?—Africans, Americans, Russians, Brazilians, Eskimos, Arabs. Anybody, anywhere? How much time? Very little! Yet it was everybody's only hope that there would be time to understand each other, time in which to learn to be kind, each to each—time in which to love!*

"Sir," Gregg said bravely as Nat came to a stop directly in front of them, "you must have had a big flap last night!"

He wanted to say, "Yes. A big one," but he was so tired he was wordless, and he saw the youngsters squirm in the stern silence. Sarah was biting her lip, and unconsciously she took Gregg's hand—a girl reaching to her lover for comfort. They were only youngsters, after all, struggling to find love; struggling to understand each other, a tiny part of the world's last hope. Give them what time there was.

"Mother's making your breakfast," Sarah said, and he thought she was going to cry.

"You kids have a beautiful day for a picnic," he said quietly, and he put his hand on Gregg's shoulder. "Take good care of her, Gregg, please."

"Yes, sir! I will, sir!"

The lieutenant was suddenly smiling, and Sarah was tucking herself under Nat's arm. He kissed her quickly and walked on up to the house to have breakfast with Laurie. THE END

"Well-I-I—back to the ol' sack."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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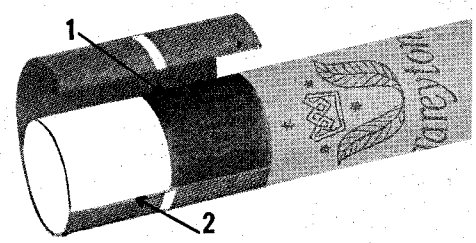

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Must They Spoil Children's Books?

(Continued from Page 21)

a teacher who uses such mangled masterpieces does so only because she has not learned her way around in current "juvenile" books. Publishers today offer ample reading-practice material of modern origin prepared for that express purpose. One state education department lists more than 100 such titles as "high interest, low vocabulary" for "problem readers." There is no longer occasion to mutilate *Tom Sawyer* or *The Call of the Wild*. But school boards and teachers are like other people, always fighting the last war, and abridgments flourish in the classroom.

Certain teachers encourage classroom use of comic-book "classics"—picture-and-word condensations of *Kidnapped*, *Oliver Twist*, and so on. The basic story usually struggles through, so teacher orders her pupils a comic-book Ivanhoe apiece to give them a sort of dry run before the class takes up the Ivanhoe that Scott wrote. Pupils themselves sometimes put the comics to unfortunate uses. Today's teacher can never be sure whether Johnny really read *Lorna Doone* before doing his book report or just paid fifteen cents for a comic book that sketched the plot for him.

The most favorable opinion of these adaptations that I could get from any specialist in children's reading was, "Well, some of them aren't as badly done as others." It can at least be said that any one of them is better for Johnny than certain other kinds of comics. And some carry on the last page a line, "Now that you have read (this) don't miss the added enjoyment of reading the original, obtainable at your school or public library." A few teachers and librarians tell me they have good reason to believe that this suggestion occasionally does send Johnny to the library asking for the real thing.

Perhaps. It is now generally agreed that, contrary to so many alarmed predictions, television works that way, encouraging more children to read more books. It steps up their vocabularies, trains them to recognize new printed words and gives them new interests to explore in the library. Word gets around that "the book has a lot TV left out," and girls swamp libraries with demand for *Little Women*. Movie adaptations have usually had that effect too.

Recognizing both TV and movies as important bridges into reading, enterprising school systems now alert their teachers and librarians to upcoming screen and TV programs that will readily tie into Johnny's reading needs. Quality of adaptation seems to have little to do with this stimulus. Even when the Shirley Temple series pads out the crisp tale of *The Emperor's New Clothes* with soap-opera dialogue and a dragged-in, inappropriate moral, youngsters are still moved to get and read the Andersen original. Apologists for abridgments say they work the same way. I doubt it, and so do some canny librarians.

Johnny faces trouble from still another direction. His access to his birthright of rich reading is often made needlessly difficult by the hypersensitive and those who enjoy seeing things under the bed. A member of an Indianapolis school-advisory board denounces *Robin Hood* as subversive. A publisher gets chewed out for letting a character in a boys' book about Pearl Harbor say "Jap planes"—"Japanese planes," please. For a while there, *Little Black Sambo* was in such trouble for letting himself be called "black" that some bookstores thought it advisable to sell copies of him from under the counter. That particular storm has pretty well blown out now. But there's always another brewing.

"If we gave in to every group in this town," a big-city librarian told me, "our children's rooms would have no books at all."

Sam and His Friends, a television puppet show, recently kidded such pressuring by singing *Old Man River* as "Elderly Person River" to avoid protests from those over sixty, and substituted "He doesn't say anything" for "He don't say nothin'" in deference to organized teachers of English. Kidding? That lady professor who abridged *Huck Finn* called his strong, savory and altogether American talk "a sharp departure from all parent-teacher training toward grammatical correctness"—and proceeded solemnly to correct it here and there.

Publishers tell me that, since World War II, "juveniles" average higher in quality than ever before. This is probably true. The annual crop of writing for youngsters when I was in knee pants was pretty poor. The annual crop that I saw proudly displayed at the 1958 Children's Book Fair of the *Washington Post and Times-Herald* was markedly superior. But further improvement has been slowed by a recent boom in books for children.

Customers these days are buying about 270,000,000 juveniles a year—five times as many as they were a decade ago. And in roughly the same period the selection which customers may choose from has doubled—to about 2000 items.

All this may reflect the presence of more children per million people and more money per family purse as well as an enthusiastic response from the young to better books. It necessarily means dilution of average quality. Good writers for youngsters are proportionately even scarcer than good writers for adults. Put Johnny's parents—or doting aunt, fond uncle or big sister—in the juvenile section of a large bookstore and they are up against a tough selection problem in the current welter of unfamiliar titles of unknown quality.

The new juvenile book by an author with a big name in the field of adult books that catches Johnny's aunt's eye may or may not be a good choice. Rumer Godden, herself a highly regarded novelist who also does successful children's books, says, "I don't think being a writer necessarily qualifies one to do juveniles. I found that out. The book is too often a children's book for grown-ups. It sells because of the author's name—and because people don't think when they buy books." There are several successful series of biographies done specially for teen-agers by well-known names. In some there is real feel for the subject and scrupulous handling of fact. In others, to quote a clever librarian, "The assignment shows through." How can you tell one from the other without several hours' browsing?

Advice from behind the counter is seldom reliable. Publishers hold their heads and moan about bookstore sales help. All that these girls know of their wares, says the trade, is that the tiny code number on the left-hand jacket flap—say, "09011"—means the book is aimed at children from nine to eleven years old. This "age rating" is no scientific datum, however; just the informed guess of the lady who runs a given publisher's juvenile division. Its sole use is to give the salesgirl a quick answer when Johnny's aunt asks for "a book suitable for a ten-year-old boy." Since children's tastes and reading habits shift most irregularly and individually as they age, that question doesn't make enough sense to begin with. But then, neither will the answer.

Some veterans of the juvenile field would like to see all age ratings dropped. Ratings, they say, give both sellers and buyers unsound notions of the relation between age and reading skill. But most new juveniles are still advertised like this:

CUTHBERT COBRA GOES TO SCHOOL, by Araminta White Winters. How the littlest snake in the class finally proved he could be just as poisonous as anybody. $2.00. (Ages 8-11).

A drawing of Mrs. Cobra tying Cuthbert's new hood on him or maybe scolding him for failing to brush his fangs in the excitement of facing his first day at school is likely to accompany it.

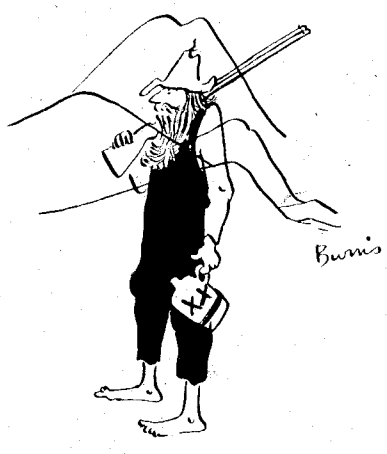
Nervous customers must sometimes wonder if it's safe back there in the juvenile department with all those animals around. They have every right to be there. Ever since Aesop, animals have healthily tickled children's fancy. The boom in juveniles has meant a boom in insects and reptiles as well as—in this order of popularity—dogs, horses, cats, mice, bears, elephants, pigs, donkeys. Juveniles featuring forty-seven other creatures were advertised for the last two Christmas seasons: predictable ones, like rabbits, monkeys, deer, parrots and cows, plus some highly unsociable entries, like rattlesnakes, wolverines, alligators and, so help me, a mechanical whale.

The disadvantage of all this zoology is that animals are a field day for artists. This, abetted by modern color printing, spurs on the current trend to substitute pictures for the printed word. That in turn leads to wishy-washy text, and it's the text alone that can make Johnny a flavor-minded reader. In *Peter Rabbit*, Beatrix Potter's pictures are unfailingly charming, but her story never needs them as crutches. The same expert balance may appear in the work of modern authors who, like her, illustrate their own stuff: Dr. Seuss's fantasies, for instance, Ludwig Bemelmans' *Madeline*, Jean de Brunhoff's *Babar* series, Elizabeth Enright's *Melendy* books. But overemphasis on art work is the rule. A new juvenile entered for the Junior Book Award last year drew from a Boys' Club of America member this complaint, "There wasn't any use reading the story. The pictures told everything. I don't think pictures should do this."

My extreme example of the tyranny of pictures came when I marked the cuts in a recent abridgment of *Alice in Wonderland* and asked the editor why she blue-penciled those particular passages. For some she had passable reasons—if cutting Alice is justified at all, which I deny. But she also recalled having made certain others to get the text on the same page as the splashy new art work illustrating it. This usually spoiled the pacing of the narrative and sometimes smothered a good joke. A well-planned newspaper story is intentionally written to be cut to fit make-up. "Alice" was not.

The title page of this cut-down Alice at least confesses abridgment. This is not always true of the cut-down rewrites that lie in wait for the unwary, in bookstores and P.T.A.-sponsored "book fairs" as well as in the classroom. My copy of Kingsley's *The Water Babies*—a remarkable juvenile that I have reread at least once a year since 1914—fell apart a while back. I ordered a replacement from a fine, old-line publisher. When it arrived, I sat down to dip into a pet passage or two—and found them missing. The story, which has a few goody-goody touches that I always disliked, was intact. But an abridger, trying to save paper or maybe spare Johnny the pain of encountering a few words or ideas new to him, had cut two thirds of the exultant rigmarole and fantastic byplay that give the book its special quality. And nowhere in or on it was any indication that this was not the genuine, full text.

I returned it with indignant comments. The publisher, apparently assuming it was an imperfect copy lacking some pages, sent me another specimen of the same edition. Further bad language got me my money back. But they never did understand what riled me. The basic plot was still there, wasn't it? I saw this



The Perfect Squelch

Two flippant young ladies drove into a filling station in a little Ozark Mountain town which, despite itself, was becoming a tourist haunt. Leaving their car, they strolled around in short shorts and halters. One began twitting the attendant, a slow-moving boy in overalls.

"Why," she said, "you look just like anyone else. So do these other people around here. We came all the way from St. Louis to see some real hillbillies. We're disappointed."

"Lady, don't feel disappointed," the boy replied. "Just look around. Anybody you see wearing clothes is a hillbilly."

Dr. J. L. Holmes

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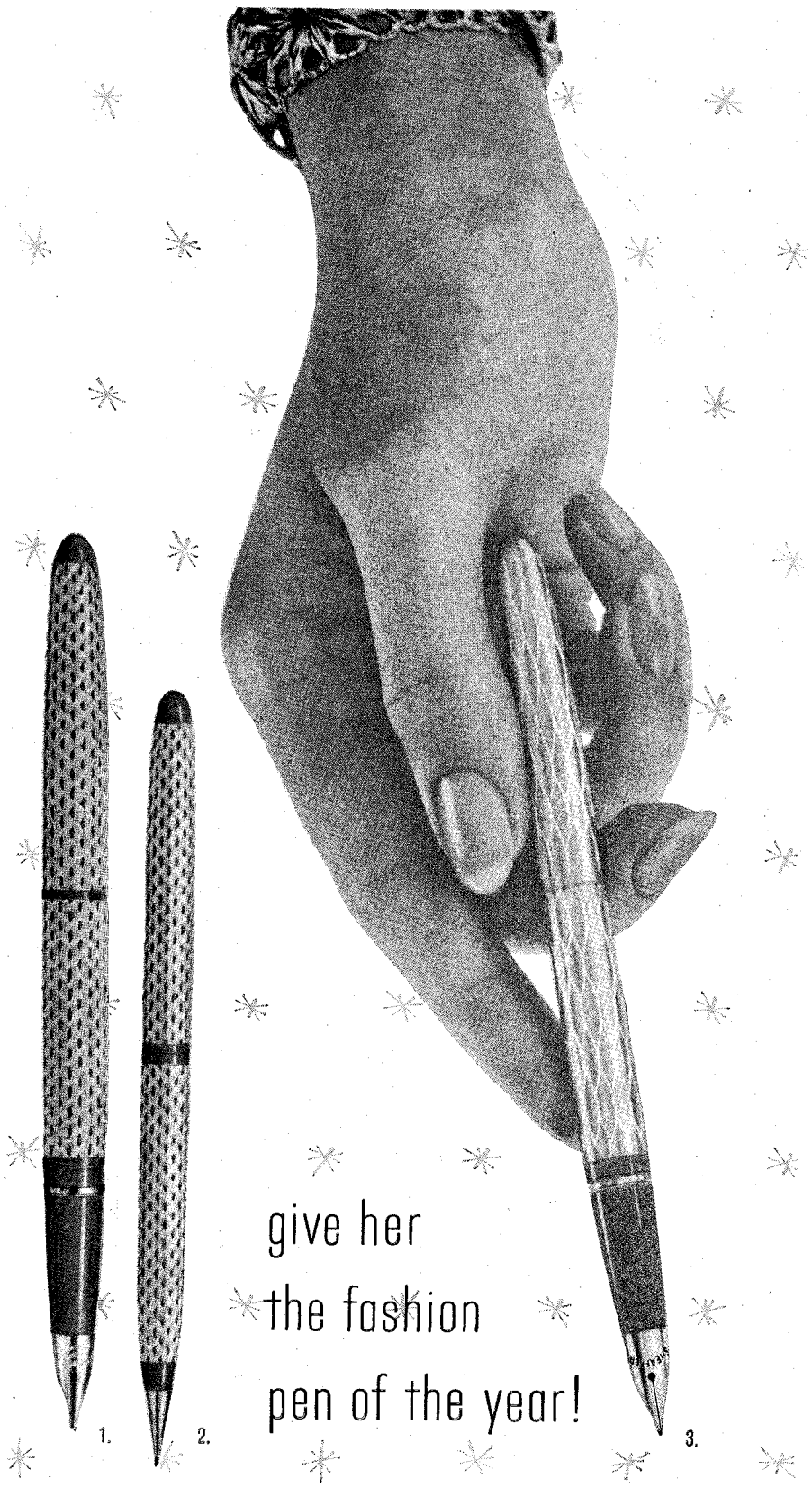
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maimed, mislabeled *Water Babies* on sale recently in three large bookstores. The Federal Trade Commission cracks down on mislabeled paperbacks; but so far no protection for buyers of juveniles.

Unscrupulous wording can, in confessing abridgment, actually mislead parents not altogether at home in the special world of books. A grotesquely distorted short rewrite of *The Count of Monte Cristo* is prefaced, "This well-known classic has been specially abridged and fully illustrated in order to bring out all the flavor, style and beauty of the original book." There is a dollar rewrite of Stevenson's *Kidnapped* squeezing the original 100,000 words into 8000. The result is like seeing a fine picture through the wrong end of a telescope with badly flawed lenses.

Maybe the worst offenders, certainly among the most deceptively mislabeled, are the story records sold in supermarkets as well as music stores. One calling itself *Huckleberry Finn*—what a beating that boy takes!—crams into one forty-five-r.p.m. disc five minutes of watery monologue that, though the unblushing label gives no warning, has just about nothing to do with the original story. The blurb reaches way out for the parent-customer with, "YOUR CHILDREN DESERVE THE VERY BEST. . . . In this . . . series (of records) you will find the classic children's stories of our great cultural heritage," and lists *Tom Sawyer* and *Treasure Island* as having had the same shellacking. The series reaches a high point in a namby-pamby rewrite of *Little Black Sambo* in which the tigers, introduced as "big, striped kitty-cats," talk falsetto and politely suggest taking a walk with Sambo instead of threatening to eat him up as in the genuine version.

Pockets of resistance to abridgments linger here and there. The New York Public Library allows on its shelves only a few, mostly those done by the original authors themselves. When I asked Alfred A. Knopf what his distinguished publishing firm does about them, he snapped, "Wouldn't allow such a thing on the premises!"

Some publishers still go along with him, but they may be fighting a losing battle. Most libraries and school systems buy them. The book marked *Jane Eyre* that Johnny's teen-age sister brings home from the branch library may preserve the soap-opera plot, but lack Charlotte Brontë's moving, winning way of telling it. To justify library use of abridgments a famous research educationist went all-over moral on me: "The full text of a classic may suit a quick reader with high I.Q.," he said. "But should we deprive the low I.Q. of these great stories just because he is less well endowed?"

The answer is that said "low I.Q." isn't missing so much. The plots of most classics are no better than those of most general novels, good or bad. What makes them special is the author's emotional drive or imaginative character work or subtly skilled pacing or juicy talk—the very things that meddling ruins. The only good it does a "low I.Q." to know vaguely that John Silver was a pirate and Sydney Carton was guillotined is to enable him to sound as if he had read *Treasure Island* and *A Tale of Two Cities* when he hasn't. It's better to do the best you can for him with some of the modern teen-age thrillers or sports novels that he can "wade through," and let Dickens alone for the millions of nonretarded youngsters to rejoice in.

Tampering with Johnny's books may be part of a larger thing—too little feel for quality in books and often too little knowledge of them among those in charge of supplying him. Consider the impressive lists of recommended "juveniles" on which most schools and children's libraries—and sometimes conscientious parents—rely for advice on what to put on the shelves. Some are the work of individual lady experts on juveniles. Others are the consensus of committees of librarians, teachers, educators, and so on.

Two well-known such lists recommend that very same *Water Babies* abridgment—without noting that it is all slashed up. Another, very widely used by high-school librarians, praises *Vanity Fair* for its "description of the Battle of Waterloo." The Waterloo episode in *Vanity Fair* is confined to civilian doings behind the lines. An authoritative book on juveniles called *Kidnapped* and its sequel *David Balfour*, "matchless tales of pirate adventure." Neither contains pirates. Another widely used in teacher training extols the beauty of John Bunyan's style in *Pilgrim's Progress* and, for sample, quotes the first paragraph—not of the magnificent opening that Bunyan wrote, but of a baby-talk rewrite that Victorian publishers had done in words of one syllable.

Such bloopers about well-known items are as ridiculous as a sports writer's referring to Honus Wagner's no-hitter in the 1939 World Series! They impair one's confidence in such experts' right to blackball old or new juveniles. Yet "blackballing" is almost what exclusion from such lists amounts to. For instance, L. Frank Baum's beloved *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* is not on several of the better-known lists. It follows automatically that it is missing from many library children's rooms. True, librarians can't stock all books printed, so they must select. But selection for a wide public implies less rigidity than some of them may show.

Libraries thus snubbing the *Wizard of Oz* run a grave risk of kicking up a storm. Three years ago the Michigan State University Press did a new, scholarly edition of the book and took occasion to reproach the Detroit Public Library for having no copy of any edition in its children's rooms. The library director's explanation was and remains that the library's few surviving copies are kept in the stacks, not the children's rooms, because nowadays "so many far better books" are available for youngsters.

The implication that the *Wizard* is not worth juvenile shelf room raised a fine hullabaloo among literate parents with a lingering fondness for the *Wizard* and reason to think their offspring would share it. The *Detroit Times* ran the complete text in installments to make sure local children were no longer deprived. Even the august *New York Times* Book Review got into the act. In reply, the library director wrote for the American Library Association Bulletin a defense in which he stuck to his guns and loyally backed up his staff, who seem to have assured him there was little call for the book anyway. Strange, in view of the way at least seven publishers keep it in print and of the twenty-five-cent cut-down version now on sale in supermarkets.

Describing the *Wizard* as falling below current quality levels is also strange in view of the many watery items recommended on lists that bar him. Two things may account for it all: The literary judgment of those choosing books for children's libraries averages none too high, as hinted above; and the *Oz* fans went at it the wrong way. Instead of getting the librarians' backs up, they should have worked quietly on the list makers to stop running the *Wizard* down. Only thus can he regain his deserts as a pretty well-written chunk of fun that children should have a chance to enjoy.

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A generation ago misguided experting worked up another threat to Johnny's interests with another kind of list. It started with educationist researchers' checking up on what words are used by normal children at various ages. The purpose was to help those teaching English to newly landed aliens and to guide writers and editors of textbooks. But the let's-meddle school of juvenile editing applied the idea to non-textbook writing. Many anemic books now crowding the *Wizard of Oz* off the shelves got that way from being held down and unmercifully combed for maverick words not on some arbitrary word list for a given age group—with the author told to find some other way to say it, or else.

Actually, say the abler editors, such predigested vocabulary is unwholesome. To become a real reader for fun Johnny needs the kick of meeting chewy new words among familiar ones. They also deplore the same meddler's joy in prowling through juveniles for sentences exceeding severe limitations on length and sentence structure based on studies of readability. Nobody using these standards could ever have passed *Peter Rabbit*, the perfect juvenile and one of the best pieces of writing in English. Its sentences are sometimes longish, sometimes unsimple, and use many words and phrases strange to American youngsters: "fortnight," "camomile," "cucumber frame," "gooseberry net" and so on.

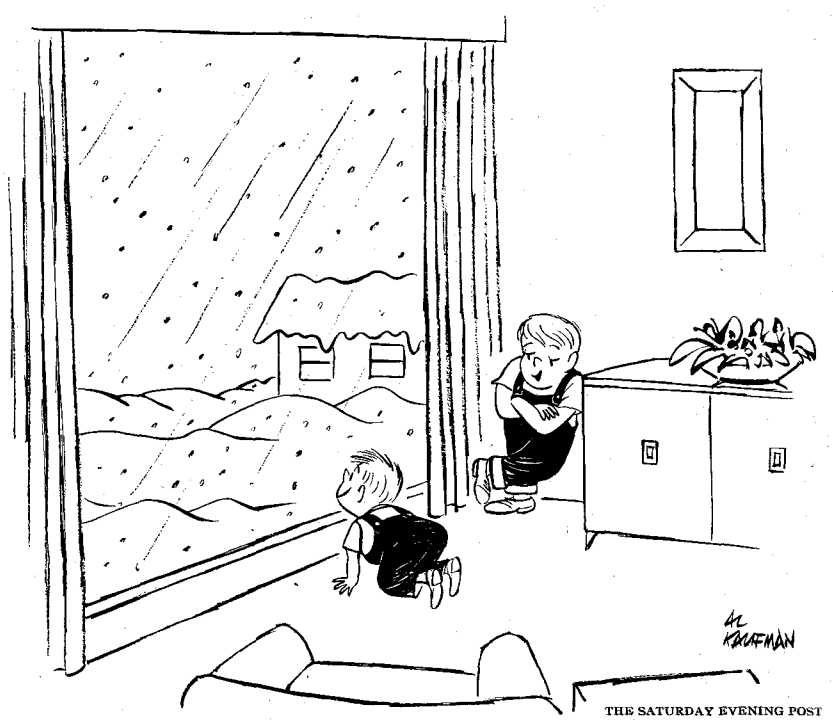
Juvenile writers say these textual strait jackets are going out of style now. Up Johnny! and down with the meddlers! They are meeting another creeping defeat as folk and fairy tales gradually recover standing. Solemn experts used to taboo wicked stepmothers and baby-eating ogres on the theory that their grisly doings damaged small psyches. A librarian-mother tells me that back in the early 1930's she found it difficult to buy good editions of Grimm to read to her children. The dominant doctrine now is that, if Hänsel and Gretel's shoving the old witch into her own oven gives a child the wim-wams, the trouble is with that particular child, not the old story that has delighted so many generations of children. Those who sissified Little Black Sambo's tigers hadn't yet got the word that times have changed. Neither had the mother who recently wanted *Peter Rabbit* barred from accepted juvenile reading because of Mrs. Rabbit's warning to Peter about Mr. McGregor's garden, "Your father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mr. McGregor."

These shifts are doubly good news for Johnny because they show that, given time, experting can improve. The experts have always been sound in advising his parents that reading aloud to him is the best way to give him a taste for rewarding books. As he gets older this often turns into the fine old institution of family reading in the evening, a great enjoyment for all. A good juvenile, whether Lucretia P. Hale's *Peterkin Papers* or Walter D. Edmonds' *Matchlock Gun* need bore nobody of any age. The single best thing conceivable for both Johnny and American literature would be wide adoption of the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company's successful program. Each of its factories has a free lending library of picked read-aloud books. Employees are encouraged to take them home and try them on the offspring.

Reading aloud to the child, says Prof. Leland B. Jacobs of Columbia University's Teachers College, greatly benefits the young mind's "growing edges." It enables Johnny to get the gist of a book for which he is not quite ready. Then, already knowing it as part of family doings, he is likelier to nibble at it when he is ready. Parents may observe what items he seems to prefer and, come his birthday, get him a copy for his own shelf. It will cost much the same as other fair-quality gifts and usually will last longer. Juvenile books are, as an advertisement of Doubleday & Company, publishers, recently pointed out, "fully assembled, unbreakable educational toys."

Sound parental tactics all assume that books and most children, young or older, are natural friends that need only cordial bringing together. Make sure that Johnny gets early and often to the children's end of the local public library. If that's too far, get behind the movement to install read-for-fun libraries in elementary as well as high schools. And most important of all, have books around the house—juveniles he has shown signs of liking, grown-up books to explore on rainy days. The best young readers who most enjoy reading usually come from homes where books are as taken for granted as stoves and soap.

But no abridgments. They lead to what Julilly House Kohler, practicing mother and writer of juveniles, calls "literary rickets." THE END



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Too Many Ghosts (Continued from Page 42)

miracle that the fumes had not yet ignited from its heat.

In a corner, a spot that Hero knew was directly beneath the golden concert harp in the music room on the floor above, sat the Hon. Isobel Paradine.

There was a cello held between her legs, with a curious contraption—a thin rod of fir wood—attached to the soundboard and which ascended to the ceiling and vanished there. The bow of the instrument lay on the floor at her feet. She sat as motionless as a statue, with the fingers of her left hand still upon the strings of the instrument.

As Hero hurled himself through the door she made an attempt to reach for the hot, glowing lantern. But in that instant when time stood still, Hero saw that her eyes were glazing and that her movements were as of one drugged. There was enough petrol soaked upon the pile on the floor to create one vast explosion that would send the flames roaring aloft through the centuries-old building.

Her long fingers were still desperately trying to reach the lantern when Hero seized it, extinguishing it as he ran from the room. When he returned and switched on the single electric-light bulb overhead, Isobel, overcome by the fumes, had slid to the floor and was lying face down, her head close to the pile of inflammables, and the silver-white of her hair seemed almost like a flame creeping close in one last desperate attempt to lick at the pyre and set off what was to have been the funeral conflagration of them all.

"Confound your impertinence, sir!" roared Lord Paradine. "How dared you take it upon yourself to let her get away?" The paunchy little nobleman had never been angrier. Hero's revelation of what he had come upon in the cellar and Isobel's subsequent departure had left him stunned and genuinely outraged.

They were all gathered the following noon in the library of the west wing—Lord and Lady Paradine, Mark and Beth, Sir Richard Lockerie, Cousin Freddie, Susan Marshall and Meg, to meet Hero, almost like relatives gathered to hear the reading of the will.

Hero replied gently enough, "She was your sister, sir."

But Paradine's rage only grew towering. "Damn and blast!" he shouted. "The would-be murderess of my daughter, and an arsonist to boot—you'll have to answer to the authorities!"

"'Damn and blast' it is, then!" cried Hero suddenly with equal thunder. "She was a woman and a human being, and she was not like any other. She had provocation!"

His outburst so startled them that a kind of shocked silence ensued, and it was then that for the first time Hero felt aware of their subtle, almost imperceptible drawing together. Even Cousin Freddie seemed to have moved a fraction or two closer to his angry and indignant uncle.

But Meg moved somewhat more ostentatiously. She had been seated on the divan at the far end of the room, watching Hero. Now she deliberately rose, walked across the room, and sat down on a chair close to her stepbrother.

Something curious happened to Mr. Hero at that point. As he observed the lithe, determined movement of the tall girl, the line of her mouth and above all the expression of the eyes that could be so mocking but were now grave, he knew that he was deeply, wholly and irrevocably in love with his stepsister Meg, had been and always would be.

And what was more, he realized that he must have known for a long while, but had only refused to see. It seemed as though through his mind there flashed now a dozen snatches and memories of her; he might be able to think of hundreds of things she had done for him—considerations, forbearances, loving kindnesses. And yet it appeared now that it had needed that one simple gesture of getting up and moving over to his side that had stripped the scales from his eyes and enabled him to see. He felt as though a load had been lifted from his heart and his life.

The others were still stunned by his outburst. Before they had had a chance to recover, he continued, "If you don't mind, Lord Paradine, I am neither a police detective nor a magistrate. In my work I often come in contact with much that is worst in human beings when, in a sense, I am searching for the best that is supposed to survive of the human spirit. If this stems from the fact that people are sometimes wicked, weak or human, I did not invent this. You called me in because you were troubled by what seemed to be hauntings. I undertook to eliminate them. I have done so. There will be no more manifestations of any kind at Paradine Hall."

His sharpness and incisiveness had the effect of cooling Lord Paradine's anger,

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Lots of mothers think the vehicle with the best pickup is a school bus.

HUGH BURR

---

and the little baron was now ashamed of his temper, but not ashamed to say so. He said, "Sorry, Hero. Perhaps you're right."

Cousin Freddie blurted, "Oh, is that so—what about the jolly old nun? I mean the real ghost."

Hero had had enough of Cousin Freddie too.

"As far as the story of the nun is concerned, I never saw a set of grown-up people give credence to such a lot of unadulterated piffle. That legend is a hodgepodge of ingredients from Coeur de Lion and Héloïse and Abélard right up through the Sunday edition of *The News of the World*. Do you really believe that an Englishman behaved that way just because the year was 1564 instead of 1959? Don't you suppose that they had police courts, competent police, trials and criminal justice in those days? Do you think that a nun could disappear from a convent without a thorough investigation resulting? For your information, there never was any nun from the very start."

Sir Richard asked, "Can you substantiate that, Hero? After all, there is always some truth behind old legends."

"Certainly I can," Hero replied. "It was the first thing I looked into when I came down here. It wasn't difficult; the dear old verger over in East Walsham had done all the research years ago. The story of the nun is supposed to have taken place about 1564 during the reign of Elizabeth, when Lord Phillip Paradine was approximately thirty years of age. But the records show that the cloister of Saint Relinda, which was part of Wytrim Priory, burned down in the year 1539 and was never rebuilt there."

"But then ——" began Susan, eyes dancing as she performed some mental mathematics.

(*Continued on Page 56*)

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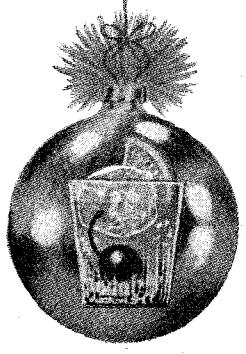

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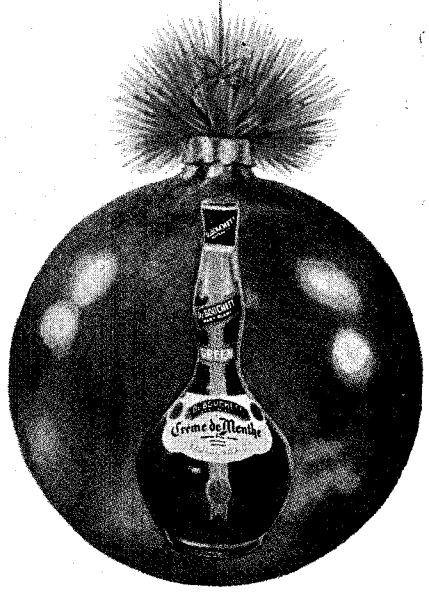

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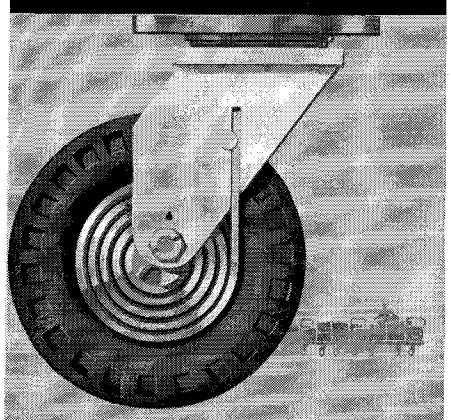

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(*Continued from Page 54*) "Exactly," concluded Mr. Hero solemnly. "Give and take a few years, Lord Paradine accomplished the seduction of the famous Sister Rose at the ripe old age of five."

Mark Paradine said, "But the story of the harp?"

"Purer piffle," Hero replied. "Nobody around here questioned that Sister Rose seemed to have no difficulty shifting from the sixteenth-century Irish harp to the six-and-a-half-octave modern double-action instrument. But the whole point is, even had she existed, she wouldn't have been able to play any harp at all—farm girls weren't taught music in the sixteenth century." The investigator grinned suddenly. "History in retrospect grows wilder and looser; ancestors tend to deteriorate and become chillingly wicked. Nobody, you know, is really proud of virtuous or charitable forebears. In this instance it even managed to turn a respectable butler into a yokel lover snuffling about the walls of Paradine Hall for his lost Rose. His name was Thomas Drew, and he did marry a farmer's daughter named Rose. Lord Phillip may have cast an eye upon her, but they were respected servants of the Hall during his incumbency and later on through half a lifetime of his son William, the fourth Lord Paradine."

The new Beth, still pale after her experience, but secure in her love, exclaimed, "But if there was never any Sister Rose, then ——"

"That is exactly the conclusion to which I was forced," Hero said. "Someone here at the Hall was up to some very unpleasant tricks."

Lord Paradine said, "But why in heaven's name—why?"

"Isobel Paradine told me why," Hero replied.

They all stared at him again.

"Yes," Hero said, "I took her from that room where she would have died had she managed to overturn the lantern, to another where there was some furniture stored and brought her to. The first thing she asked was, 'Have I done it?' and when I told her what had happened she seemed neither glad nor sorry. But she was changed in many ways—the madness had gone out of her. We sat together and talked for a long time."

"Well," said Lord Paradine, "what had she to say?"

Mr. Hero got his black brier out of his jacket pocket. "Look here," he said. "May I suggest that we drop it? The ghosts of Paradine Hall have been relegated to limbo—the case is closed."

Lady Paradine suddenly said, "But I want to know—I want to know what made Isobel do it."

Hero was still occupied with his brier and, without raising his head, said simply, "No matter whom it might hurt?"

Paradine said brusquely, "We are all one family here."

Hero looked up quickly and once more felt and saw the truth of this and wondered if that drawing together was not tinged with just the slightest echo of Lord Paradine's hostility toward him. For all of her seeming bird brain, Enid was Lady Paradine and devoted to her husband, and Hero saw the pride and love with which Susan now looked at Mark, and the warmth that suffused her as she felt herself included in the family. But it was Sir Richard and his new-found togetherness with Beth that worried him.

Yet Sir Richard, too, put in his word. "We ought to know," he said.

"Very well then," Hero said. "It is very simple and very tragic. For all of her life, ever since she was a little girl, Isobel Paradine has been in love with Sir Richard. At one time she believed herself promised to him, and that when he came back from the war he would marry her."

"What?" The cry of indignation came from Sir Richard. "Oh, I say now, Hero; look here—that's not true. Is there any point in raking up the past like that?"

Hero's silence was eloquent, but it was Meg who said inexorably, "Go on, Sandro; they want to know."

Hero said, "You're right—it wasn't true, but Miss Paradine thought it was. When you kissed her good-by before leaving at the beginning of the war, did you say to her, 'I'll come back'?"

Sir Richard's face had gone violently red. "Well, yes, perhaps—something of that kind. One always says one will come back—or hopes one will—when one goes off to war, doesn't one? But I meant nothing by it; I was never in love with Isobel."

"I don't doubt it," Hero said gently, "but Isobel read it, 'I'll come back to you.' It was self-delusion. The first blow that fell upon her was when Sir Richard returned from France at the end of the war accompanied by his French wife."

There was a kind of gasp from Beth. "Oh, poor Aunt Isobel!" she said.

Hero nodded, "Yes. But worse was to follow, for in more recent times the Honorable Isobel suffered a triple catastrophe—the death of her revered father; the transformation of her passionately cherished ancestral home into what I am afraid, for all of its restrictions, amounts to a public hotel; and evidence that Sir Richard, now a widower with an eight-year-old son, far from turning toward her, had fallen in love with the American girl who had come to visit at Paradine Hall. Beneath these hammer blows something snapped."

Hero drew on his pipe for a moment to marshal thoughts and words. "Yes, something snapped," he repeated, "and yet, you know, the background for her violent reaction was always there; of all the Paradines, she was the truest. She was not as other women; she might have been a queen. She made up her mind—Susan Marshall must be got rid of, and the country club that was a desecration to her father's memory destroyed. It was this second motive that proved the chief stumbling block in the investigation—who would wish to ruin that which in these difficult modern times made the upkeep of the Hall possible? I didn't know Miss Paradine.

"But then," Hero continued, "there were some things that the Honorable Isobel did not know either, one of them being what manner of girl Miss Marshall is, and that she doesn't frighten easily; and the other, that Sir Richard was not in love with Miss Marshall at all, and never was. On the contrary, he was and had for some time been deeply in love with Isobel's niece, Elizabeth."

There was stir enough at this, and Lord Paradine did a sort of double take at Sir Richard, who simply nodded his head and placed his hand over Beth's that was resting on his arm.

"The haunting of Paradine Hall," Hero continued, "began almost a month ago with what must have approximated genuine paranormal manifestations—the upheaval in Isobel's room, which I identified earlier for you as resulting from underground watercourses activated by abnormally high tides. That this was the cause was also known to Isobel, but there was something of the mystic in her, too; and the toppling of her father's picture from the wall, even though she was aware of the reason for its fall, she accepted as an omen. She now knew how to accomplish both her aims by fear of the supernatural. The harp would play; the legendary nun would once more be seen at Paradine Hall."

Susan drew in her breath sharply. "That awful hand," she whispered.

"Yes," Hero said, "a rubber glove filled with ice water—an old spiritist trick and not difficult to hit upon. Together we saw the rubber glove in the pantry. The ice water it contained also accounts for the sudden drop in temperature sometimes experienced at séances, and so meticulously recorded and measured by scientists, who then don't bother to inquire further as to how this might be achieved. I am (*Continued on Page 58*)

"I think the boss is starting to notice my work.
He called me a blundering idiot today."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Softness is where blossoms grow

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(*Continued from Page 56*) sorry I had to repeat the experiment; it was the only way I could be sure."

"Oh," said Susan, and shuddered slightly, but then remembered something. "But you thought—you were afraid there might be a second time ——"

Hero shuddered inwardly, too, for he was thinking of the splotch on the floor outside her door. He replied, "I was afraid that the second time the contents of the glove might not have been so harmless."

They were all aghast at the implications, and it inflamed Lord Paradine. "And this monster you let escape! Even though she is my own sister ——"

Hero looked at Paradine long and steadily. "You would not have thanked me for bringing her into court, sir. She was insane when she made the attempt—insanely jealous—but she is not insane now."

Lady Paradine said with a sudden fury, "She tried to kill my baby."

Hero nodded gravely. "Perhaps," he agreed, "though we are not certain of the dose, and there is some doubt. Her attacks upon Susan Marshall were only attempts to get a potential rival out of the way, but once she became aware of the *fait accompli* that not only was Susan not her rival, but it was her own niece, and that Beth and Sir Richard had acknowledged their love for each other, jealousy became mania. It happened on the night that Sir Richard and Beth—to use Sir Richard's own words—'found each other,' the night he came upon Beth in the library. There was another witness to that scene."

"Great heavens!" cried Sir Richard. "You mean ——"

"Yes," Hero replied. "Isobel was there in the shadows in the nun's habit in which she used to glide about the Hall. She heard and saw you. From that moment on, the situation had changed and become deadly. There was only one other person who knew of this—Mrs. Geraldine Taylor; she warned me not only that a young girl here was in danger of her life but that there would be an attempt to burn down Paradine Hall. I was certain that she meant Susan Marshall—I never made a greater mistake."

Sir Richard said, "But how on earth did Mrs. Taylor know?"

Hero said, "She laid out a pack of tarots for me. Tarots are ancient fortune-telling cards—you remember, I found them when I first came here. They belonged to her."

"What?" said Paradine. "Are you serious, Hero?"

"Yes, I am afraid so. In the midst of the usual rubbishy fortunetelling spiel, she suddenly seemed to tune in on something or someone's thoughts and proceeded to give me a series of warnings that a real wickedness was loosed in Paradine Hall."

After a moment of somewhat bewildered silence Mark Paradine said, "But all the rest, sir—the harp and the candles going out, the rabbit on Susan's plate, and the nun in the minstrel's gallery. That wasn't Aunt Isobel, because she was at the table with us when we all saw it."

Hero said, "You all saw it because you had been conditioned to see it. When nerves and minds have been properly prepared, a ghost can be nothing more than an overcoat thrown over a chair, or the fold of a curtain; Isobel had arranged the drapes in the minstrel's gallery beforehand. It needed the light of but one or two candles to complete the illusion of the robe and cowl—that's why all the others had to go out."

"But how did they go out?" queried Sir Richard.

"Oh, that was no trick at all," said Hero. "Anyone could hit upon it with a little thought. It wasn't the 'how' that interested me, but the 'why.' Heat up a skewer and run it through a set of candles in the center halfway down, and you will burn through the middle of the wick. When the flame reaches the break in the wick, out it goes. I found the skewer that Isobel used, with some of the wax still on it."

"But what put you onto all of it, sir?" Mark asked.

Hero said, "If you like, I will take it from the very beginning."

"You might as well," Lord Paradine said.

Hero settled himself more comfortably and relighted his pipe. He began, "It was apparent not only from what Sir Richard told me but also upon my arrival here that we were involved with not one type of occult manifestation but several."

Sir Richard said, "I don't see why, Hero; isn't one ghost pretty much like another?"

"No. Study the literature on the subject and you will find not only varying species but subspecies. There is the aural ghost who raps, taps, thumps and bumps; he has his chain-clanking brother, his footstep-imitating relatives, and his vocal cousins who sigh, sob, moan, wail and sometimes render selections on musical instruments; there is the visual ghost, or apparition, which for some reason seems to prefer eighteenth- and nineteenth-century costumes; and then there is the mischievous ghost—the poltergeist, or unincorporate, unseen haunt which nevertheless without fingers to grip or hands to hold manages to throw weighty objects about, tip over furniture and generally make a nuisance of itself. But the point is, these manifestations rarely overlap—the ghost that wails or bumps or shuffles isn't seen; the apparition of the distressed lady or the murdered lover glides about soundlessly, passing neatly through closed doors and windows; the poltergeist is never accompanied by a visual appearance. But we had the lot going at the Hall."

"Including the olfactory, sir," commented Mark.

"Ah, that was a point where Isobel slipped up. Ghosts on dry land don't smell. In ghost tales at sea there is always the dank scent of brine or seaweed, but did you ever hear of a land ghost with a distinctive odor? When Isobel pinched Mrs. Spendley-Carter's bottle of valerian and sprayed the stuff about, to produce a powerful smell to cover up another, that of petrol, she thought it would be accepted as another occult manifestation. But it told me a different story. Coupled with Mrs. Taylor's reading, it warned me that the fire train had been laid and the climax was at hand."

They all waited in silence for him to continue. "Ghosts have never been known to be particularly gregarious or prone to fraternize. When it became obvious that there was practically a convention of them in session here, I sent for Lady Margaret and her assortment of special cameras, including infrared that takes photographs in darkness. The night the harp played again we were able to secure a photograph of the nun."

He produced an enlargement from his coat pocket and held it up. "You can see," he said, "that it is solid. It is probable that there never has been an honest spirit photograph taken; but if it were possible, the subject in all probability would be transparent to the eye of the camera or, in my opinion, the lens would register nothing at all. Here then was the nun, but it was not possible to tell who was inside the garment. At one time or another you were all under suspicion."

Lord Paradine asked, "But how could Isobel do this without being found out?"

"It seems difficult, sir, but when you look at the affair with hindsight, the Honorable Isobel was the one person who could—she knew the house as did no one else, probably even including several secret passages which enabled her to appear and disappear. She was mechanically inclined and the one to whom everyone turned when anything went wrong in the house; it was easy for her to diddle the lights, lock and unlock doors, create noises in the plumbing or slip away and upset Susan's room before the exorcism. Since the manifestations started in Isobel's room, you would never suspect her of continuing them."

Susan Marshall was thinking hard. She said, "But she was only one ghost; what about the chair that moved, and the rabbit on my plate and the other things?"

"Oh," Hero said, "that was little Noreen. I told you there were too many ghosts here at the Hall."

There were cries of astonishment from all. "Noreen!"

"Yes," Hero said. "Noreen was the poltergeist in the east wing. It is usually a mischievous or vengeful child, hysterical servant or neurotic woman. While Isobel was engaged in driving Susan Marshall and the guests from the Hall, Noreen was only interested in frightening the wits out of her mother. She is an adopted child, you know, and her parents are not very nice people. Noting how terrified her mother was when she heard of the original so-called haunting in Isobel's room, Noreen decided to give her really something to worry about. When she thought she wasn't being watched, she threw an object to make her mother jump. Her mother jumped. Noreen became a poltergeist."

Sir Richard said incredulously, "But how can a child learn to fool ——"

"They learn extraordinarily quickly, these poltergeist children," Hero said, "and people are astonishingly credulous. Furthermore, once a poltergeist child is loose in a house, practically everything that happens in the normal way and which would create no comment ordinarily—the slamming of a door due to a draft, the creaking of joists cooling, the disturbing of an object through the blowing of a curtain, and particularly articles misplaced, such as scissors, spectacles, pens, books, and such—are all then ascribed to the machinations of the poltergeist. Not that little Noreen wasn't adept and didn't very quickly become an expert. She moved the chair with a concealed cord; when Lord Paradine wrestled with it, she simply let go one end. The rabbit, of course, she had hidden in her skirts."

"But what had she against me?" Susan asked. "I had been kind to her and batted tennis balls for her."

"Nothing," Mr. Hero said flatly. "She admired you tremendously. She was very sorry about the rabbit and has asked me to tell you so. It was an accident. It was just that the two performances, hers and Isobel's, happened to coincide; in the dark, little Noreen dropped it onto the wrong plate. She hadn't expected the candles to go out; she had meant to deposit the rabbit on her mother's plate while everyone was watching the chair—but Isobel couldn't have been more delighted."

"Do you mean that Isobel was hand and glove with that horrid child?" Paradine asked.

"Not at all," Hero retorted. "They worked quite independently. But Isobel knew; she had watched Noreen and caught her at it, and simply let her go on, since it was grist to her mill. But what she did not realize was that hauntings fall into categories. There were four things that happened at the dinner that night—the chair moved, the candles went out, the ghost appeared in the minstrel's gallery, and a dead rabbit materialized on Susan's plate. But any student of so-called occult manifestations would see at once that the four must be paired—the candles and the nun belonged together, as did the chair and the rabbit. Hence two hauntings were involved and not one."

"I suppose," Cousin Freddie said, "the great detective can also explain the harp?"

"Yes, I can—now," Hero said. "Thanks to Mr. Dean Ellison, who put me onto the fact that the trick could be worked with almost any stringed instrument. The thing is simplicity itself, and undoubtedly Isobel Paradine, with her mechanical turn of mind and handiness with tools in her workshop, thought that she had invented it herself; but it was performed in a show many years ago by the magician Robert Houdin. A harp was set up on the stage and another in a room exactly beneath. The soundboards of the two were then connected with a rod of fir wood that came up through the stage but was invisible to the audience. When the harp beneath was played the music was heard to come from the one above, and the strings vibrated as though plucked by ghostly hands. A very pretty illusion. I wasted a week looking for that second harp because I forgot that the strings of a cello can be plucked as well as bowed. In the cellar Miss Paradine plucked out the tune, *My Bonnie Dear;* upstairs in the locked room the harp, connected by a thin rod to the cello, vibrated, and you heard it play and even saw the vibrations. When she had finished she had only to give the fir rod a half twist to disconnect it from the harp and pull it down through the floor. The thick nap of the carpet, with only a slit for the fir rod to come through, effectively concealed the hole. Then she ran upstairs and joined the party—and there you were. But in the meantime I suspected every instrumentalist in the house with the exception of Isobel—Cousin Freddie, Beth and, I am afraid, even Lady (*Continued on Page 63*)

Retired

By Jane Merchant

Streets creak with cold, and deepening snow
Conceals what earth there was to see,
But here there is no need to go
And bring in extra wood, as he
Half started to. You merely turn
Electric heat up higher, here.
You don't go plunging through the stern
Hard-crusted steely atmosphere
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And milk each blandly trustful cow
And shoo excited chickens off
Until you've shelled their corn. Not now.
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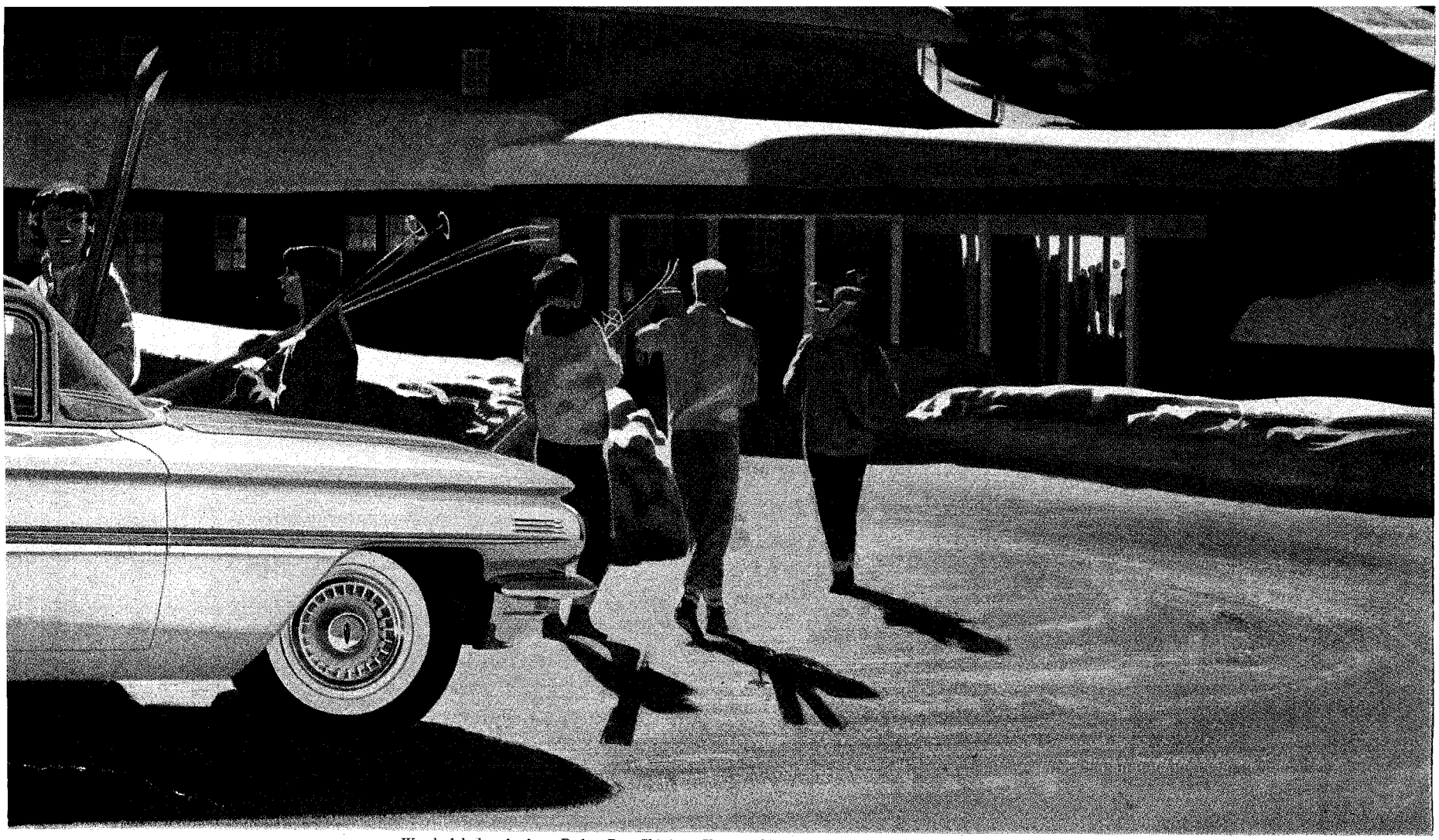

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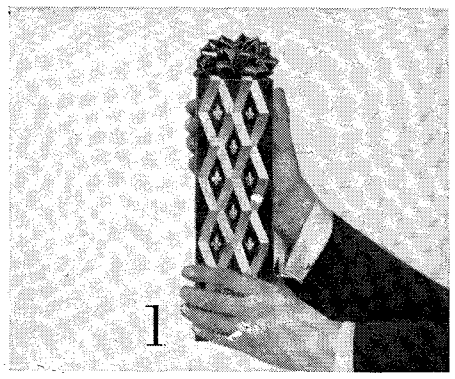

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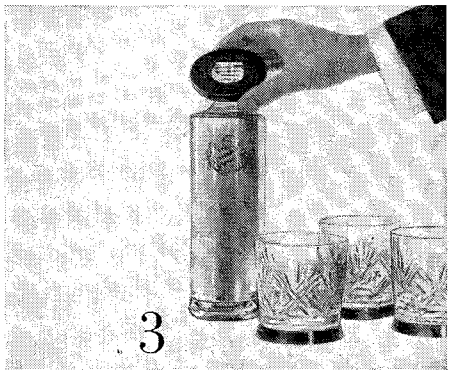

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The Whiskey with More Power to Please. A full fifth of the treasured whiskey masterpiece only the Hand of Skill can blend! *(Happy note: no extra charge for Decanter or Gift-Wrap.)*

Calvert Reserve
HAS MORE POWER TO PLEASE
BLENDED WHISKEY · FULL 86 PROOF · 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · ©1959 CALVERT DIST. CO., NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 58) Paradine, who plays that harp in a box, the piano."

Lady Paradine looked at him reprovingly and said, "My dear Mr. Hero, how could you have?"

Meg said, "You must forgive him, Lady Paradine; he's always had a nasty, suspicious mind. Can you imagine how ridiculous—he thought you were dead set against Mark's marrying Susan?"

Lady Paradine managed a divine and ineffable smile. "How absurd," she said. "My children have made me very happy—both of them."

Sir Richard said, "The only thing I can't believe is how Mrs. Taylor was able to read what was about to happen from the cards. How do you explain that?"

Hero nodded. He said, "Yes. The only thing that you are not able to credit is the one genuinely paranormal manifestation that took place here; the only field where if you asked me how it was done, I must say to you, 'I don't know'—the field of the transference of thought."

Cousin Freddie remarked, "Not much to the whole thing when you know the answers, is there?"

Hero felt a sudden onset of an immense weariness and distaste. He was aware of the subtle acquiescence in most of them with at least the spirit of what Freddie had said. It was somehow the same old story of the magician when he reveals the simplicity of the trick he has just demonstrated. He had rooted the rotten apple out of the barrel, and in comfort they were now drawing together in their family solidarity—every Jack had his Jill, they were probably as tired of him as he was of them. He saw his wry stepsister Meg throw him a life line of her devoted glance, and he caught at it with a desperation and gratitude he did not know was in him.

Lord Paradine said, "I think undoubtedly you've kept your end of the bargain, Hero. I will be sending you your check."

Sir Richard, looking embarrassed, said, "Fine job, Hero." He was sincere; nevertheless it sounded faintly patronizing.

Lord Paradine continued, "Though, mind you, Hero, I'm not saying I approve of your somewhat highhanded action in permitting my sister to depart."

"Oh, as to that," Hero said, pulling out the words against the immense fatigue he felt, "I can give you your pound of flesh. She will not go free—she has committed herself to life confinement in France, where she will enter the strictest of closed orders; for the rest of her days she will wear the habit of the nun."

They were on the road home, Lady Margaret Callandar and Mr. Alexander Hero, driving in silence his cream-and-black car down the broad highway of A.12 that led back to London. Meg had been studying the bitterness about her stepbrother's mouth and the lines on his brow. She asked, "Tired, Sandro?"

"Yes, very."

Meg said tentatively and delicately, "What's wrong, Sandro? You did a good job, yet you're disappointed."

"People!" he cried, unburdening himself. "The smugness and intolerance of them. How can a ghost—if we ever do succeed in meeting up with one—be anything but wicked and malicious since it first had to be people?" Then suddenly and fiercely he said, "Lean your head against my shoulder, will you, Hag?"

Meg gave a little sigh, for it was where she much wanted her head to be. She leaned her temple against his shoulder. "Why?" she asked.

"I just want to feel it there," he said. "It's a good head; what's inside is clean and honest. One could get along with your ghost."

After a while Meg looked up at him. "Better?"

"Yes, thanks—much. You may have it back now if you wish."

"I'm quite comfortable." And then after a moment, "Sandro, were you hurt on this job?"

"One always is a little on this sort of case. You know how I feel about people who play at spooks."

"No, I mean you, inside. Which one of those girls were you in love with a little?"

Hero said somewhat grimly, "Not Vivian Wilson, I can promise you that."

Meg's mouth turned wry again. "My dear," she said, "caviar is for snacks. You don't keep it around indefinitely. And now pretty Susan is to marry Mark and become Lady Paradine eventually. How do you feel about that?"

Hero slowed through a thirty-mile zone and reflected. "I think they'll do well," he said. "They both have plenty of character. I suspect once she's married to him she'll outdynast even Isobel."

"I rather meant in relation to you."

Hero turned his head for a moment to smile at her and say, "Oh, I'm all right. But there's no doubt but that she was a handsome beast. I've never seen a virginal quality so attractively displayed or quite so shamelessly put up. I suppose that's American. They all have the muscle to defend it if necessary."

Meg asked diffidently, "Was Susan called upon to defend hers?"

"Not exactly," Hero replied. "At the moment where she might have, the ghost—or rather Auntie Isobel—opportunely had a go at the doorknob."

Meg laughed shamelessly. "Serves you right. What happened afterward—I mean what spoiled it between you? She was a dear, you know, a fine and splendid girl."

"I think we got to dislike each other's minds." Hero said. "Can you see that? You know mine—nasty and suspicious, particularly during business hours. The reason I didn't open the door and have a go at catching the ghost redhanded was that while I suspected it might be whoever was up to those unpleasant tricks, I also thought it might have been Sir Richard doing a little creeping, or even Mark. I'm afraid she caught on."

"What a horrid man you are!" Meg said happily.

Hero said, "She began to dislike me for not trusting her, and I was disillusioned with her for not understanding that I couldn't."

"I see," Meg said; "just as simple as that. You are going to make someone a wonderful husband one day, Sandro."

"Yes? I've been wondering. You know I did fall in love at Paradine Hall—hard. You asked if I got hurt. That's how."

For one instant Meg was rived with horror and she stared unbelieving at her stepbrother. "Sandro! Not Isobel! But I could understand it; oh, believe me, I could, Sandro."

A turnout loomed ahead at the side of the road where a lorry driver was parked, eating his lunch on the running board. Hero drew in behind it and set his hand brake. He regarded his stepsister gravely. "I'm afraid I'll have to tell you," he said, "Even more monstrous than Isobel—the kind of person who sets up nasty boxes to take snapshots of innocent chaps unexpectedly set upon by unsatisfied wives. What kind of an album do you think that will be to show to our friends when they come for tea?"

"You could get even. There are always Mrs. Wilsons."

"That's the hell of it," Hero said. "They won't do any longer. Not even to look at or think about. Oh, thou photo fiend and encyclopedia who art also a woman, I love you."

Meg sighed and pushed her temple harder against Hero's shoulder. "Bliss!" she sighed. "For how long have you?"

"From the first moment ever I laid eyes upon you. You had jam all over your map."

"Dear liar," Meg said. "But when did you know?"

"When they began to gang up on me back at the Hall, and you got up and came over to my side."

"I've always been over there on your side, Sandro."

"I had to see it happen. And after that —— Hag, I feel our first real kiss coming on ——"

"Oh, Sandro, I'm not sure. I don't think I can trust myself."

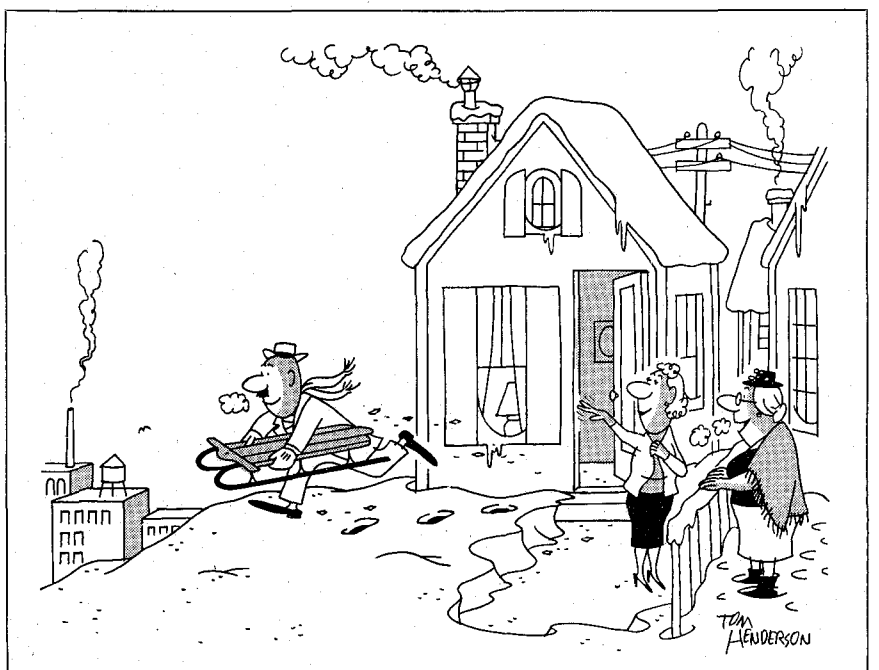
"Never mind trusting yourself. Trust me."

"I do so hope that I can't!"

"Meg—Meg!"

The lorry driver who had been watching out of the corners of his eyes finished his sausage roll, dusted the crumbs from his lap, adjusted his cap and neckcloth and went over to Hero's car to have a good look. He did, for several minutes, but then figured if he wanted to make Limehouse Reach on schedule he'd have to leave before the performance was over. He climbed into the cab of his big truck and edged out into the road, but he was grinning and singing as he drove.

THE END



"One thing about this place—the commuting is good."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Crook Everyone Liked

(Continued from Page 19)

was a sensation—hurried phone calls, expressions of incredulity and exclamations of wonder not untinged by regret.

And why not? With the death of Frederick Emerson Peters—for the fingerprints were his—it seemed that an institution, an entire era of crime, had passed away. Here was a malefactor who had been bouncing rubber checks in 1902, when J. Edgar Hoover was a seven-year-old boy bouncing rubber balls. The old Bureau of Investigation, predecessor of the FBI, first arrested Fred Peters in 1915; he was by then a seasoned alumnus of reformatories, jails and state prisons. In 1920, before the modern FBI was formed, President Woodrow Wilson was so impressed by Peters' promising abilities and resolves that he commuted his time in Atlanta Prison from ten to five years. Since that time, quickly resuming his mild depredations, Peters had built an FBI file as tall as he was.

Here I'd better explain the word "mild." Other con men and check passers known to the FBI are after big, fast money. When they get it they spend it on high living. Not so Mr. Peters. His bite was gentle, his tastes scholarly and simple. His main pleasure was in the impersonation of prominent or learned people and in the opportunities this gave him for what he called "intelligent conversation." Intelligent it was. I have talked with dozens of his reluctantly admiring victims. They agree that his talk was not only entertaining and intelligent but salted with factual detail in whatever field he was operating. He was willing to devote hours or days of such artistic buildup to realize a profit of from five to thirty dollars on a bouncing check. He did not want or need much money; his haunts were not the hot spots, but the libraries.

Consider his last illegal ramble, which lasted from December of 1958 until his death in July, 1959. After leaving Washington, D.C., where he had "gone straight"—or almost—for four months, one of his early stops was in Baltimore. He called at the shop of Louis D. Hupfeld, noted as an engraver of fine silver. He introduced himself as R. A. Coleman, an official of the American Peace Society. He explained that the society, founded in 1828 and now headed by Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant III (Ret.), wished to purchase a silver chalice and paten for presentation to the National Cathedral in Washington. Mr. Hupfeld said he would be honored by such a commission.

"Mr. Coleman" took much time and care in selecting the chalice and prescribing the lettering. On the underside of the paten he wished engraved a portrait of Saint Matthew. Mr. Hupfeld figured that the cost of chalice, paten and engraving would come to $225. "Mr. Coleman" looked thoughtful. "Peace," he murmured. "How much extra would it cost to engrave the chalice with the symbol of peace—a dove?" he asked. That would be fifteen dollars more, bringing the cost to $240.

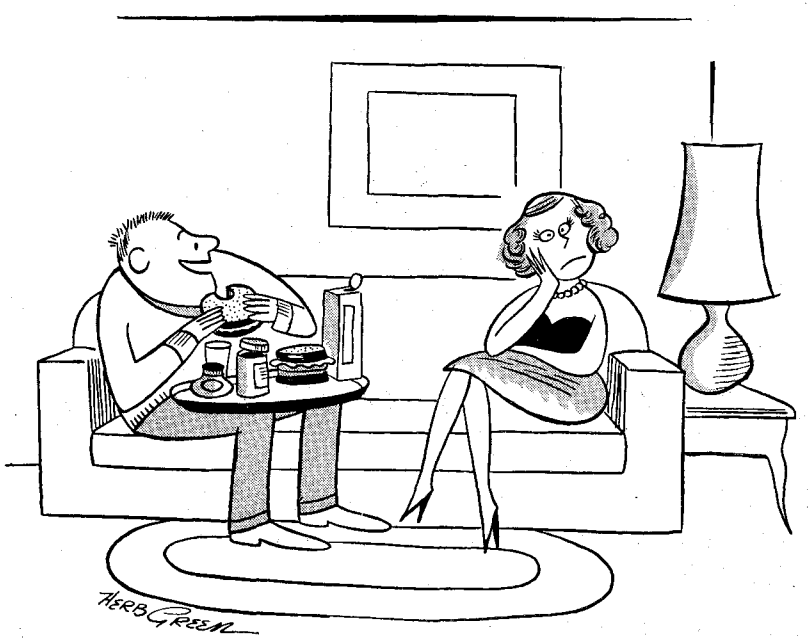
"Good," said the visitor, tendering an American Peace Society check for $250, made out to R. A. Coleman and purportedly signed by U. S. Grant III, president. "Mr. Coleman" accepted the ten dollars change, chatted further about the art of engraving and embossing silver and departed. Fortunately for Mr. Hupfeld the check bounced before he had well started his laborious engraving task. Soon afterward, FBI men called. They displayed photos of various check passers. From among them Hupfeld promptly picked Frederick Emerson Peters.

When I talked recently with Hupfeld, he bore Peters no ill will. "You know," he said, "I was so sold on the old boy that I would have handed over $100 if he had asked for it. He didn't want to take me for even as much as twenty-five dollars—so he thought up the peace dove to make the bill $240. I'm keeping the chalice as a souvenir to show my customers."

Last May, Peters, wearing a lapel pin of the Saint Andrew's Society, entered the Wee Scots' Hoose—specializing in Scottish imports—on Fifth Avenue in New York. "Have you any MacGregor tartan material?" he asked. Before the owner of the shop could answer, he had pointed out a bolt of the MacGregor on the shelf. He was Dr. J. J. Morton, of the University of Kansas, he explained; his daughter wanted the material to make a suit. While they discussed how many yards would be needed, "Doctor Morton" talked so learnedly of the Scottish clans that the shop owner did not even ask for identification in accepting a check for seventy-five dollars and giving him twenty-eight dollars in change. The check was marked "Lecture." As he endorsed it with one of the almost illegible scribbles he used for this purpose, he looked up with a smile.

"I'm just a physician," he said, "and who but a pharmacist can read a doctor's scrawl?"

(*Continued on Page 67*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now, what were we talking about—oh, yes—marriage."

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Admiral Son-R* remote control has no wires, no batteries, no transistors . . . super-sonic sound tunes this new Space Age† portable TV . . . the most versatile TV ever created! Take it to any room. Tune from anywhere in the room . . . from the comfort of your bed or easy chair.

Wireless Son-R turns your new Admiral portable TV on-off, changes channels, adjusts volume to 4 levels! Slips into a magnetic pocket on the side of the set when not in use. See and try Admiral Son-R TV soon.

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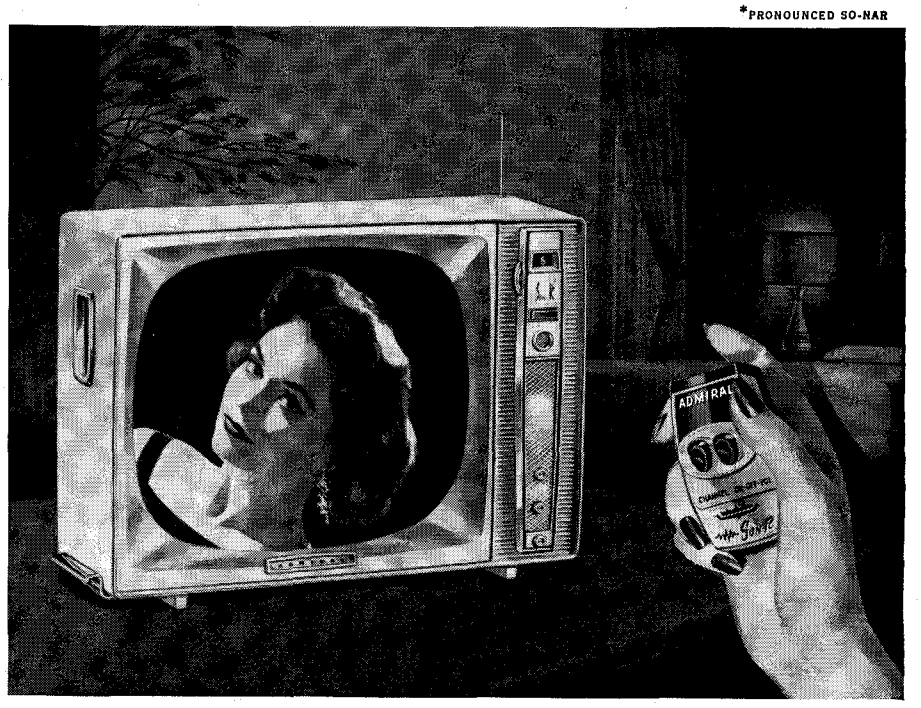
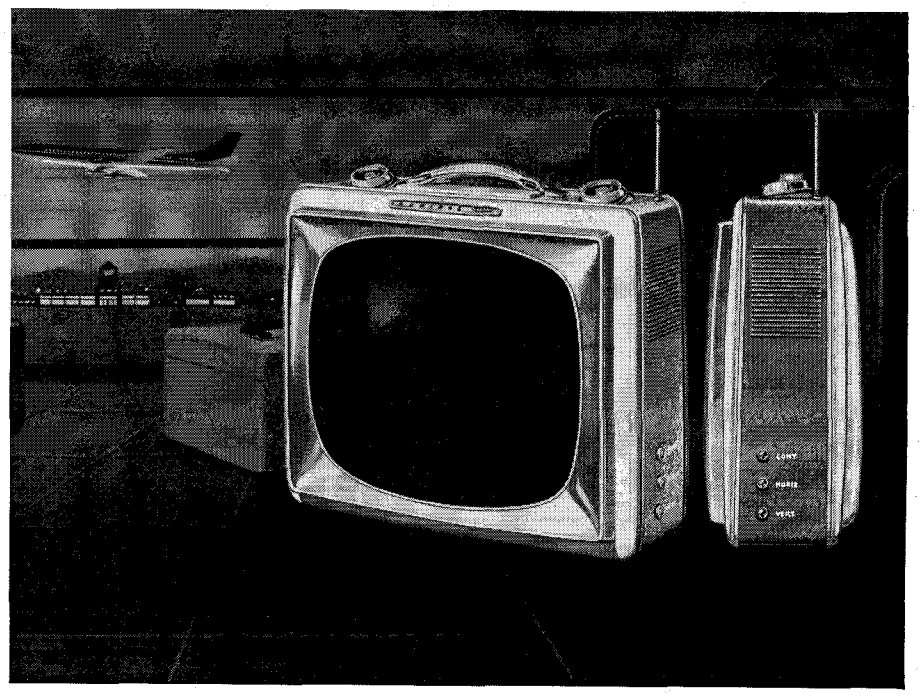


the two prize portables for 1960



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First really rugged and ready to go portable! Ultra-slim and styled like the finest luggage. Only 12¼ inches thin. Has the famous Admiral etched circuits that end service worries. Forward sound up-front. Best picture ever in portable TV. Handy top tuning. Choice of two-tone and leather-look finishes in all-white, tan morocco and white and black morocco. See the brilliant new Admiral Thin Man Portables soon.

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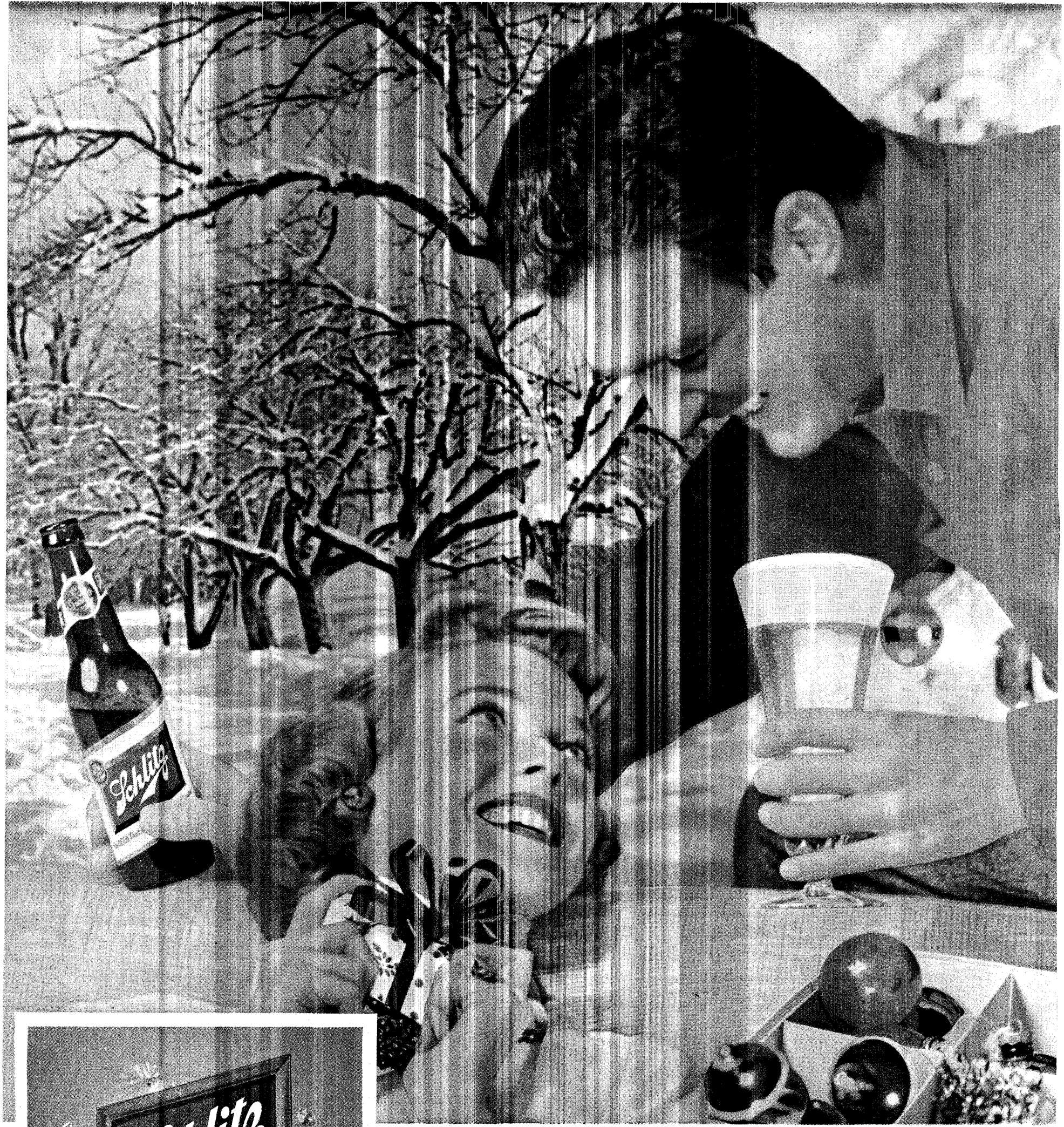

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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Know the real joy of good living...

You get something extra with Schlitz—a most important extra. It's the special refreshment you enjoy in a beer that's brewed with a real love for the art. Let Schlitz add this extra pleasure to the holiday fun at your house.

Watch Ray Milland as "MARKHAM" on CBS-TV. ***See local listings for time and station.***

Move up to quality... move up to Schlitz!

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(*Continued from Page 65*) Soon afterward he dropped in at a Rockefeller Center shop specializing in oriental antiquities. Again he was J. J. Morton, but this time he was professor of history at Yale. He was interested in Egyptian scarabs and had, he confessed, a rather worthy little collection of his own. As he studied the shop's selection he chatted with Mrs. Indu Marathe, talking knowledgeably of the customs and castes of India. Finally he selected a 3500-year-old scarab—fifty dollars—and then added to it, "for my wife," a silver cuff bracelet and other gifts totaling $27.41.

No, the professor would not take his purchases with him—he seldom did, preferring not to be cluttered with possessions. "Just send them to my home, 1162 Norfolk Street [fictitious], in Cleveland." He offered a check for $100, made out to J. J. Morton, with the notation, "Seminar Fee." Without hesitation Mrs. Marathe gave him the $22.59 in change.

Note that in paying for the tartans and the scarab, Peters had taken in change a little sharper bite than usual. As if to readjust his average, he went to a specialty shop in Park Avenue. There he spent hours in selecting $97.63 worth of presents to be sent to "my daughter Patricia at Sweet Briar." He tendered a check for $100 made out to "Dr. Alexander Duncan," and contentedly departed with the change—$2.37 for a morning of artistic conversation and impersonation.

The above are a few random samples of Peters' work. They give but a glimpse of his astounding versatility. As a surgeon he knew precisely what equipment he wanted—and why—for his new operating room. As a bibliophile he was familiar with rare first editions and unusual typography. As an orientalist he was prepared to discuss the religions and dynasties of ancient China. "The Versailles Conference of 1919? It so happens I was there—with our naval delegation, you know." And he was ready with supporting anecdotes and authentic detail of that historic confab—not a flaw in his story unless you knew that he was securely imprisoned in Atlanta from 1915 to 1920.

Peters' wide array of knowledge seems incredible until you consider his background. He came from a respectable family in Ohio. He was a brilliant student in high school, a fast reader with a quick mind and retentive memory. In 1902, at seventeen, his formal education was cut short by bad checks and a term in the reformatory. Whence, then, all the knowledge?

The college graduate has four years of academic study, the professional man from seven to ten years. To Peters ten years of study seemed mere kindergarten stuff. He studied intensively for thirty years. Where? In the libraries of various state and Federal prisons. If the prison lacked a library, Peters created one. For example, while he was in the Federal pen at McNeil Island—1924–31—Peters assembled and indexed a library of 15,000 well-chosen volumes. How he did this, without spending a cent of his own or the taxpayers' money, I will explain later.

My point here is that a good student, with access to a sound library, can absorb a vast amount of information without the help of professors, frat pins or college yells. Prisoner Peters, a natural scholar, found his cell ideal for concentration and reflection. He once pointed out to me that much of the learning of the Middle Ages originated in the cell—the monastic cell. In prison Peters was also free from the bonds of curriculum. He could read as he pleased in medicine, law, architecture, history, fiction, memoirs, psychology, comparative religion, poetry, English literature. I don't say his knowledge was deep in these fields, but it was wide enough for him to talk shop with the experts. He was an expert himself in the use of reference books. If there were gaps in the knowledge needed for a new impersonation, he headed for the public library. After a couple of days there among the encyclopedias, *Who's Who in America*, the *Readers' Guide*, *Current Biography* and the latest learned journals, he was ready to discuss the fine points in his newly chosen field.

"Of course, I don't know all the answers," he once told me, "but I know the right questions. Those alone are often the key to a stimulating discussion."

I first met Peters in the spring of 1958, when he was still in the Federal reformatory at Lorton, Virginia. I had been doing research on another check passer, David L. Goldreyer, "the Con Man of the Country Clubs." [*The Saturday Evening Post* Dec. 6, 1958.] Goldreyer was a "fast money" man. Frequenting club locker rooms, he would sneak out wallets containing gilt-edged credit cards. With these he would scoot swiftly from city to city, cashing checks at the best hotels to the tune of $500 to $1000 a day. I learned that Goldreyer had at times been a fellow prisoner with a brilliant old impersonator named Peters, then in Lorton.

Seeking an interview with Peters, I ran up against an apparently inflexible rule against Federal prisoners' talking with the press. I was told, however, that I could write Peters and perhaps arrange to see him after his release in August. I did write him, telling him of my interest in the motivation of con men—particularly Goldreyer—and saying that I hoped to talk with him, Peters, when he was free. In a few days came his reply.

It was a beautifully written letter. He had been a reader of *The Post*, he said, since boyhood. He had felt almost a personal kinship with the magazine and its writers since the days of O. Henry, Booth Tarkington and Mary Roberts Rinehart. He did not mention Philip Wylie and Harley Cook, who had been among his impersonations. He was all the more happy, therefore, that *The Post*—despite his sorry record—should offer him honest employment. On the following Wednesday guards would escort him to the Washington jail, where we could discuss the proposed job at leisure.

I read the conclusion of his letter uneasily. What flimflam was this? Hurriedly I checked the carbon of my letter to Peters. Of course I had said nothing about a job with *The Post*. Certainly I must meet him at the jail and get this straightened out. I did so, taking along our office manager, Miss Jane Denis Smith, who is fast at shorthand, to make notes and serve as a witness if necessary.

On the appointed morning Miss Smith and I were admitted through the ponderous doors of the jail, introduced to Peters and allowed to talk with him in a private office while a warden sat at his desk nearby, going over his mail.

"Now, Mr. Peters," I said firmly, "let's get this straight about the job——"

Peters gave a slight, cautionary nod toward the warden. "Of course, Mr. Smith," he said, "I am not so foolish as to expect, in the twilight of my years, a regular job with *The Post*. But you have in the past published memoirs by reformed outlaws such as Al Jennings. My hope is, if I turn my hand to writing, that you will at least give my manuscript a fair reading."

"Of course."

"Ah," said Peters, smiling at me as though at a backward child, "that is the point. There is a humane rule which, in the interest of a prisoner's rehabilitation, permits him to talk with persons about possible future employment. Without this rule, which prevails over the prohibition against talks with the press, I would never have had the pleasure of meeting you and Miss Smith at this time."

Now I got the point and really felt like a backward child. After all, I had been a reporter for only thirty-two years. From then on Mr. Peters was in charge of the conversation.

When we were first introduced to Peters we were not favorably impressed. A short, stocky, balding man with a limp, and wearing ill-fitting prison denims, he looked like any other aging convict. Now, as he talked, this sordid image faded. It was replaced, as he spoke discerningly of his favorite American and English authors, with the picture of a genial old professor of literature. We were enthralled. Miss Smith forgot about her notebook, and the warden pushed aside his desk work to listen.

Breaking the spell with an effort, I asked about Goldreyer. For an instant Peters looked startled, like a man shaken from a dream. Then, "Yes—oh, yes. I remember Dave. Not a bad fellow. Quite able in his limited field. Always those credit cards. Personally I have never needed cards or other artificial devices to establish my identity. But I like Dave. You won't find me saying a word against him." No indeed. But in the tone of Peters, the protean personality, there was a world of condescension toward poor Goldreyer, the man in a rut.

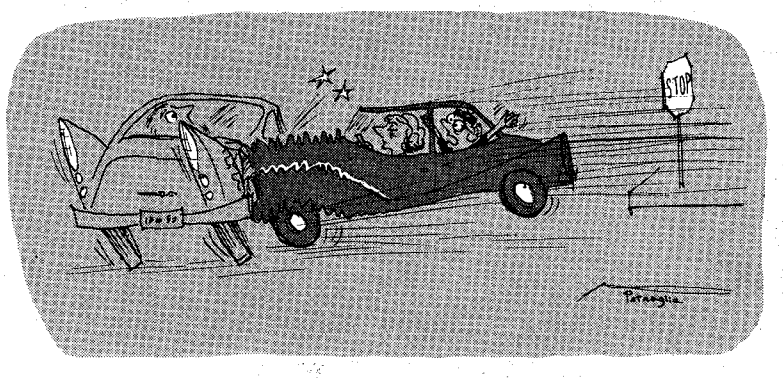
Deftly Peters turned the conversation back to literature and the arts. He lamented the passing of the "lusty, creative critics" such as Huneker and Mencken. I mentioned that my first magazine article had been bought by Mr. Mencken for the old *Mercury* in 1925.

"That's a coincidence," said Peters. "In 1925 I was working at the *Mercury*, in the office on Fifth Avenue."

"Editorial work?" I asked, not without suspicion. Peters quickly disarmed me. "I used to call myself an editorial assistant but, to tell you the truth,"—he chuckled at the recollection—"a better title would have been 'bartender.' I took care of the liquor and mixed the drinks for Mencken and Nathan and their visiting friends and authors—Red Lewis, Joe Hergesheimer, old Mr. Dreiser and the rest; scofflaws all, Mr. Mencken used to call them."

So help me, I believed him. His air was so casual, his detail so plausible, his self-deprecation so winning that it hardly occurred to me to doubt—until I got back to the office. Then I checked his record. During 1923 and early 1924 he was skipping busily from coast to coast, bouncing small checks under scores of imposing identities. In July of 1924 he was arrested in California and sent to McNeil Island for seven years. I don't question, however, that he had sometime visited the offices of the old *Mercury* and was a reader of that magazine.

I made further inquiries about Peters at Lorton Reformatory, where his excellent conduct was shortly to win him parole after six and a half years of a maximum nine-year sentence. All the reports were favorable. He had the rare distinction of getting along well with both the officials and his fellow inmates. He had the further distinction of drawing sixty-nine dollars a month in Social Security, earned as a master printer during a few years of rectitude in the 1940's. He used this, his (*Continued on Page 70*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Like most baby sitters, Louisa's mamma insisted on being driven home after baby-sitting. When Louisa went through a stop sign and struck another car, mamma was injured. She sued—nominally her daughter, but actually the daughter's insurance company—for $100,000 in damages.

"Mamma was a paying passenger, not a nonpaying guest in her daughter's car," her attorney argued. "She paid for her ride home by serving as baby sitter. Therefore she is entitled to damages as any other paying passenger would be."

"Actually mamma was a nonpaying guest and not entitled to any special care or privilege," the insurance-company lawyer replied. "It is farfetched to talk about 'paying' when not a cent changed hands for the baby-sitting."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to mamma?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Mamma lost. The court ruled that her baby-sitting, rather than being for pay, was "presumably gratuitous, motivated by love for her daughter and the pleasure she derived from the grandchild's company." To constitute payment and make mamma a paying guest, it added, there must be "something more than a mere exchange of favors between members of a family. . . ."

Based upon a 1957 California decision.

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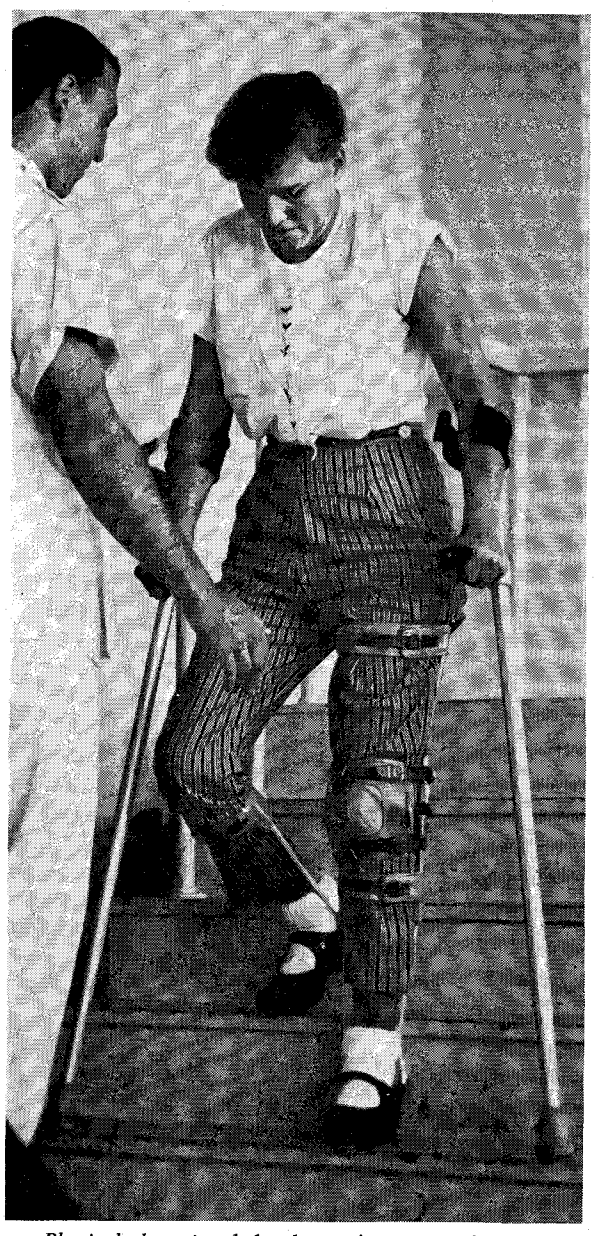
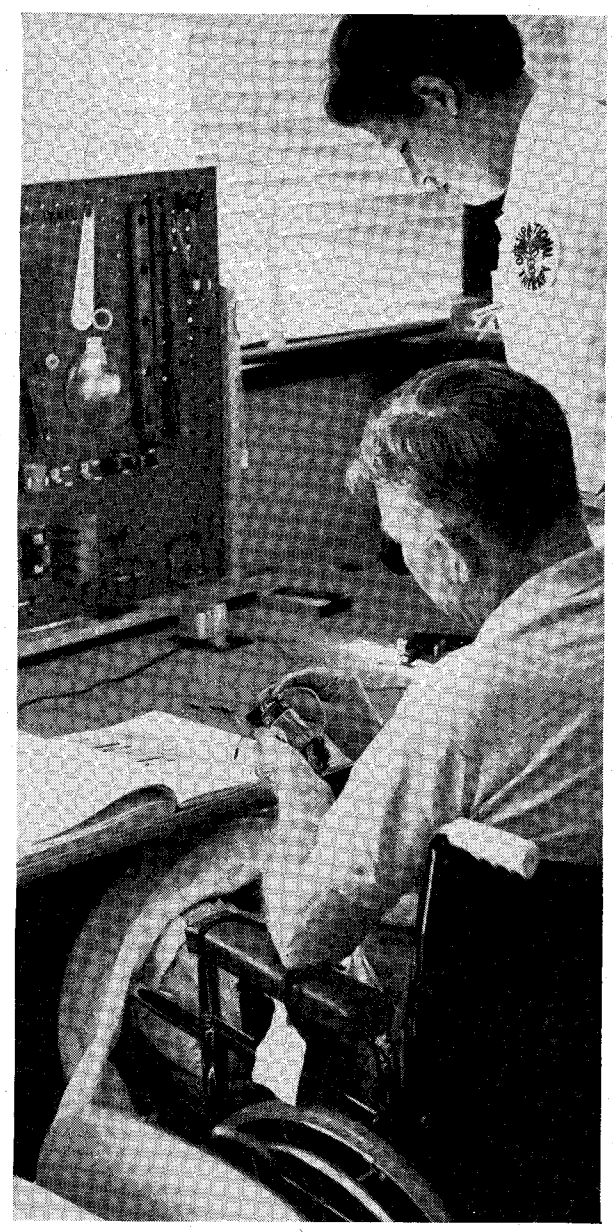
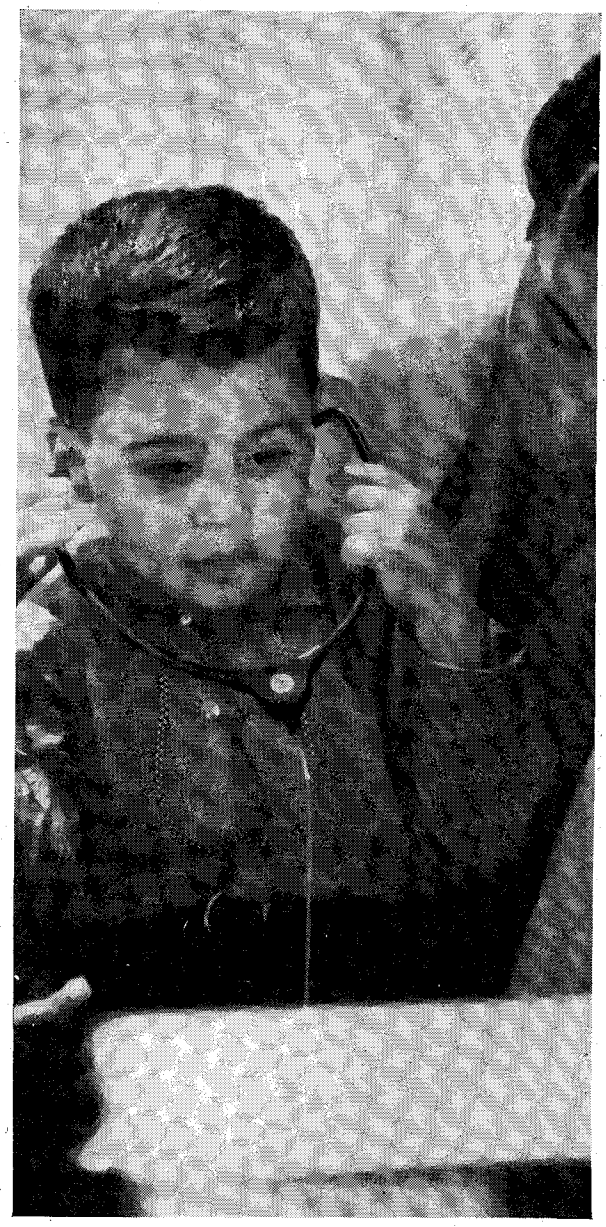
New York Life Presents *the 39th in a Series of Advertisements to Help Guide Young People to a Better Future*



Physical therapists help the patient strengthen and retrain his body to meet the needs of daily living.



Occupational therapists recommend activities that can boost patients' morale, restore motion, teach new skills.



Speech and hearing therapists use various techniques to help children and adults overcome defects or disabilities.

Should your child go into Rehabilitation

by HOWARD A. RUSK, M. D., *Director, Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation*
New York University—Bellevue Medical Center, as told to Donald Robinson

SIX YEARS AGO, they said that pretty little Susan would never walk unaided. Or speak real words. She had such a severe case of cerebral palsy.

But they were wrong. Susie is both walking and talking now. In fact, she is Number One in her class at school in St. Louis.

There's George. He spent thirteen miserable years in bed after a horrible fall that left him crippled from the waist down. It got so that he didn't care whether he ever moved out of bed again.

Then rehabilitation treatments started. In a matter of months, George's physical capabilities were completely changed, and so was his outlook on life. Soon came the day when he tried to stand up—all alone—in his braces.

That evening, he wept with joy. "I stood up today. For the first time in thirteen years, I stood up," he sobbed. "I didn't know I was so tall."

Now George has his own watch repair shop in Georgia, and he is doing very well indeed. Recently, he was elected Justice of the Peace.

If your child makes a career in the rehabilitation field, he (or she) will see miracles like these every day. And help to bring about such miracles.

A Young Profession

Rehabilitation is a comparatively new branch of medicine—scarcely fifteen years old—but already it has done enormous good. Hundreds of thousands of disabled people in the United States—victims of polio, arthritis, strokes, cerebral palsy, blindness, fractures and amputations, accidents and war—have been rescued by rehabilitation from bedridden despair and helped to lead independent, useful lives.

The batting average is amazingly high. At the end of World War II, for example, 2,500 American soldiers with both legs paralyzed were confined in hospitals. Seventeen hundred and sixty-three of these paraplegics are now living in their own homes, driving their own cars, and over 1,500 of them are earning their own living!

So much remains to be done, though. Millions of men, women and little children who would have died in earlier times as a result of disease or accident are now being saved by antibiotics and other medical advances. But some are being left with searing disabilities. At this moment, more than 5,000,000 people in the United States urgently require rehabilitation's help. Unfortunately, most of them cannot get it. We lack the trained personnel to give it to them.

The Third Phase of Medicine

Just what is rehabilitation? It has been defined as the ultimate restoration of the disabled person to his maximum capacity: physical, emotional, social, and vocational. It is the third phase of medicine, the phase after prevention and treatment, which takes the patient "from the bed to the job."

Its principal objectives are to eliminate or lessen the patient's disability insofar as it is humanly possible to do so, and to retrain the patient "to live and to work within the limits of his disability, to the hilt of his capacities."

Many professions join together as a team in rehabili-

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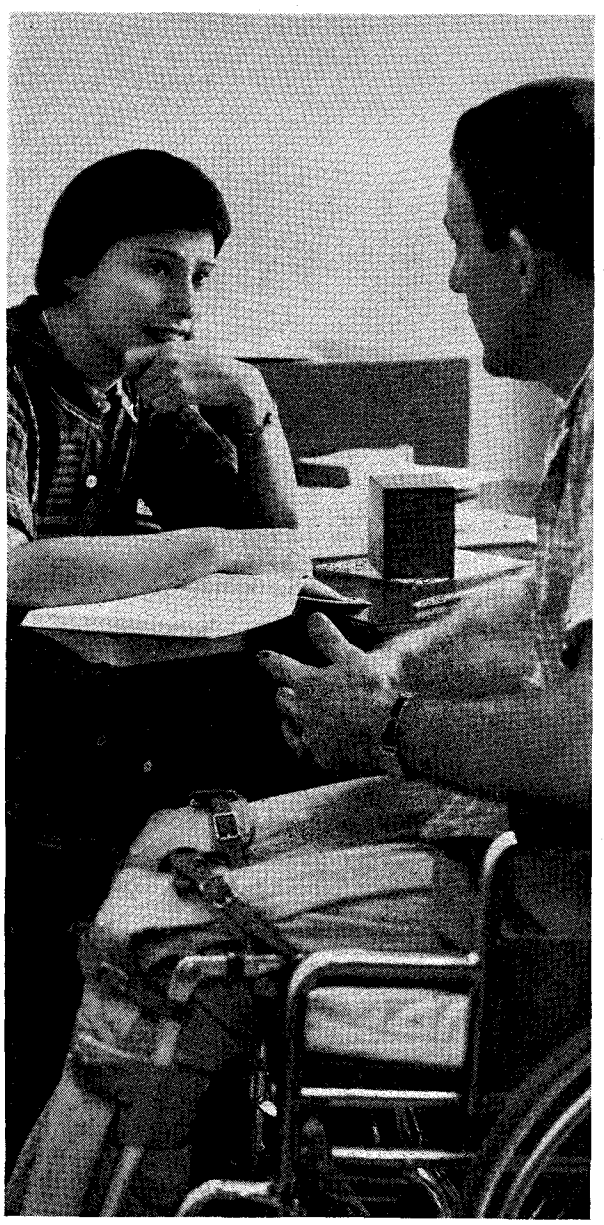
PHOTOS BY RAY CICERO



Rehabilitation counselors help the disabled person choose, train for, and attain the job that suits him best.

Services?

tation—under the leadership of the physician, of course. The first of these is physical therapy.

Under a physician's direction, physical therapists strive to improve the circulation, strengthen the muscles, encourage the return of motion, and retrain the patient generally to perform the activities of daily living. They apply heat with special lamps and machines, give whirlpool baths and scientific massage, and teach specially designed exercises. They show patients how to use braces, crutches, and all the other prosthetic devices.

Most physical therapists are employed in hospitals, but some work in rehabilitation centers, schools for handicapped children and doctors' offices. They wear white uniforms with distinctive insignia on the sleeves to denote their professional status.

Occupational therapy is next. We call it, "Curing by doing." The occupational therapists interview each patient. Tactfully they learn the patient's likes and dislikes, his abilities, his creative, educational, and recreational background, his hopes, fears and ambitions. Then they recommend an activity for him that not only will shorten the long, weary hours of his illness and convalescence, but will strengthen muscles, restore motion to stiffened joints and teach him new job skills.

Would weaving help a woman with arthritic fingers? Should a one-armed man study printing while he is in the hospital? If it is too difficult for him, it could be a bad blow to his self-confidence.

These are the kinds of vital, interesting problems that occupational therapists handle. Mostly they work in hospitals, rehabilitation centers, institutions for the mentally ill, and institutions for handicapped children. They, too, wear white uniforms and professional insignia.

Wonder-Working Therapy

Speech and hearing therapy is a third key profession. The specialists in it have marvelous new techniques for helping victims of strokes, cerebral palsy, neurological disabilities and the like, as well as persons with hearing difficulties, to speak and to hear better. They also do wonders for children with cleft lips and palates, and children who lisp and stutter. Formerly, most of this therapy was provided in public schools, university clinics, and by private practitioners. Nowadays, it is available in hospitals and rehabilitation centers, too.

Rehabilitation counseling is a fourth part of the rehabilitation process. And a very important part. Stated in a nutshell, rehabilitation counselors assist disabled individuals to select, prepare for, and attain the one vocation for which they are best fitted. Today many rehabilitation counselors are employed in the great State-Federal program of vocational rehabilitation. Others use their skills in voluntary agencies, rehabilitation centers and hospitals. They fit man and job.

The Need is Great

Regardless of which of these various professions your child prefers, one thing is certain. He is wanted. Not long ago, a national survey was made to find just what our requirements are for physical therapists. It was discovered that at least 30,000 new physical therapists will be needed within the next decade. Right now there are 5,800 unfilled positions!

The demand for occupational therapists is even greater. We need 8,000 now and 7,000 more by 1961. The story is the same, both for speech and hearing therapists and rehabilitation counselors.

Young men and women are equally welcome in all of the fields.

The pay? Newly qualified physical therapists, occupational therapists and most speech and hearing therapists can expect from $3,800 to $4,800 to start. Rehabilitation counselors and speech and hearing therapists who have master's degrees can look for $4,000 to $6,250 to begin.

Supervisors in physical and occupational therapy generally make between $5,000 and $6,000 a year. Directors and coordinators of programs earn about $8,000 or $9,000. Supervisors and administrators in rehabilitation counseling earn $8,000 or $9,000 too. Speech pathologists and audiologists with doctoral degrees may make $12,000 a year.

A Truly Satisfying Career

As you can see, there is not much chance to get rich in rehabilitation. Nor is there much likelihood of achieving fame. Furthermore, the work can be very hard; many facilities are so understaffed that the individual "treatment load" is very high. And some disabled patients can be terribly demanding.

But for anyone who loves people, the satisfactions in rehabilitation can be tremendous.

I am thinking of a small boy who came all the way from South America to our institute in New York City for training in living. He didn't have any arms or legs. He was born without them.

We fitted him with artificial limbs and taught him how to use them. Now he walks, plays, goes to school, does almost anything. He paints splendid pictures.

Helping a boy like that to make a life for himself meant a great deal to us. As one of my associates at the institute remarked, "A million dollars couldn't buy that kid's happy smile."

There are still other advantages to a career in rehabilitation. It is easy to get a job, working conditions are clean and pleasant, hours are short, and the "fringe benefits" many. Most places have generous health plans, pensions, and vacations. Job security is excellent.

The traits a child should have for a career in rehabilitation? Unselfishness is the first. Your boy (or girl) should truly love people and get "a kick" out of helping them. He should have deep patience. He should be emotionally mature. In particular, he must *not* be unduly sentimental. I knew one physical therapist who used to break down and cry with his patients. It did him no good, and it did them a lot of harm.

In addition, he should be the sort of child who wins people's confidence fast. He should have enthusiasm and perseverance, bushels of energy, sound judgment.

College Training Essential

To prepare for a career in rehabilitation, a child must go to an accredited college. In the case of physical and occupational therapists, the courses are four years, leading to a bachelor's degree. They include actual work with patients in a hospital or a rehabilitation center. Speech and hearing therapists have to put in more time. Most rehabilitation programs require that they hold a master's degree and that usually means about six years of university schooling. This is true also for rehabilitation counselors.

DID YOU KNOW...

- ... rehabilitation is a comparatively new branch of medicine?
- ... many professions work together as a team in rehabilitation?
- ... 5,800 openings for physical therapists exist today?
- ... many scholarships and fellowships are available to young people interested in this career?

This series of articles is brought to you to help you and your family plan for the future. Your New York Life agent can be of assistance, too. He is specially qualified through training and experience to aid you in making plans for education, retirement and all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Get to know him soon.

Luckily, many scholarships and fellowships are available to young people interested in a rehabilitation career. Some of these cover room and board as well as tuition.

Before your child decides on such a career, I hope he will seek out some physical therapist, occupational therapist, speech and hearing therapist, or rehabilitation counselor and talk to him. And watch him at work.

Let your child see for himself the contribution that rehabilitation makes to human health and dignity.

Booklets available on many careers

This article is available in booklet form without charge. Also available are a list of similar articles on thirty-eight other careers, which you may send for, and the helpful, informative booklet, "Planning a College Education." We'll be glad to send you any or all of these on request. Just drop a postcard to:

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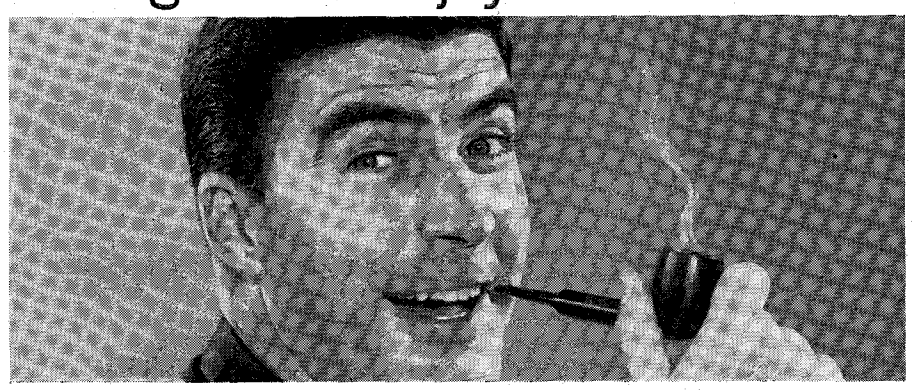
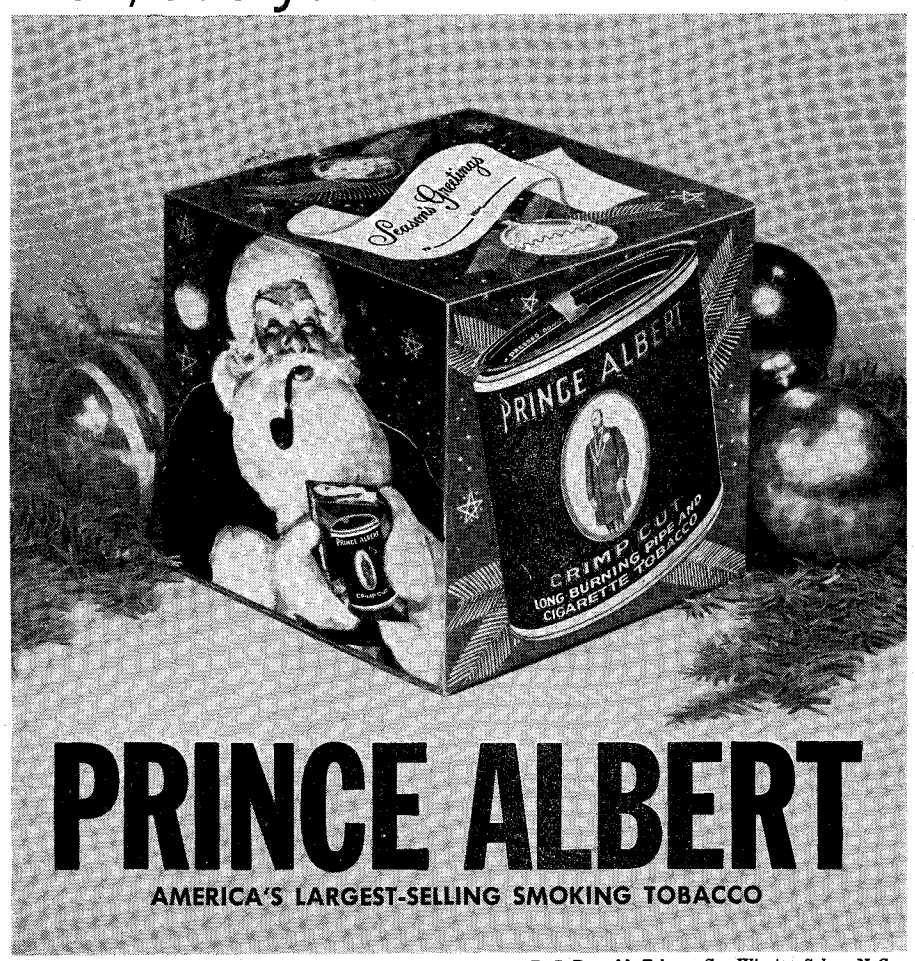


So, this year make it...



PRINCE ALBERT

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING SMOKING TOBACCO

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

(*Continued from Page 67*) own lawful money, to contribute modestly to a number of charities, to purchase good books, magazines and records which he shared with his fellows; and to order an occasional box of fine Havanas from New York—good cigars were one of his few luxuries. He also taught classes in English and business management and was active in church work within the prison.

Several penologists who knew Peters, and whom I asked about his chances of going straight after his release, were of divided opinions. One said, "I believe he'll make it. After all, he's seventy-three now. He's still lame in his left arm and leg from that stroke he had five years ago. He has Social Security. There are prominent citizens and churchmen eager to help him. Why should he drop his comfort and security and dodge around the country again, a fugitive, picking up the kind of chicken feed he takes in change for his bum checks?" Another authority, who had known Peters for thirty-five years, was skeptical. "He has carried impersonation to a high art and he loves it. He can't give it up for long. If he lives, he'll go back to it."

After his release from Lorton, August 11, 1958, Peters occasionally dropped by the Washington office of *The Post* for a chat. He said he had a job as a night clerk in a small hotel [true]—lots of time for reading. Through the courtesy of Bishop Beverley D. Tucker of Ohio [true] he had met Canon Robert George of the National Cathedral [true] and was a regular communicant at his nine-thirty services [true]. He hoped to get work at the cathedral in public relations or in soliciting contributions. Here he added with a quick smile, "Of course, no money would pass through my hands."

On a later occasion he told me he was working with the Rev. Stuart Gast at the Church of Saint Stephen and the Incarnation, helping out especially with the children and young people; he had also set up, with the aid of bookstore friends, a book booth at the ladies' bazaar. This was confirmed for me later by Father Gast. He said, "Fred's work for us was warmhearted and helpful. Somehow he persuaded the soft-drinks people and the bakeries to contribute refreshments for our children's meetings." Peters also told me he was negotiating with the American Bankers Association to write a booklet warning against fake drivers' licenses, credit cards and other phony identification, and explaining how easily they could be stolen or fabricated. I never found out whether this was true or false.

Toward the end of November he dropped by again. He was doing some research work with the American Peace Society, he said, and had dined the other evening at the Cosmos Club with the society's directors, including Gen. U. S. Grant III. This was true, but Peters did not mention that he had introduced himself to the society as a retired professor from Western Reserve University in Cleveland, engaged in writing a biography of Charles Franklin Thwing, formerly president of that university and former vice president of the Peace Society. I assumed that the society, like others trying to help Peters, knew of his background.

I asked him about recent books he had read. He responded with less than his usual animation. As I walked with him to the elevator, his limp was quite noticeable. He seemed vaguely depressed. "You're making wonderful progress, Mr. Peters," I said.

"Everybody's most kind," he murmured absent-mindedly. Then, as he stepped into the elevator, he managed a smile and waved his right hand. "*Adios*," he said.

During the next two months I did not hear from him. Then came a phone call from a friend at the FBI. "Our old pal Peters is on the loose again," he said.

"No!" I said.

"Yes! Since a week before Christmas. Dropping his bad little checks in a dozen states."

"Think you'll catch him?" I asked.

"It's not easy. The old rascal charms his victims so and hits them so light—lots of them don't even make a complaint. That chills the trail. But with the circulars, the pictures, the descriptions and that obvious limp—we'll catch him, all right." Five months later, however, death caught him first.

The Post has devoted considerable attention to Peters in the past, in articles by the late Robert M. Yoder and Philip Wylie. Here, then, I shall try only to fill in a few gaps in these earlier accounts and to bring out some curious points which came to my attention after his death.

Peters, an only child, was born in West Salem, Ohio, on September 26, 1885. He later moved with his family to Cleveland, where he went to the Central High School. His father became an auditor with the Willard Storage Battery

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He was one of a group referred to in the paper this morning as 'lesser dignitaries'."

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Company. The elder Peters was a respected citizen, numbering among his friends Newton D. Baker, city solicitor of Cleveland, 1902–12, and later Secretary of War under President Wilson. Peters often expressed affection for his father, but said his mother "didn't understand me." Who, after all, ever did?

Because young Peters' misdeeds began before the general use of fingerprinting, and because his fondness for fictitious names began in his teens, it is hard to pinpoint his early offenses precisely. According to his own account, he ran away from home when he was seventeen following a quarrel with his parents over their refusal to let him go to a high-school dance. He went to Cincinnati, got a job as a clerk under an assumed name and promptly began supplementing his income with bum checks under other assumed names. Soon caught, he was sent to the state reformatory, still under an assumed name. Many months later his father, learning of the son's plight, enlisted the aid of his friend, Newton Baker. The city solicitor, sympathizing with the bright young first offender, stood sponsor for his parole.

Newton Baker thus became the first of the prominent citizens who, over the next fifty-five years, were to put faith in Peters' reform. Peters went on to serve other sentences in Pennsylvania, Kansas and California (San Quentin). But he did not appeal to Baker again until 1920, when he had served five years of an apparently unbeatable ten-year rap. Only presidential intervention could spring him. This time Secretary Baker, more wary, asked Atty. Gen. Mitchell Palmer, then in Georgia, to talk with Peters. The hard-boiled Palmer was so moved by the brilliant prisoner's story that he joined with Secretary Baker in presenting the sad case to ailing President Wilson, who signed the commutation papers in May, 1920.

Soon afterward Peters again hit the check-passing trail, posing as Franklin D. Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot II, and Theodore Roosevelt Jr. The fact that he bore no physical resemblance to such people never bothered Peters—his talk did the trick. As "Samuel de Grasse, chief electrician for the Mary Pickford Productions," he passed out thousands of dollars' worth of checks for movie lighting equipment—but his total take on these large deals, over a period of weeks, was only fifty dollars.

Backtracking on Peters' record, I located two curious items in 1923. In the spring of that year he purchased antiques and a pair of jade earrings in Hartford, Connecticut—ninety-two dollars; check, $100; change, eight dollars. He was Cmdr. C.P.R. Rodgers. "Please send these to me in New Haven, where I am staying until I rejoin my destroyer. The address, Hotel Taft." Thus, so long ago, he showed his interest in that noted old hotel with its academic flavor of Yale University. It was a fitting place for him to pass his last conscious hours.

The other item was his first recorded association with *The Saturday Evening Post*. In late March of 1923 the ONI—Office of Naval Intelligence—sent out reports on a "Commander Frederick E. Pierson." A man giving that name had entered an art shop in Poughkeepsie, New York. He was especially interested in the etchings of Zorn. He selected one of these and a water color to send to "my friend Booth Tarkington, whose delightful stories you must have read in *The Post*—address, 1516 New Jersey Avenue, Indianapolis." He selected three Zorns for himself. "Send them to me at my club, the Metropolitan, in Washington." The commander opened his wallet, found he had not quite enough cash and tendered a check made out to himself for fifty dollars. Change, seven dollars.

He left, but returned ten minutes later. "Be sure," he said, "to spell my name Pierson—not Pearson." Needless to say, the merchants later received their goods back from Mr. Tarkington, the Taft Hotel, and the Metropolitan Club.

In 1924 the combined efforts of the ONI, Federal, state and city governments caught up with Mr. Peters. He was arrested in San Francisco. He obligingly confessed to everything and was sentenced to ten years at McNeil Island.

For a while he was not happy there. He went to warden Finch Archer, who had taken a liking to him, and explained that the prison library had only 500 dog-eared volumes, "most of them trash." Warden Archer explained that the prison, under the Coolidge economy, had no money for more books. "Suppose I can build a library free?" said Peters.

"Go to it," said the warden.

Peters wrote to the leading publishers in the United States. He did not write form letters. For each publisher he had discriminating praise for the proudest products of his presses. Then to business—this great prison had no library worthy of the name; hundreds of the worthier prisoners thirsted for the knowledge which would enable them to be useful citizens once they had paid their debt to society; only the great publishers of America could slake this thirst.

The publishers responded nobly, not only with shopworn and returned books but with some of their best. Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, dynamic Assistant Attorney General (*Continued on Page 73*)

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Heavyweight ☐ Lightweight ☐ Featherweight ☐

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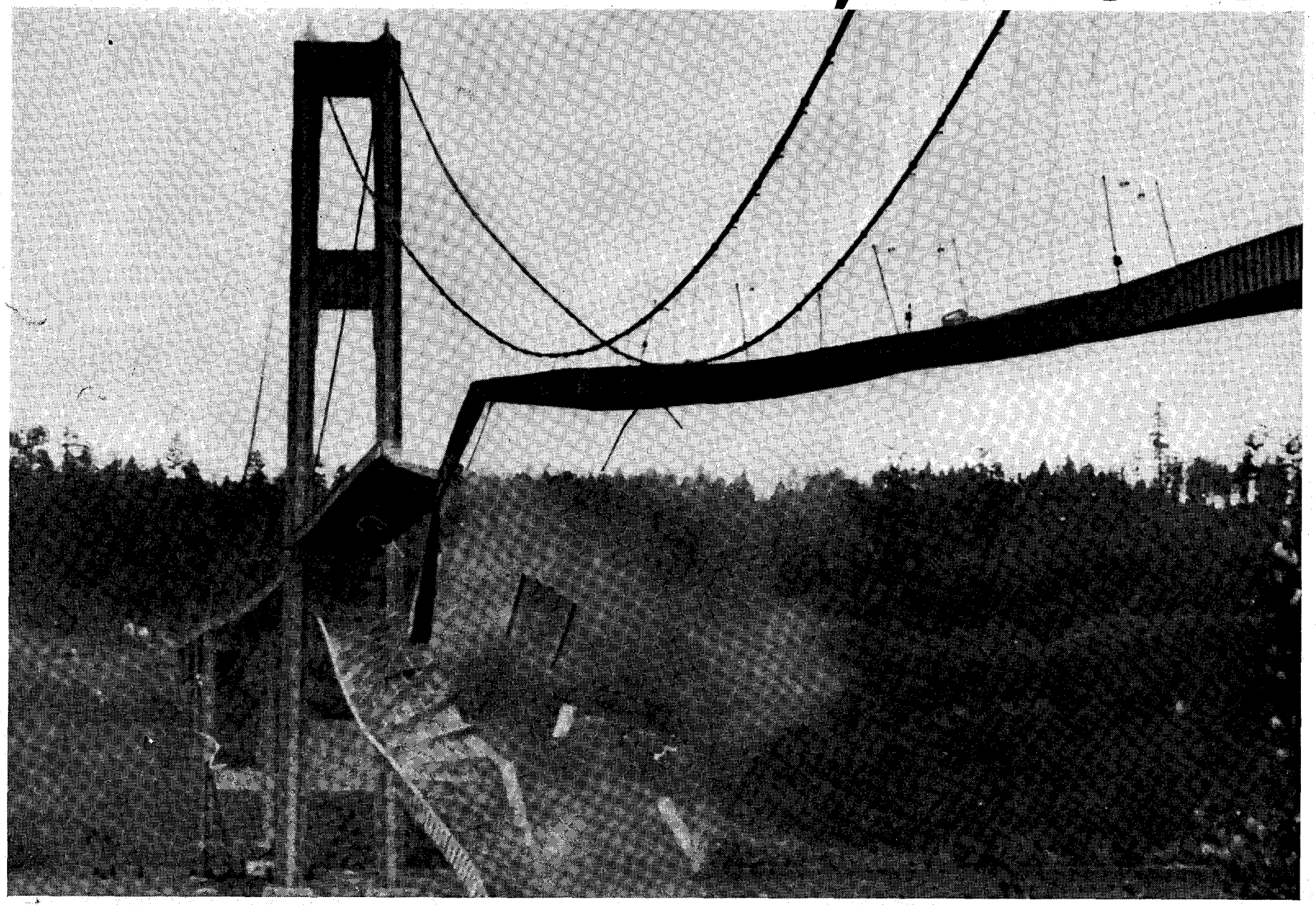

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Fortunately, there was no loss of life—and Washington State's ill-fated Tacoma Bridge was fully covered by some of the finest insurance companies in America. One of these was a company of the renowned Royal-Globe Insurance Group.

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(*Continued from Page 71*) of the United States, visited the prison. Hard as flint toward prohibition violators, she softened at once when Peters told her of his efforts to bring light and truth to his benighted fellows. She enlisted in his crusade. Among the many influential friends she approached was Mary Roberts Rinehart. That kind and vigorous lady, beloved of publishers, scolded them into sending more and better books to the good Mr. Peters. The harvest, as I have said, was some 15,000 excellent volumes—fiction, biography, science, textbooks, technical works and the rest. All of these Peters indexed and put into good library form. Mrs. William Montgomery Smith, former administrative assistant to Mrs. Willebrandt, tells me the 15,000 estimate is "conservative."

Among those who helped with the library were Daniel B. Updike and John Bianchi of the Merrymount Press. Experts also in fine typography, they encouraged Peters to set up a press at McNeil. They gave him type fonts and helpful criticism. Peters, with his *Island Lantern Press*, won awards for the best prison magazine in the country. His persuasive letters drew distinguished contributors, including Clarence Darrow, leading criminal lawyer of the day.

Doubtless one can find selfish motives for such achievements. They helped convince President Hoover's Attorney General, William D. Mitchell, that Peters had "found himself" at last, and thus paved the way for Peters' parole in 1931, after seven years of his ten-year term. It was 1937 before he was caught again and sent back for five more years of postgraduate studies in Lewisburg, Leavenworth and Atlanta.

On the other hand, these ventures involved an immense amount of hard work which Peters carried out with zest. By the library alone he conferred benefits on his fellows which not so many of us self-satisfied respectable citizens can match. On a balance these, and the wry entertainment he provided for his innumerable victims, may offset in part what he used to call "mine often infirmities"—his misuse of his good gifts, his betrayal of the hopes of kind persons who tried to help him, his persistent petty peculations of a lifetime.

Could marriage have reformed him? Apparently not. According to his own varying accounts, he was married once, twice or three times. Each marriage was quickly overtaken by galloping incompatibility, followed by divorce.

What made him carry on as he did? This question has fascinated mental specialists since 1902. They always found him a co-operative subject. They were called "alienists" in his early days. They nodded wisely when young Peters told them how, as a little chap, he had been thrown from a pony, landed on his head and knocked unconscious for days. When child psychology came into vogue, he harped on the fact that he had been a petted only child. With the advent of Freudianism he recalled that he had disliked, even hated, his strict Presbyterian mother—sort of a case of the Oedipus complex in reverse.

The man who probably knows most about Peters is the FBI agent assigned to his case for several years, William H. Welch. He was liked and respected by Peters, who once told him a curious story. Back in 1911, said Peters, a fellow prisoner in tough old San Quentin had taught him the art of autohypnosis. Lying back, eyes closed, utterly relaxed in his cell, he was able to live again his life in happier days, or the life of some character of whom he had read. Thus, for many hours at a time, he escaped from prison into another personality. Then Peters was assigned a new cellmate, an embezzling Navy commander. From him, incidentally, Peters acquired much useful naval lore. The commander warned him against the practice of autohypnosis. If Peters continued it, he would lose his own character and become a multiple personality.

"He was right," concluded Peters mournfully, "but his warning came too late—too late."

Agent Welch, skeptical of all Peters' statements, thinks there may have been a grain of truth in this one. After years of investigating Peters, Welch spotted him in 1952 in the lobby of the Lafayette Hotel in Washington. Confronting him suddenly, he said, "You're Frederick Emerson Peters." No trace, no flicker of expression crossed Peters' face.

"Why no," he said, "I'm Paul Carpenter, a reporter, doing publicity for the Montevideo Music Festival." When his fingerprints proved him to be Peters, he flashed Welch a friendly smile. "Been a lot of fun, hasn't it?" he said.

Welch, baffled by Peters' utter lack of reaction when confronted, later asked him how he explained it. "I had no reaction, because I was Carpenter at that moment. The name 'Peters' seemed only vaguely familiar to me—perhaps someone I had known long ago."

Soon after Peters' death I was talking to a police detective who had known him, and who had missed many a meal and many a good night's sleep in trying to track him down.

"Poor Peters," I said.

"Poor Peters nothing," said my friend. "He's up at those pearly gates right now, trying to con old Saint Peter into believing that he—Peters—is one of his collateral descendants. And if Saint Peter can see through him, he's a lot smarter than most of us humans."

A more charitably Christian view was expressed by the Rev. H. Coleman Lamb, director of the New Haven Council of Churches, following Peters' burial. Since the deceased man had only a few dollars in cash, and no relatives came forward to claim his body, his modest funeral was paid for by the City Welfare Department. Present were only the undertakers, a reporter, Albert Callan of the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, and two small boys who had wandered in from the street.

The next day—Sunday—the Reverend Mr. Lamb read a seven-minute service over the grave, marked only by a metal disk with the number 858.

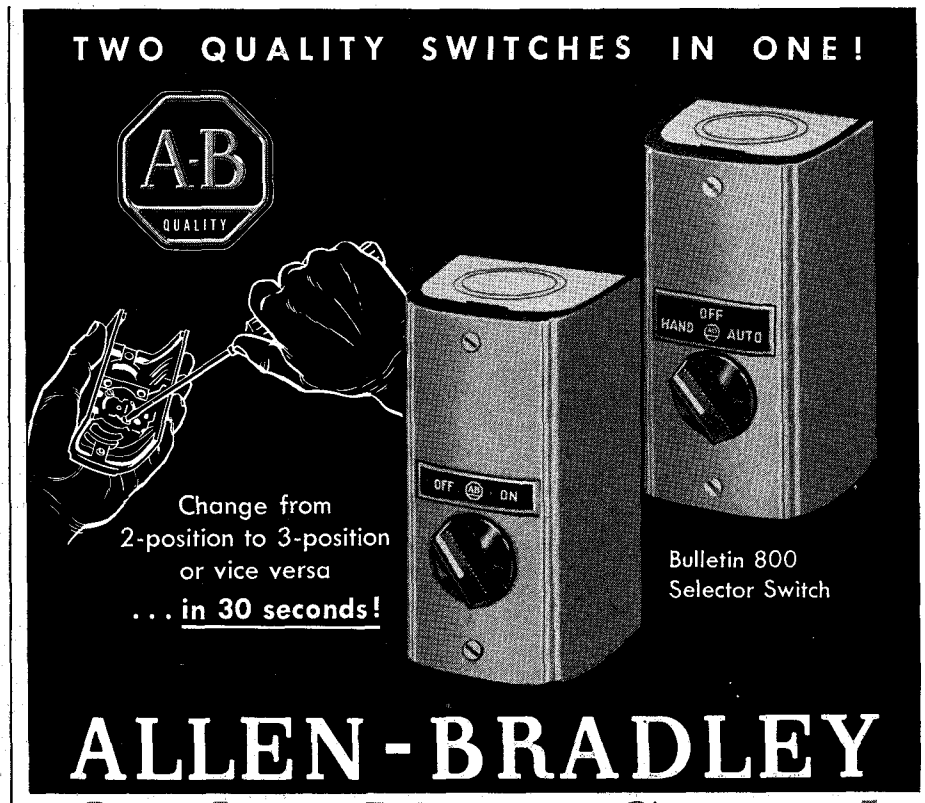
"Every human soul is sacred," he said. "Who are we to judge? . . . We trust that somehow good will be the final fruit of ill."

THE END

For a New Friend

By Peggy Dowst Redman

You see, I have known you a
long time.
Perhaps I have always known
you.
Beyond your words and
overtones
I seem to know you in my
bones,
But let this not concern you;
I do not seek to own you,
Though some day I might earn
you.



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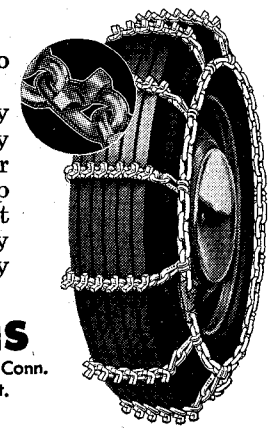

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The Delectable Deceiver

(Continued from Page 29)

Ausabel Case. We've done two plays backed by Mal Huntington, and both of them were flops. And you know why, as well as Mark and I do."

Stanley sighed, nodding. "It's no state secret. Each time we had a sure-fire vehicle, and then Mal comes sailing in with some dizzy dame he's got on a string and forces us to give her a leading part."

"Exactly. Remember the blues singer from the café circuits he saddled us with the second time?"

"You're not telling me anything new, Lolly. I had to direct her. But what can we do about it?"

"What we can do about it is just this," asserted Mr. Burney with feeling. "We can tell Huntington to take his money and his would-be starlets and go louse up some other producer. You might like to know that I have arrived at a certain point where I will not go into the theater with another one of Huntington's—well, girls, if that's what you want to call 'em. I'd rather—I'd almost rather starve."

Stanley turned to the producer's wife. "He's got an alternative up his sleeve?"

"Naturally," said Lolly. "A producer without an alternative up his sleeve may as well go back to making little American flags."

"Is that what you used to do, Mark?"

"Yes. And let me tell you, Stanley, it wasn't such a bad business. I mean, when I hired a stitcher, she had to be a stitcher. But that was a long time ago. Maybe these days they've also got backers with dames on the string in the little-American-flag business. I wouldn't know. Anyway, I've been in show business too long to turn back now."

"So let's hear your alternative to Mal Huntington."

"Economy," said Mr. Burney.

"What's that? Economy."

"It's sort of like saving money," explained the producer patiently. "People hardly ever do it any more. I mean, a play like *The Ausabel Case*, with three elaborate sets and a cast of twenty-nine, will cost in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand to stage. I know it's unheard-of, but why not economize? Lower salaries. Cut it down to one set. Knock about twenty-five out of the cast. Book it into a small theater. Keep the nut within reason. I figure, with a sharp ax, we could chop the production cost down to twenty or thirty thousand."

"Now you're talking off-Broadway, Mark. Miss Anderhill, the playwright, would never stand for it. Anyway, where can you raise thirty thousand?"

"Thirty thousand I could raise with a tin cup and a pair of dark eyeglasses."

Lolly laughed. "Isn't he a dear? Actually, Stan, we could probably do it, couldn't we?"

Stanley's expression hardened. "Then you'll have to count me out. *The Ausabel Case* is a big play. It needs staging on a large scale. I am also not in favor of lower salaries. You know me—we've been through three plays together. I am artistic to my fingertips, right up to the point where it involves my salary. At that point I become a changed man. No, Mark. I do not like your alternative. I would rather go ahead and take my chances with Mal Huntington's new light-o'-love. Our author, Bella Anderhill, might even consent to write in a foolproof part for the dame, whoever she turns out to be."

"Whoever she turns out to be," said Lolly, "she'll want the part of Nora."

"Nora's part," declared Stanley, "requires an actress of the absolute first rank. It is full of nuances and subtleties. With anyone less than an actress of the first rank, the play will be a mishmash. It never fails to astound me," he added, "how thin the line can be between a Pulitzer-prize play and a mishmash. One miscast actress, and that's it."

"Well," said Mr. Burney, "like I have already said, I am not going into the theater with another of Huntington's girl friends in a crucial role."

"Then you must have a second alternative."

"Certainly he has got a second alternative," said Lolly. "A play producer without a second alternative would already have been back in the little-American-flag business."

Mr. Burney looked off haughtily at an oil tanker being drawn by tugs up river and stated, "It is not my alternative. I disavow it. I wash my hands of the whole thing."

Stanley poured himself another tall punch. "Now we're getting somewhere. I know you two of old. Mark Burney, the head of Burney Productions, stands conservative and aloof, maintaining the fine old traditions of the American theater while, all unbeknownst to him, wife Lolly does the conniving and scheming behind his back."

Mrs. Burney, who had been a stock actress back in the 'Forties, registered a grin. "Who said it was a scheme?"

Stanley shrugged. "It has to be a scheme. People who love the theater as much as we do will do anything to get a fine play staged. In addition, people who love money as much as we do will also do anything for the sake of art."

"Stan, you're a character," said Lolly. . . . "Isn't he a character, honey?"

Mr. Burney nodded. "So get on with it."

Lolly said, "We're all agreed that Susan Scott would be ideal for the part of Nora in *The Ausabel Case*. Right?"

"No question," said Stanley. "She's young, she's done brilliant stuff in several pictures. Showed a beautiful style in the Williams play last year. She's got the ability to project mixed motives that will give the portrait of Nora exactly the dimensions it needs."

"Susan has read the script," said Lolly, "and she's crazy to do it. But suppose we sign her, and then Huntington comes along and makes us put his latest playmate in the part as a condition of financing?"

"Oh, do get on with it, Lolly," said Mr. Burney.

"It's such a simple plot I don't understand why we never thought of it before." Lolly examined her long, polished nails critically. "We all know Mal Huntington and his habits. Every six months or so he comes up with a new girl friend. Right away he wants to star her in a play. Our play. So this time we'll welcome her with open arms."

"What kind of a plot is that?" demanded Stanley.

"Perfect, because we're taking out insurance, guaranteeing that this girl friend will be somebody who can really act. Susan Scott, for instance."

Stanley whistled between his teeth. "You mean?"

"That's what she means," said the producer. "Frankly, I want no part of it."

"Throw Susan in his way." Stanley's eyes were alight. "Off stage she's a charming little morsel—perfect bait for Huntington's gloating eye. Then in September he comes dashing in. 'I've got just the actress to play Nora in *The Ausabel Case*,' he says breathlessly. We innocently ask who, and he exclaims, 'Susan Scott!' After due deliberation we gratefully accept his choice."

"I thought the plan would appeal to your—your artistic sensibilities."

"But will it work?" Stanley blinked. "I can see a few thorny brambles along this primrose path. What about Susan? Is she prepared to go along?"

"Susan and I have had a little talk," said Lolly. "She—well, let's say she's one of us. Artistic. That is, she's as anxious to be in a Broadway hit as we are to have one."

Mark Burney said, "I repeat, I cannot associate myself with any such conniving scheme."

"Aside from thinking it up," murmured Stanley.

Mr. Burney selected a cigar from a silver humidor. He surveyed his surroundings, the glass-and-wrought-iron tables, the cushioned chairs, the potted plants in Chinese jardinieres, the panoramic view. "Actually, I never liked Stan Gavin, Lolly. Talks art, and meanwhile has bundles socked away in bulging bank accounts. But he's one of the most sensitive and intelligent directors in the American theater. So what can I do? Like you say, he's smart, while I am not smart. I am just an ex-manufacturer of little American flags, grubbing along, an innocent among foxes ——"

"Now who's making speeches?" inquired Stan.

The producer rose. He was a tall, distinguished man, impressive even in his varicolored beach costume—no easy feat. "And so, while I dissociate myself completely from this plan of Lolly's, I am practical enough to insist that we go into it with our eyes open. I suggest a conference in which both Susan Scott and Miss Anderhill, our playwright, are present. Having reached a clear and unequivocal understanding, I shall then go ahead and make a contract with Mr. Huntington. Once we are comfortably on salary, I dare say my dear wife, Greek oracle and shrewd businesswoman combined in one noble person, will take care of the practical details."

"What if Miss Anderhill balks?" asked Stanley. "Playwrights, in my experience, are pretty artistic."

"In that case," said Lolly, "we'll have to come up with a third alternative."

"When I went to school," said Stanley, "there was no such thing as a third alternative."

"Tell that to Bella Anderhill," said Lolly. She also rose. "'Bye now, darling. Will call you."

The following afternoon, over a salad lunch on the terrace, with Susan Scott present, Lolly explained matters to the author of *The Ausabel Case*. Miss Anderhill listened intently with half her mind, the other half enviously admiring the producer's luxurious appointments. "Well?" murmured Lolly.

"I don't like it," replied Miss Anderhill, frowning. Bella Anderhill, a reasonably pretty woman herself, had written a series of successful mystery novels, one of which she had recently dramatized as *The Ausabel Case*. "No, I don't like it at all. It's—well ——"

Stanley Gavin, the director, suggested a word. "Underhanded?"

"I agree completely," said Mr. Burney. "It's devious. I've already dissociated myself from the whole affair. But, of course, if Miss Scott is willing ——"

"As I understand it," said the playwright, "it is Mr. Huntington's habit to foist some little 'nobody' on the producer as the price of his support."

"Thereby lousing up what might otherwise be a smash," volunteered Stanley.

"And so, to forestall getting an inexperienced actress, Miss Scott ingratiates herself with this man."

"Eventually suggesting herself for our play," said (*Continued on Page 77*)

"Out of 2000 people I was the only one to get a raise! I guess that's one of the little advantages of owning the company."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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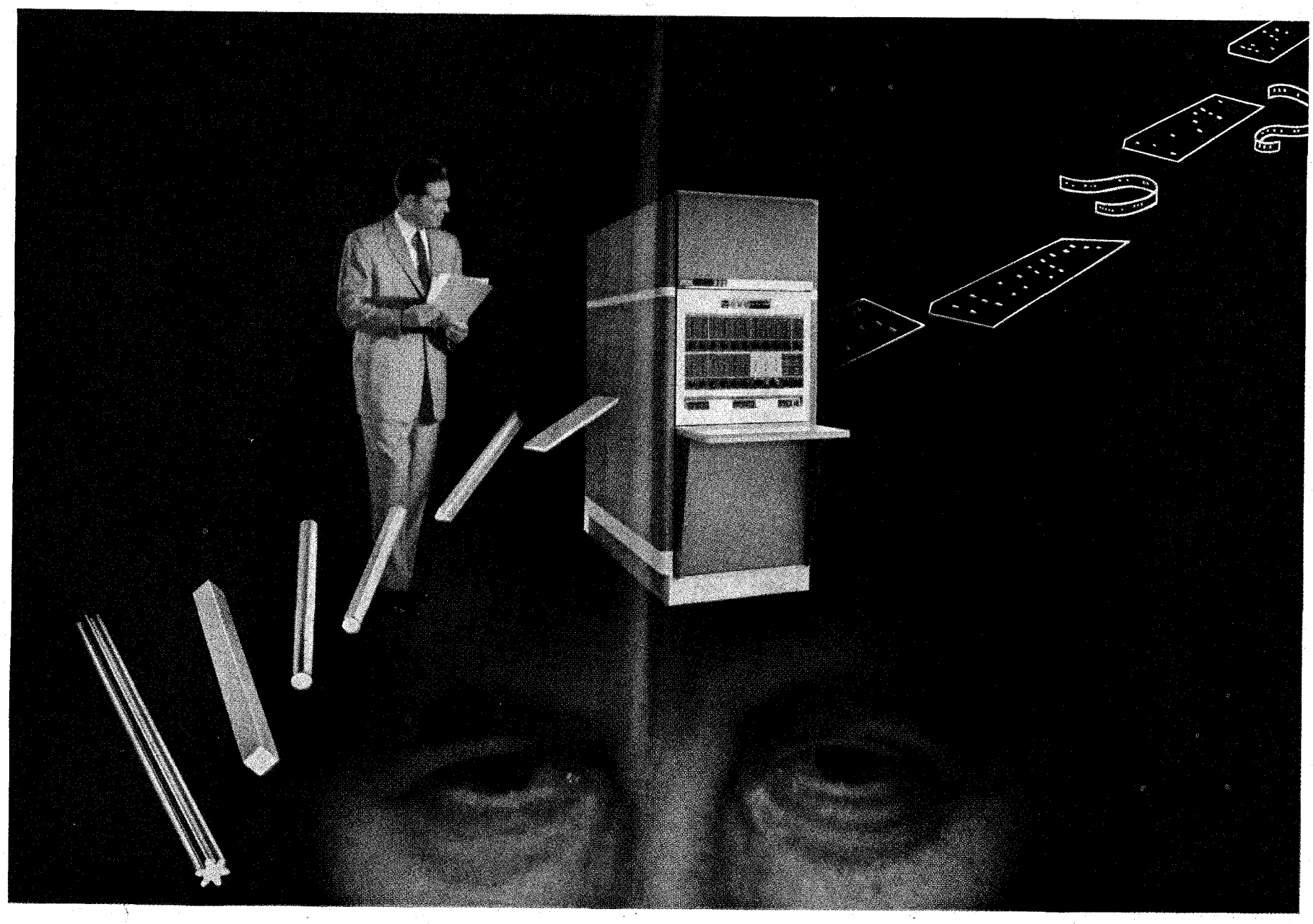

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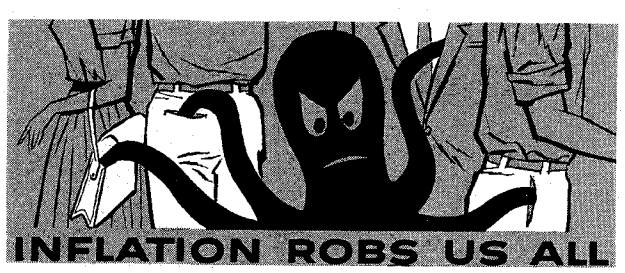

REPUBLIC STEEL

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(*Continued from Page 75*) Lolly. "We don't protest too violently, because she was our choice in the first place."

"And how do you feel about this, Miss Scott?" the writer asked.

"Ever since I was a little girl"—Susan produced a coy, wistful smile, and her voice trembled—"ever since I was a high-school girl in Wisconsin I've wanted Stanley Gavin to direct me in a Broadway play. Of course, I wouldn't think of doing anything underhanded to get the part. I once met Mr. Huntington casually at an opening-night party. He struck me as a dear. A wolf, maybe, but a dear. I can't see what harm there is in being nice to him."

"And you think you can, if I may put it this way, handle yourself? I mean—well, you're a woman. You know what I mean."

Susan looked up with a disarming, childlike expression. "Darling, of course I know what you mean. Mother taught me about men long ago."

"In that case," said Miss Anderhill, "I see no reason to object. I don't like it, but I don't object. As an artist, my first consideration is the play."

"That's the way we all feel," said Lolly. "We are all artists. All but my husband. Mark is a businessman. He dissociates himself from such petty practices."

"Correct," said Mr. Burney. "My function is to bring worth-while plays to the theatergoing public. That and nothing more."

"But, in the process, if we can all do ourselves a little good," added Lolly, "why not? So I've already arranged a small get-together party at which Susan and Mal Huntington can renew their acquaintance."

Miss Anderhill's mouth dropped open. "Already arranged!"

Lolly beamed. "You struck me immediately as a person of artistic temperament. I was sure you would agree."

Afterward Lolly spent a few moments conferring with the actress. "I hope you won't mind if I give you some practical advice. I am a little older than you are, dear."

"A lot older," said Susan.

Lolly smiled sweetly. "All right. A lot older. And I happen to know Mal Huntington better than you do."

"I'm listening," said Susan. "That's the only way a person can learn, isn't it?"

"Well, just be careful. Mal's a very persuasive young man. But if you take a few simple precautions, I'm sure everything will end happily and we'll have a successful play on our hands."

"Yes, Mrs. Burney."

"First, never go alone with him to his apartment—no matter what. Don't let him drive you to lonely, wooded areas. Most important of all, don't let him take you to his mountain lodge in New Hampshire. He'll mention his aunt, but you'll find she's just an oil painting on the wall."

Susan worked her eyelashes. "You do seem to know Mr. Huntington rather well."

"I ought to," said Lolly. "He practically ruined my husband's last play. So let's not have him ruin this one."

"By the way," asked Susan, "where does Mal Huntington's money come from?"

"Aside from girls, he's rather a clever chap. Owns bits and pieces of factories. Has a finger in mines, mills and refineries. He's also quite a sportsman—polo, boating, tennis, that sort of thing. I"—Lolly paused—"I sort of feel like one of those Air Force colonels briefing a young flier. I hope you're not offended, darling."

"Not at all. Let's just hope I can come back in a month with the good news—'Mission accomplished.'"

Lolly's lips widened into a broad smile. "I'm so happy we understand each other."

"Oh, we do, we do, Mrs. Burney."

"Please call me Lolly."

"All right, Lolly. And I just want to add that I'm really thrilled to be in one of Mark Burney's plays."

Finally alone with her husband, Lolly said, "Well, Mark, what do you think?"

The producer examined with practiced eye the wrapper on a fresh Havana cigar. "Smooth," he observed approvingly. "She'll take Mal like Grant took Petersburg."

"Richmond, honey. Like Grant took Richmond."

"Grant also took Petersburg." He grinned. "I once produced a Civil War play that closed out of town."

"And you think Susan can bring it off."

"At least there's one thing I'm certain of. I'm not going back into the little-American-flag business. Now be sure, before Mal gets away from the party, that we have him in the library for a chat. It's now or never if we want to wring a few more pennies from our angel."

"I thought his offer was already rather liberal."

"An offer is never liberal," said Mr. Burney, "until it hurts."

Actually it took a bit of doing to separate young Huntington from Miss Scott at the party. Reluctantly he excused himself. "They could have danced all night, as the saying goes," Lolly whispered to Mark.

"Come in, Mal." The producer nodded at a decanter on the table. "Whisky?"

"No, thanks." He kept looking through the library door. "Where'd that delicious little creature come from suddenly?"

"Who, Susan?" Lolly shrugged. "Oh, her agent has been after Mark to cast her for a part in *The Ausabel Case*."

"I've got other problems on my mind right now besides casting," Mr. Burney said. "Forget Susan Scott. I want to talk to you, Mal."

"About what?"

"About possibly not doing *The Ausabel Case* at all."

"But I thought you thought it was great. So how come out of a clear sky you are not thinking of doing it at all?"

"Money." Mr. Burney sighed. "The kind of money we tentatively discussed now appears woefully inadequate. If we skimp on *The Ausabel Case*, we almost might as well tell the audience it wasn't a real murder. And one further thing. The part of Nora takes an actress of the best kind. In fact, Stan Gavin flatly refuses to go into the theater unless we give him a first-rate actress, no less. So this is why I say, Mal, frankly and without hard feelings or recriminations, that I am seriously contemplating the possibility of not doing *The Ausabel Case* at all."

"Well, for Pete's sake! If it's a question of a few lousy thousands ——"

"Not a few thousands. Maybe twenty above what I estimated. And Stanley's demanding a percentage cut. So, as I say ——" Mr. Burney stared out gloomily at the sparkling metropolis below. "Well, you know how I am. Lolly's the tough, practical one. Maybe she'd have no hesitation in raising the ante. I happen to be made of softer stuff. I'd rather discard the whole project"—he picked up a book from his desk—"and stage something like Molière's *Don Juan* downtown with my own money—though Lord knows I'm a poor man. A producer with ideals seldom gets rich in the theater, believe me."

"Well, of course ——" young Huntington murmured.

"Don't decide now. Think it over. And whatever happens, Mal, remember—we'll always be friends. I mean that sincerely."

"I know you do, old man. We ran into a bit of hard luck with *The Third Mrs. Shane*, but I had high hopes for *The Ausabel Case*."

Mr. Burney shrugged philosophically. "That, to coin a phrase, is show business."

Afterward Lolly said, "Kind of risky, wasn't it?"

"Just letting out a little line, that's all. Obviously Susan has him hooked. I thought I'd make doubly sure by that 'maybe-we'd-better-forget-the-play' bit. Besides, if we can squeeze out a few more bucks—I'll compromise for ten thousand—we'll have Bergdorf do the costumes perhaps. You know there's a mink coat called for in the script."

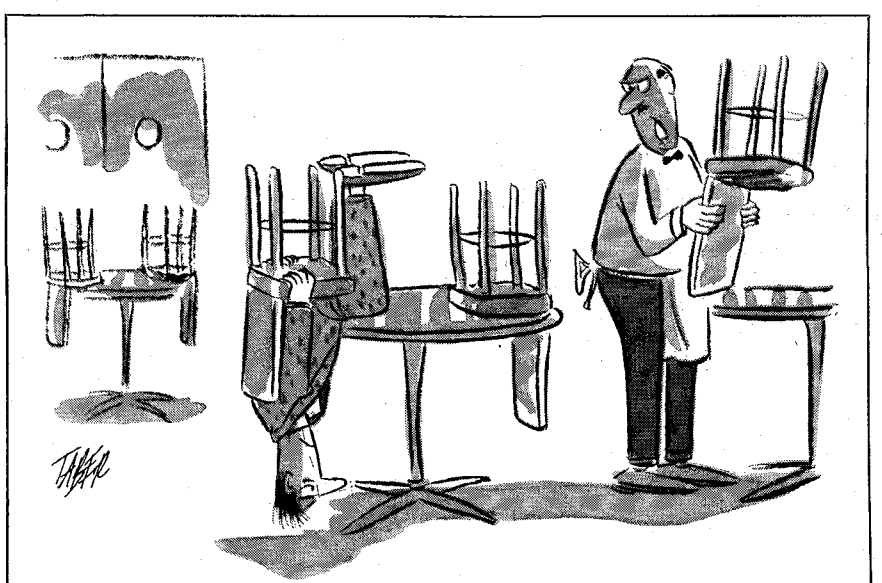
"I ought to. I suggested it to Miss Anderhill. My old one's showing signs of wear. Well," said Lolly, "shall we join the party?"

"In a moment. I want to put this book on my bed table. Molière's *Don Juan*. Never heard of the play until I picked it out of the bookcase ten minutes ago. You can't tell. Might be good for the road."

They did not have long to wait for a call from Mal Huntington, who invited them to lunch at his exclusive club. "The food's frightful—it's a tradition here," he said. "But it's quiet."

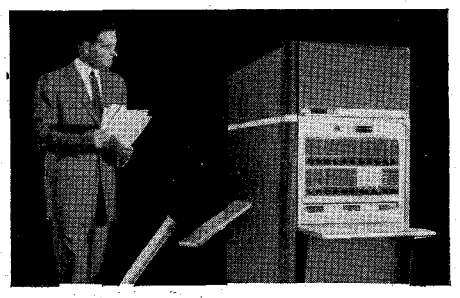
Lolly marveled at her husband's poise, considering that a year's work and planning were at stake on the outcome of this meeting. "I'm afraid," said the healthy, bronzed young man, "the market hasn't been acting as I expected."

"It never does," said Mr. Burney; "otherwise we'd all be rich. It's as Lolly says. If all women were queens, there'd be an awful lot of royalty scrubbing floors."



"It's closing time."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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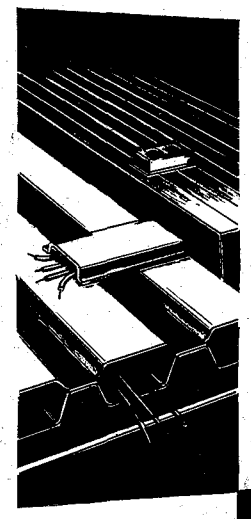
with REPUBLIC steels



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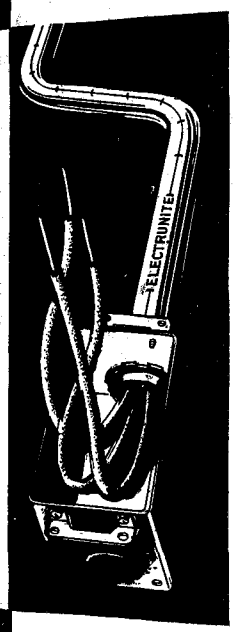

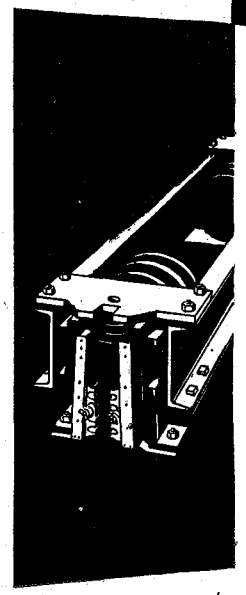

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REPUBLIC STEEL

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"True," said young Huntington. "Well, I've given the subject of our last conversation quite a bit of thought. Talked with my lawyers and all. And here's what I've decided."

"Actually, this cutlet is rather good," said Mr. Burney. "Go on."

"Ten thousand above your estimated figure is the best I can do."

"H'm-m." The producer drew a little notebook from his pocket. He made some calculations. "Well, it probably can be done. I mean, if we pull in our belts, double check every expense voucher, cry poverty to the hired help, and so on, we may—we just *may* squeeze through. It won't be easy—nothing worth-while ever is—but with rigid austerity I believe we can bring it off. How do you see it, Lolly?"

"You know I have no head for figures, dear. But what you say sounds sensible. Let's face it, we've scrimped before and we can do it again."

"Good," said Huntington. "I've a feeling *The Ausabel Case* is going places. I—ah—I don't make it a contractual obligation, Mark, but since I am the major backer of the show, I think I should have the same right to suggest a member or two of the cast that obtained in the case of *The Third Mrs. Shane*."

Mr. Burney nodded genially, touching the napkin to his lips. "Of course. Of course. Absolutely. I make only one reservation. If you have a candidate for any of the leading roles, you must present her—him—no later than September first. Stanley hopes to begin rehearsals by the middle of the month."

"I understand." Huntington beckoned toward the waiter. "And when do you think our lawyers can meet to draw up the agreements?"

"Would four this afternoon be soon enough? As Stonewall Jackson used to say, 'An early start is worth two regiments of infantry.'"

"Incidentally"—Huntington signed the luncheon chit—"I'm rather taken with your little friend."

"Friend? What friend?" murmured Lolly.

"Susan. Miss Scott, the actress. She's one in a million, believe me. But then you're not interested in my private affairs. So let's get this lawyer business settled."

If Mr. Burney's poise had cost him anything, he showed no signs of it that evening. He was still as cool as a cucumber as he observed to Lolly, "Well, we've got a play in the works. Seventy-five per cent of the money's on deposit. Naturally I called Stanley."

"And what did he say?"

"He said, 'When do I get my fee?'" Mr. Burney fondled one of his Havana cigars, savoring its fine, rich odor. "An artist to his finger tips, that fellow."

"I'm all keyed up," Lolly declared. "Let's do something—I want to celebrate. Let's—let's go to the theater."

"In August!"

"Can't I be quaint once in a while?"

"All right. You name the play, and I'll phone for tickets."

"I think I'd like to call Susan and invite her to come along," said Lolly. "After all, a lot still depends on her."

"Funny," said Susan on the phone. "I was just going to call you. I'll be over in fifteen minutes."

Actually they never got to the play. Having arrived, Susan threw herself on the living-room divan. "It's no use. I'm calling the whole thing off."

"But it's air-cooled, darling," said Lolly.

"I didn't mean the theater. I'm quitting the show." Letting her slippers fall, she began massaging her insteps. "I can't take it any longer. I'd just love to be in your play, Mr. Burney. But I'm at the end of my rope."

"You mean he's started making improper proposals?" asked Lolly.

"Improper!" She laughed mirthlessly. "He hasn't even put his arm around me."

"What then?"

"Do you see these feet? I've got only two of them. In the two weeks I've played thirty-seven sets of tennis. I've stood up at five race tracks. I've swum eighty-nine nautical miles, hiked the length and breadth of Manhattan, been dumped out of a skiff in a squall, and rode the roller coasters at Coney Island. I went into this thing on the understanding that Mal Huntington was a wolf. I was prepared to beat back his panting advances. Instead he's run me ragged. I'm the one who's out of breath, dashing from the polo field at Meadow Brook to the Yankee Stadium in the Bronx. I'm an actress, not an athlete. So I quit. Tomorrow I'm seeing my agent about that escape clause in our run-of-the-play agreement."

"Listen, darling." Lolly first spoke to her husband. "Go get the address of Doctor Kimbrough, dear. . . . Listen to me, Susan. I told you I knew Mal better than you do. All this outdoor activity, this sports stuff, is just part of his build-up. When he respects a girl, as I'm sure he does you, he doesn't hurry her."

"That may be," said Susan. "But I'm beginning to get muscles where I should be all soft curves."

"Mark will give you the name of our chiropodist," said Lolly soothingly. "A treatment or two, and you'll feel like a new woman."

"I'd rather feel like the one I used to be, thank you. I was willing to be nice to this fellow, butter him up a little for the sake of the play. But I have my health to think of. At worst I can do daytime television. It may not be art, but at least they let you sit down between shows."

"Now, now," said Lolly. "The financing contracts were signed today. Mark set September first as the deadline for casting suggestions. Mal mentioned you at our meeting. Said you were one in a million. He's bound to bring you forward any moment. I'm sure you can stick it out a little longer, darling."

"I keep hinting around, but he just changes the subject."

"That's part of his build-up."

"Maybe so," said Susan uncertainly. "Anyway, it's the first build-up I've ever had that made a wreck of me first."

Lolly turned to her husband. "A real trouper. She'll do."

"Of course she'll do." Mark raised the girl's finger tips and gallantly kissed them. "I make mistakes, but never about an actress. This girl was born to play Nora."

"Then how about writing in a new clause giving me a salary hike if the play runs beyond three months?"

Mark looked at his wife. "Yes, she's one of us. Artistic to her finger tips. Well, I'll think about it."

The first sign of nervousness shown by the producer came on the first of September. "What could be holding him up?" he demanded of Lolly.

"Mal? Maybe he's reformed. Maybe he's decided to let you do your own casting."

"Don't make me laugh," said Mr. Burney, who showed very little evidence of breaking into laughter. "We're all stage-struck in this business, and that goes double for play angels. I just hope our little scheme hasn't backfired, that's all. Have you heard from Susan?"

"Not lately."

"I've signed a press agent, booked eleven theater parties, and reserved the Shubert for the Boston tryout, and we're not sure of the lead role yet!" He reached into the silver humidor. "True, there were uncertainties about the little-American-flag business. But ——"

Just then the lobby phone rang. Lolly answered it. "Mal," she said over her shoulder.

"Tell him to come up." Mr. Burney's hand was perfectly steady as he lighted his cigar. When the buzzer sounded he went to the door. "Come in. Come in, Mal. Can I give you a vermouth cassis?"

"No thanks. I—I just dropped by in the interest of a friend."

Mark looked up. "Anyone we know?"

"You remember the Scott girl? That young actress I met at your party. Wanted a part in our play."

"I seem to recall something," murmured Mr. Burney, accidentally blowing a smoke ring.

"Well, I think I've just about talked her out of it."

"Talked her ——" Lolly gulped. "Out of what?"

"It's the only way I can get him to take his medicine."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Out of show business." Young Huntington smiled as though he deserved a compliment. "Been seeing her rather frequently. She's different from anybody I've ever met. Thoroughly nice girl. I don't think she realizes what an actress goes through to reach the top."

It could be said that Mr. Burney never batted an eyelash. "I remember her now. Remember her well. Very talented. Saw her in the Williams play last year."

"By the way," asked Mal casually, "have you decided on who's going to do Nora?"

"There's the rub," said Burney. "I'd narrowed it down to three well-known stars, but they're all committed. If we can't get somebody within a day or two, Stan says he'll have to start looking around for another play. In fact, Mal, we might even have to postpone *The Ausabel Case*, at least for this year. I'm still kind of drawn to doing Molière's *Don Juan* downtown."

"Say!" cried Huntington. "I've just had a terrific idea. Why not Susan Scott? She's one of the finest young actresses around. I bet she could play Nora to perfection!"

"Scott?" Mr. Burney rubbed his chin. "Let me collect my thoughts. Oh, she's good. I'm willing to admit she's good. But for a complex characterization like Nora's. . . . What do you think, Lolly?"

"I'm inclined to go along with Mal. After all, she'll have Stan directing her."

"True. True." Mr. Burney knocked the ash from his cigar. "But I understood you to say you'd practically talked her into abandoning her theatrical career?"

"I had." Huntington seemed amused. "But for the sake of the play I guess I could talk her back into it."

"H'm-m." The producer frowned thoughtfully. "It just may be the solution to our problem. I say it just may. Suppose you send her over to my office first thing in the morning."

"If that's the way you want it."

"Why not? As Stonewall Jackson used to say, 'An early start is worth ten troops of cavalry.'"

"I'll take you to the elevator," volunteered Lolly.

Outside Mal said, "I think she'll be wonderful—Susan, I mean. Thought so from the very beginning."

Lolly's eyebrows went up. "The beginning of what?"

"Of your little scheme." He was grinning. "It wasn't hard to figure out what was going on. You wanted to be sure of having a first-rate actress for the part of Nora and decided the safest way was to get me interested. In a moment of sheer exhaustion Susan admitted it. Frankly I couldn't resist the temptation of seeing what Mark would do if I said Susan was quitting the stage. He needn't have worried. The angel Gabriel couldn't talk her out of this part."

"So you knew all along. You stinker!"

He laughed. "Now Mark can go into production thinking he's outsmarted everybody. That always brings out the best in him," Mal said. "But I never do anything for nothing. My silence has a price."

"A price?" Lolly blanched.

"Well, there's a little brunette I'm fond of. Does an Oriental dance at The Broken Wheel in the Village. I'm sure you can find a way of getting Mark to squeeze her somewhere in the cast. You're a great little way-finder, Lolly. How about it?"

Lolly shrugged. "O.K. But I want you to promise me something, dear."

"Just name it, Lolly."

"If you ever decide you want to back some new business venture, let me know first."

"Why? Have you come onto something good?"

"One of these days," said Lolly, "there's going to be a real boom in little American flags."

THE END

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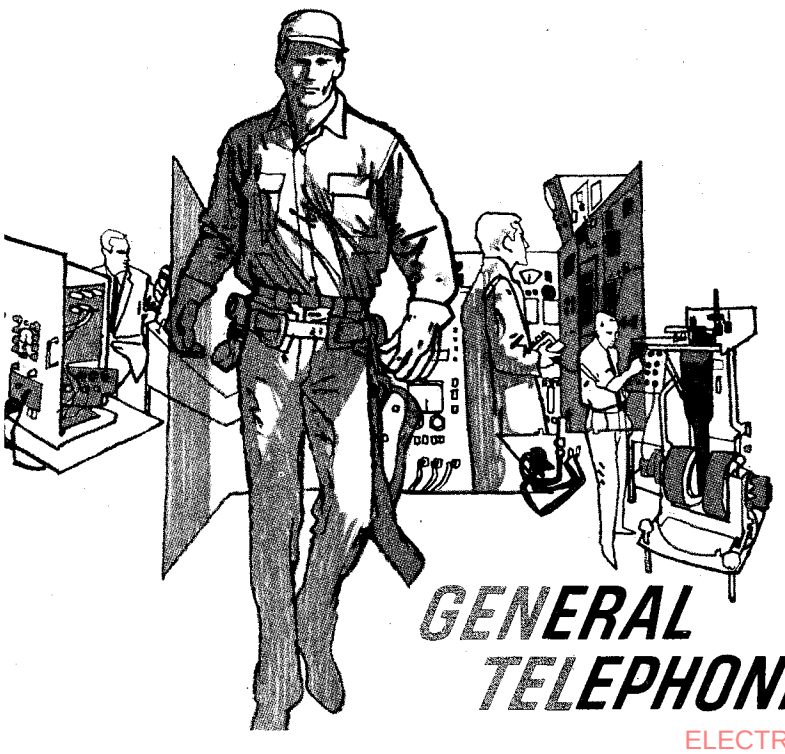
Phone for the road



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Violence on the Plains

(Continued from Page 39)

"I think, for safety, you'll need a few more of those. Jess can get you some. Anything you need, just ask Jess. I told him he was expected to co-operate and he will. Anything you need. Just go ahead and fix it up. I was hoping for chairs, but chairs are scarce."

Lambert sat down on a very infirm one. "Why, we'll make benches. Possibly even the backs." He walked suddenly to the far-end wall and turned with his big, nervous movements and spread his arms wide. "I'll stand here and talk to them. With Mr. Albright's help I'll make me a little raised-up place like a perch. And here I'll stand. Yes, this will be the place." He touched the wall. "Right here a shelf for the books. We'll have some hymns. I'm not a writing man, Mrs. Rankin, and most of my sermons come to me when I'm out riding alone, but I don't disremember what I want to say. I'll be out a great deal on the visitation work. People who can't come here, I'll go there ——"

He stood at the far end of the room and then came nearer, staring at her, saying nothing.

"You are a remarkable woman." The words shot at her and their force left her weak. Before she had a chance to recover, he surprised her again.

"Mrs. Rankin, would you take it as too pushing of me—if I pray?"

She shook her head with long emphasis, and he got down on his knees in the middle of the dirty floor she was ashamed of, and threw back his shoulders and closed his eyes with a tight, fixed effort, raising his face to the sagging rafters. She started to bow her head, but some deep force moved her and she was kneeling by her chair.

"Dear Lord God," said Lambert, "we are dedicating this bunkhouse to Your glory and service. This bunkhouse for years was the resting place of cowmen, who for the most are not godly men by any means—uneducated, simple men who tend cows on the plains, even as David tended sheep on the hills of Judaea. They lead lonely lives in far places, doing the work they know how to do. We ask that You bless them. If this bunkhouse may have heard in the past words that had better be forgotten, and if there are any impure words and thoughts lurking around the place, we ask that You clear them out and make it clean. Wash it and it will be whiter than snow. Amen."

"Thank you, Mr. Lambert," said Amelia, getting to her feet.

"Thank *you*, Mrs. Rankin," said Lambert hurriedly, opening the door for her. She left him alone with Jess Albright, who began listening to him with an occasional shrewd, doubting glance, as Lambert gestured and asked for his first needs—wood, a hammer, saw and nails.

By noon the little snow that had fallen was melted off the ground. The air was getting balmy. Turner drove into the yard with a brand-new yellow-wheeled buggy and his familiar pair of bays that Amelia hadn't seen since before his last trip west to his copper mine. At dinner alone with Amelia, with the sun ashine on the silver that Amelia and Etta had been polishing, he joshed her about getting fancy. She smiled.

"How about riding me into Bradford? I want to look at some new stock Ed Street has and get even more fancy."

"I thought you bought all your clothes no nearer than Dallas."

"You thought wrong. Besides, I want to see if he has some things for Elizabeth Blaine."

Tom grew impatient. "Why do you keep thrashing that lame horse, Melly? Making yourself sick with worry. You know she won't take them off you."

"She looked awful patchy and I'm going to try."

"We can't pull in there before ten o'clock. But I suppose Ed will open up for you."

He put his hand over hers and then because they could hear Etta safely upstairs singing *My Pretty Quadroon*, he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"When? Say when, Amelia."

She slid out of his arms, went to the kitchen and brought back coffee. "Let's talk it over tonight while we ride back from town."

The afternoon was perfect as they set out a little after dinner. Tired after the strain of weeks, she slept on his shoulder, and he roused her after dark as they saw the lights of Bradford murky beyond the next rise. Ed was still open; "Taking inventory," he explained.

She had a pleasant two hours. Tom sat and smoked in Ed's wired chair with the boot-hollowed-out rungs, jumping up at her expressions of delight to paw over things and worry Ed with his cigar ashes.

Ed was proud to tell her, "I got some of this new ready-made stuff."

"Oh—don't tell me."

She was sorely tempted, but her cautious conservatism won out.

"This blue merino would be just right for Mary—but I think it's a shade big."

"Kinda take it in, Mrs. Rankin," said Ed.

"I'm not that clever."

Then she bought a polka-dot apron she thought was practical, and she pleased Ed by her appreciation of his new calicos. He cut what must have seemed yards and yards to Tom from a half dozen bolts.

They left the store, crammed the rig's shallow box and started back. Beyond the town limits the moon was visible. The air was balmy but with a warning of colder weather to come, as if the north wind were chained beyond Amarillo among the Cap Rock ridges.

"Something like a thaw," murmured Tom as they drove slowly.

"I've got a concernment I haven't told you about."

"What?"

"Going to have a church."

"Godamighty, where?"

She told him about Lambert and the bunkhouse.

"For goodness' sake. Think anybody'll come?"

"We can try, can't we?"

"Sure can. More I think of it the better I like it."

She told Tom of the prayer. "It was beautiful, the way he said it."

"Of course it was." He was thoughtful. "Kinda shakes a person. Not many of those fellows around."

Suddenly he pulled up the team.

"Thought I heard somebody behind us. Did you?"

They both listened, heard nothing, then drove on.

"By the way," he said after a quiet spell, "how's Red Johnson doing?"

She told him Johnson was working and also told him about other facts passed on to her by Snow.

"Just want to bring up one thing," Tom said with sudden emphasis, "and not keep on the subject too long, seeing we're on a vacation. In all the excitement and confusion and our keeping our minds on Hurd, I failed to ask you—or anybody, for that matter—if there were any witnesses besides Omstead to the shooting. Was there something said about another man? We know where Omstead is, and my law partner and I are keeping tabs on him. I may or may not have mentioned it to you."

"Yes," she said hesitantly.

"But was any mention made of anyone else?"

"I feel like a natural-born fool," said Amelia. "I think I heard but I can't be sure. There was so much talk. I was mixed up."

"You knew there were more than just Johnson on the scene, of course."

"I suppose I should have known." As she said the words, the feeling came to her that more ought to be said on both sides; that she did not know enough of what Tom was thinking; and that something akin to mutual distrust was building up between them, all concerning the Blaine shooting and Red Johnson. Tom's silence continued.

In a half hour he halted the team and seemed to be studying the tossing head of the near bay, who was a bit-worrier. "S'pose you noticed I put a spade in the rig. Still want to go up to Pan Rock?"

"I surely do, Tom."

"All right. Turn's up ahead."

In the late, waning moonlight of two o'clock they stopped by Pan Rock. Amelia got out. Forty yards from the rock shadow she sank the spade. They got to laughing and wrestling with each other when he tried to do the digging himself, and at last he haunched down and watched her work. He brought a lantern from under the seat and they leaned to examine the fresh mound.

"I own black land, Tom." She sifted the fine, black loam in her fingers.

Tom poked and sifted, poked and sifted and leaned the lantern light downward. "I knew it was good, but not this good. Godamighty, this'll grow anything."

They packed up the spade and lantern and got back in the buggy. The weary horses began to walk slowly, and Tom relaxed and leaned back, with slack reins.

"Yes, it's a farmland piece, all right. Acres and acres of it, no doubt. Melly, you're born out of your time. You're just a mite previous, that's all."

The moon had gone down and the late night was thick and dark. Tom lighted the lantern again and polished the twin buggy lamps with his coat sleeves. But they helped only a little. Then they knew someone was following them.

Tom stopped the horses, and the soft padding about a quarter mile behind stopped. They started once more and could hear it again.

Tom cocked an ear at the third stop. "That a horse?"

"I think so."

"Well, could be a deer. Lantern draws them. Might be a painter or a grizzly, but not likely."

"It's a two-legged deer riding a four-legged deer."

Tom got out, unsheathed the carbine from the rear of the buggy box and put it on safety. He climbed back and they drove again. They were still thirty miles out, and the false dawn was beginning to warn of its coming. Every time they stopped, it stopped. Every time the bays walked out again they could hear the slow beat, like an echo of their own horses.

The bay mare suddenly called, and her call was answered from over the near rise. In the growing light Tom and Amelia looked at each other, startled. The bays were walking now, but both of them picked up speed of a sudden, and in the lifting shadows Tom and Amelia caught sight of a saddled horse with reins on its neck drifting across the trail. It was a heavy, shaggy horse that had answered the mare's voice. It stopped, turned its head, and as they, too, stopped, it moved on.

Tom eased the pair up behind the aimless wanderer, which obligingly slowed and at length was walking almost even with the harness team.

"Your brand, Melly."

"Yes."

"Know the saddle?"

"No."

(*Continued on Page 83*)

The Perfect Squelch

Young Brasher, who could outbull a bull in a china shop, marched himself and his demure little wife into a noted Midwestern restaurant which catered especially to business executives. Nettled by the sedateness of the place, he became as noisy as a juvenile. Although already several drinks ahead of everyone else, he ordered cocktails at the top of his voice. Soon he called for another round. "And speed it up, slowpoke," he snapped at the busy waiter. As an afterthought, he bellowed, "Can you find a menu for my old lady here?"

Audibly but politely the waiter replied, "In just a minute, sir. And would you care to see a children's menu?"

Charlotte Savignac

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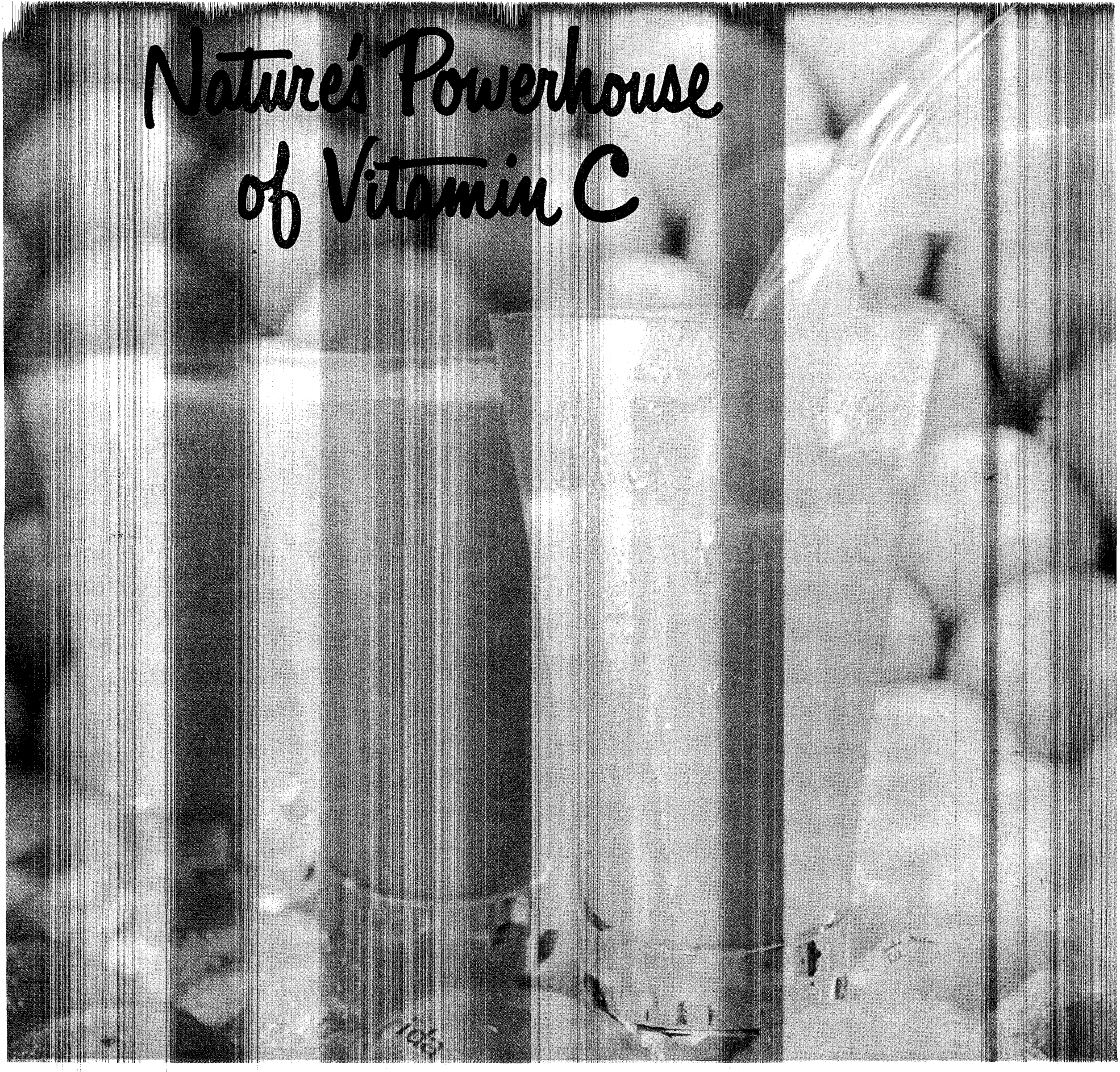

We all need orange juice every day—because the body can't store Vitamin C. Vitamin C is essential to good health and good looks—and fresh-frozen orange juice provides it lavishly. And only Nature knows the combination of *natural* Vitamin C and other important vitamins and minerals in orange juice—a combination that helps give you strong teeth and bones, nice skin, sparkling eyes.

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GET THE REAL THING!

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So convenient and economical—one little can makes four big glassfuls.

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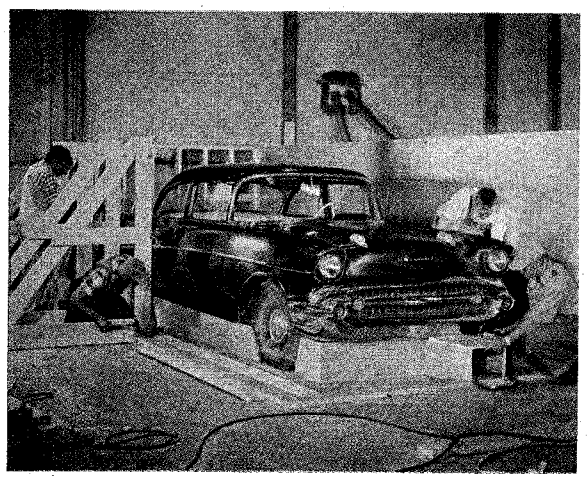
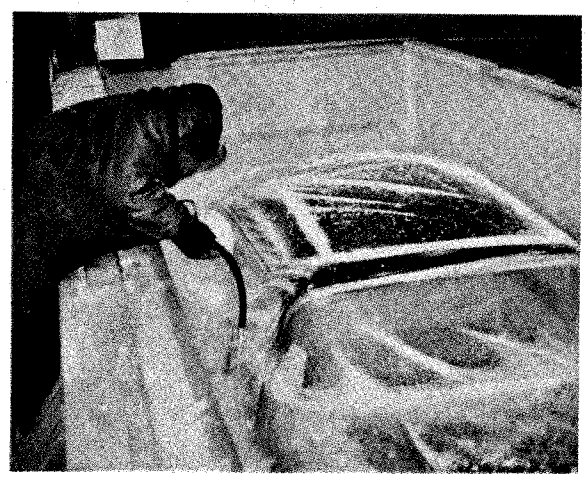
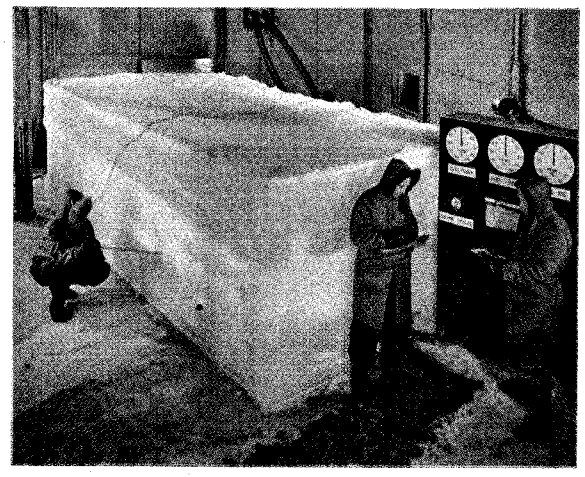


1 The car, containing Boron with Ice-gard, was put in a cold room and surrounded by water-proof forms. Air and exhaust openings were provided, plus remote control starter switch.



2 To protect the electrical system, the car was covered with a sheet of plastic. Then, with the temperature lowered to far below freezing, water was poured in and frozen solid.



3 If the fuel line were going to freeze, it would be frozen now. But one touch of the switch and the engine started and kept running. No freeze-up, thanks to Boron with Ice-gard!

FROZEN CAR

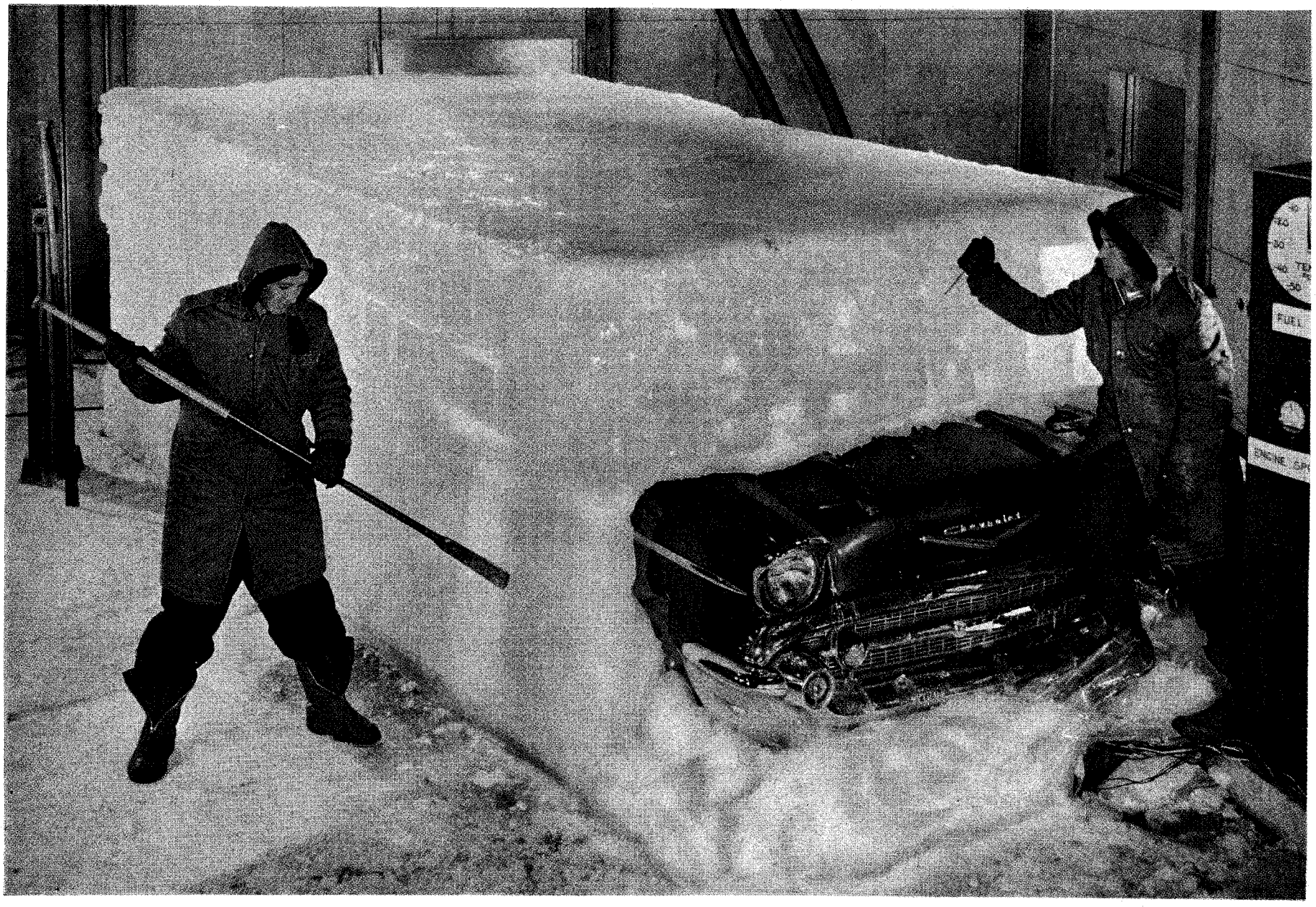
but no frozen fuel line!

Sohio Boron® with Ice-gard stops fuel line freeze-up before it stops you*

In winter, water condensed from air in your gas tank can settle in your fuel line, freeze solid, and stop your engine cold. But now you can get continuous protection against fuel line freeze-up in any Ohio weather *at no extra cost!* Boron with Ice-gard automatically ice-proofs your fuel line with every tankful you use! To demonstrate, Sohio actually froze a car in solid ice and ran it on Boron with Ice-gard.

*A Sohio Trade-mark

SOHIO



4 The engine in this car is still running—one of the most dramatic and difficult gasoline demonstrations ever performed. Although the car, engine, and fuel system are at far below freezing, Boron with Ice-gard protected the fuel line against freezing. Boron with Ice-gard protects you with your very first tankful. Continued use keeps up your protection. To stop fuel line freeze-up before it stops *you,* use Sohio Boron with Ice-gard all winter long.

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(*Continued from Page 80*) "Carbine in the scabbard—Texas hitch on the cinch strap."

"He's not supposed to have that."

"What?"

"The gun, whoever he is."

Tom looked surprised, but let it pass. "What's that black place on the near stirrup strap?"

"Stain of some kind."

Tom grunted, handed the lines to Amelia, and got out. The horse quivered a little at his approach, but at last stood, snorted once and then gentled the hand Tom extended to catch the rein.

"He's not wet," she said. "If he ran, he didn't run far."

"Hold onto the team while I use the lantern."

She handed him the light, and he went away from her into the still, gray shadows. The dawn was cold, and she shivered and found herself looking again and again at the back trail for some explanation of the mysterious following steps in the dark.

Tom came back walking fast and startled her. "I found him. He needs help, wheel the kids over this way." Rapidly Tom worked off the horse's snaffle clip and tethered the horse to the buggy. Amelia followed as Tom walked ahead, knee deep in grass and weed, till they came to a raised, bare place in the flat. A small trash fire was smoldering there, and a thin man lay on his stomach with one arm thrown over his head. A pair of half-emptied saddlebags were near, with some of their contents strewn around and some neatly placed near the fire, as if the morning meal, to be eaten in the dark, had just got going. Yes, there was the spider with dough cakes anchored in cooled-off pork fat, and beside it the charred stub of a prayer stick, used to start the fire.

She got out.

"Amelia, I don't want to turn him over. He's got a bad hole somewhere in the chest. I'm afraid he's a goner."

Amelia had trouble talking. "It's one of my men. He's just a boy. I forget his name. They shot him while ——"

"While he was cooking breakfast."

"He's dying."

"Yes, hardly breathes at all."

"See what happened. Shot at the fireside; he tried to mount and bloodied up the stirrup strap and fell down.

Tom haunched down, looking at the profile of the face. "Melia, Doc Tuckerman lives just to the back of us, right on the edge of your piece. Wonder if I could get him over here to do some doctoring. If we fold this boy over a horse it's sure death, and I wouldn't take much for his chances even if we slid him in the back."

Amelia took over. "We've got to at least roll him over, Tom."

"All right, if we kill him, we kill him."

They moved the boy gently onto his back after Tom had found his blanket and lapped that with the buggy shawl. They eased it under him on one side, then rolled him and tucked him warm in the roll. His head was already in Amelia's lap. They got a few drops of whisky between the gray lips, and the boy sighed, which Tom took for a good sign.

"Amelia, maybe on second thought, you drive to Tuckerman's and I'll stay here. I don't like ——"

"Tom, you go. Hand me the gun from the box and put it on cock. Put it over there so I can reach it without trouble. Push his water can up here."

"You're cold; you ought to have something more on."

"Forget about me. Get over there fast and get back here with the doctor."

"I will if he's sober."

"If he's drunk sober him."

Tom staked the team and climbed up on the wounded boy's mount. He lashed up and across the rise as the first high glow burst in the eastern sky and the gray morning turned less gray.

Amelia tried the whisky once more, this time without success. She bent her head and could hear a very faint rhythm, she thought. She wet her kerchief with some of the whisky and washed the boy's thin face. She could see the back of his neck a little as he moved his head, cheek to her knee, as if to ease himself. She caught her breath. His face was so young.

She had been looking at the boy's face, but now she looked at the chest of his shirt and the blackened place. Somewhere like the seepage of a spring, the wetness on his chest was growing. She found her whisky-drenched kerchief and softly sought for the place; with infinite caution she lifted the flannel shirt and then saw the place underneath, a slit like a knife thrust rather than a round opening. Out of it oozed a red thread and something else that seemed wet and colorless. She washed carefully at first and then, half closing her eyes, she wadded one end of the kerchief and pressed, at first hardly daring to use pressure—then more, then more. She felt the soft edges of the wound give and then receive the cloth. She felt sick. As the cloth had gone in, the boy moved his head and was still again.

The water in the boy's water can was getting lower. But she had to keep the kerchief wet on the boy's face. *Water*, she kept thinking, *why didn't I ask Tom for more water?* She smiled mirthlessly, remembering he had none.

She dozed a little, and the noise of the wagon roused her. Through weary, dazed eyes she saw Tom get out of the saddle and Tuckerman in a wagon, with his shaggy blacks circling, come to a halt. Her slitted eyes looked for any betraying lurch as Tuckerman got down, but he smiled at her and walked steadily forward, though his beard was days untended and the negligence of his clothing confirmed him as the man she knew. She was too tired to speak.

Both men bent at her side. Tuckerman felt and listened. He thought awhile and then felt and listened again.

"Well, I'd say he's got a chance and I still say, Tom, he'll do better back at my place."

"Yes, there's an eighteen-mile difference in distance. That's something that can be saved him."

"Even one mile could make a difference," said Tuckerman.

He went for his stethoscope so he could listen more closely and then brought clean cotton and a dirty cloth. They padded the wound with cleanliness and then used the dirty cloth, which was yards long, to strap up the boy's chest and shoulder. He opened his eyes once and moaned a little as they worked.

"Rest easy. You're in good hands, son," Tom said.

As Tuckerman worked, Amelia kept watching his whisky-red face, the brown-and-white stubble of his chin, the watery blue-gray eyes. She appraised the boy's chances in his hands. Tuckerman had practiced in town. Then he had returned to the land—for his health, he said. His health he had battered to pieces with alcohol.

She felt a stab of compassion for Tuckerman, who had to make such an implied apology for himself.

"Of course, if you folks want to follow ——"

She got to her feet, staggered and would have fallen if Tom hadn't caught her.

"You look beat, Mrs. Rankin, and if you take my professional advice you'll go home now in the knowledge that you've done a fine job."

She felt contempt for herself at the little she'd been able to do. But she was astounded that Tuckerman's voice could be so quiet and kind.

"Come over to see him at my place tomorrow. He couldn't talk today. It'll do him more good then."

"Yes." She nodded weakly and let Tom hoist her onto the rig seat. He said nothing, but his hold was determined and possessive.

Tuckerman slowly vanished over the rise, and Tom hooked up the spare horse and started the bays. Her head was on his shoulder. She dozed and woke, startled, again and again.

The bays moved easily and steadily, and she was soothed somewhat. "It's not all what you just went through," Tom told her. "It's the strain of weeks and weeks ——"

She murmured. "I saw that boy for the first time. My neglect of him and others like him."

"Why gracious, Amelia, there's not a spread in Texas has the reputation of treating its hands better."

"But I don't cherish them."

The loss of one full night's sleep was too much for her, and she groped her way into bed in the middle of the afternoon after she and Tom got back to the ranch. Tom said he'd stay up a while longer to talk to Jess and Snow, who were away somewhere, and she was glad to avoid talk with Etta. Etta scared easily at news of shooting of any kind. She slept right through till next morning, but the last hours of her sleep were catnaps, as she forced herself to stay in bed. Yet she was ahead of Etta when she rose about first light, and this time it was Etta who drank the coffee Amelia had made.

"Miz Rankin, you should sleep this mawnin' after out all the night before," Etta admonished her.

"I don't even know the boy's name."

"What you mean, Miz Rankin?"

"The boy who was shot," she said impatiently. "How many more, how many more?" She was saying this to the empty yard, with her back to Etta.

She heard Etta crying in the kitchen. Etta always cried softly when she was scared, and Amelia went to say a few comforting words—not too many, as that made a bad matter worse.

"You may not want to stay," Amelia said gently, holding one hand as Etta dried her eyes with the other.

"Leave you alone heah? You must be crazy, Miz Rankin."

The yard door slammed, and they both went with the coffeepot to the dining room to meet Snow and Albright, who were already sitting down. Snow looked concerned.

"Mrs. Rankin, Jess and I were off the place when you and Mr. Turner drove in yesterday afternoon."

"Yes."

"Tom passed the word before he turned in. We think it was Vic Omstead who was shot. He's Bailey's brother. He may have seen the Blaine shooting like Bailey must have. We'll find out sure, of course. But the point is, with all these things going on, we think time has come to get Mary down here and keep an eye on her. Now with this new shooting it's time to act. This trouble of ours is blowing up steady. Even the hands are worried about Mary. Talk about it all the time. She's popular with the hands."

"I should have gone up there myself," Amelia said dryly.

"No, you shouldn't. Leastwise we don't think so. We think you ought to keep off them Blaines."

She looked at Snow with surprise. She waited for the apologetic tag he usually put on such a remark, but this time he made no apology. He added, "No use sending up any of our boys. We tried that. You see, Mrs. Rankin, the way you feel about the Blaines, and us knowing all that, sort of ties our hands—we don't know just how to move."

"I want her home now. I should have had her home long ago."

The men said nothing and the silence drew out, and suddenly she saw they were quieter than usual.

"While we're pondering this," she said, "will you bear in mind, Jess, that I'll want the team in about an hour to drive over to Tuckerman's and see that boy? He's on my mind too."

She knew by their expressions they didn't like this and were already planning to ride herd on her if she insisted on driving alone. Jess nodded.

"Back to Mary. I understand you've sent three men to get her already."

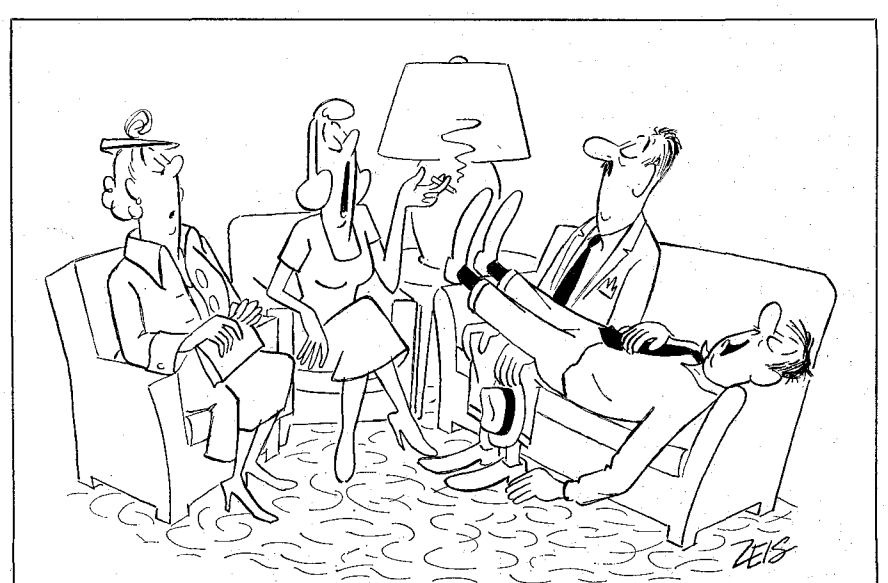
"Yes, and I picked the wrong men. They either are scared off by the women by being bashful or maybe, like McChesney yesterday, they get bad-mouthed by Johnny Blaine. Mac says if he'd had a gun he'd have shot Blaine. Got ordered off the land."

"Off the land!"

"Yes, Mrs. Rankin, your land."

Jess put down his cup. "You got to get an unbashful man. Two women to talk to makes it bad."

Jess drank his coffee noisily. "They's one man in all this world who should go and he's just about due in now."



"Clinton isn't much of a conversationalist."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Who's that?"

"Willy Patchem."

Snow slapped his thigh and spilled some coffee. "By gum."

"Jess's right," said Amelia.

"Sure is. He'll outjaw the women and won't take nothin' off Blaine." Snow was elated.

"Jess?"

"I'll have him over here first thing in the morning."

Snow said, looking directly at her, "I'll have Conklin go with you today."

The men rose, thanked her for the coffee and walked out.

She asked Etta to wake Tom and tell him she preferred that he wait at the ranch for Carney; if he wanted to speak to her before she drove out, she'd wait.

"You know that Carney won't come here. He just a politician, Miz Rankin. Slippery as an eel. I went up to call Mr. Tom a while back. He sure asleep. I not used to wakin' up gen'lmens. I call—then I took up a pan and dropped it, but he sleep right on."

"All right, Etta." Amelia drew on her gloves. "Just tell Tom where I've gone."

"Yes, Miz Rankin, you goin' be gone all day?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"No, I'll have someone with me."

She unhitched and backed around to stop and wait for Shep Conklin. Then she saw Snow coming slowly toward her. She heard pounding and saw Lambert on the old bunkhouse roof, hard at work.

Snow put his big foot on the off-step, the buckboard sagged, and he pulled his hat a little lower over his eyes as he said in a soft voice, "Mrs. Rankin, I thought you'd want to know before you start. He didn't make it."

Amelia let the lines go slack. "He didn't?"

Snow nodded. "Two of the boys just rode in—they stopped at Tuckerman's on the way down."

She sat for a little and then handed the lines to Snow. "I guess I won't want the team, Bill."

"Yes, Mrs. Rankin, I'll put 'em up."

She walked to the house slowly and into the dining room. Without removing her hat or other things she sat down in the chair at the table head. Etta looked in after a little. Unknowing, she said cheerfully, "You want some coffee before you go? I'll get it, Miz Rankin."

Etta brought the cup and went away. The coffee cooled off before Amelia realized it was there; she drank it cold.

How long, she began asking herself, *will it be before Tom comes down so I can tell him? Do I want to tell him? Do I want to tell anybody? This seems to be my private grief, and I seem to want it that way.*

She began to resent Tom's sleeping late, so that she wanted to go upstairs and rouse him and tell him the news that had sickened her. But when she heard him on the stair and he came in with his satchel, yawning apologetically and speaking in half-heard words, she said nothing and looked beyond him. When she felt his eyes on her, she was glad that he was at least alert and sensitive enough to know that something was seriously wrong.

She saw he was much concerned, and when he went to the kitchen for coffee and she heard him whispering to Etta, her anger increased. He came back to her and sat with the coffee.

"Amelia? Something happened?"

"Nothing." She wanted to say something bitter, but she said, "The boy died."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Sure sorry."

He got up and began to walk the floor. "Of course, his chances ——"

When she said, "Now we excuse ourselves," against her better judgment, she saw him stop short and stare at her and she remembered in a flash that Tom had a temper too.

She couldn't say the next words distinctly. "I should have gone with him. He needed me. I should have stayed. You shouldn't have let Tuckerman talk me into leaving."

"Are you sure you could have done anything?"

"How do I know?" she said angrily. "I was going over there this morning." She got out her kerchief. "I just heard."

Tom sat down. As angry and sorrowful as she was, she saw that he was offended and was controlling himself patiently and well.

"Amelia, you were going to go over there to talk to him, to ask him questions?"

"Ask a dying boy questions? Why should I do that?"

Tom got up. "Precisely. Why should you?" He drew a breath. "Amelia, you were planning to go over there as a ministering angel." He held up his hand. "I'm not sarcastic. Because that's what you were to that boy when you were with him alone. It was a good job you did. Even Tuckerman spoke of it. And, of course, you didn't plan to question him today because you don't know who he was. Do you know?"

"I know now from Bill Snow. Bill says he isn't sure. But I shouldn't have had to ask Bill. I told you I didn't cherish my men enough."

"How can you, the way the turnover's been and with all the men you employ?"

She ignored the words.

"Now, I'll tell you his name and I'm almost sure of it, maybe surer than Snow. I'll bet my bottom dollar it's Vic Omstead. He's the brother of Bailey, our chief witness, that Hurd's stowed away in Kansas City. Very possible the boy was the only other witness to the Blaine shooting."

She heard herself saying, "He was?"

"But it's a good point, Amelia. You had no thought of doing anything but helping him. It never occurred to you he might have helped you. That's a fine quality in a human being, Amelia, but not in a ranch owner. That's where we have the little difficulties that rise between us. This always had the reputation of a friendly ranch. But remember, until recently it had a strong, tough man at the head of it, so it could be friendly. Yes, there's where our little difficulties rise up between us."

"I'm not sure they're little."

He looked at her with surprise. She knew he was trying to gauge the deeper meaning of the words.

"You sided with Tuckerman. I should have gone with him."

"Amelia, you're losing your sense of proportion ——"

She laughed. "You know, that phrase has become a habit with you ——"

"It meets the repetition of your mistakes."

"You choose a good time to say that."

"I'm already sorry I said it." He actually was and showed it.

He began pacing again, halting now and then, looking at her as he talked. "Amelia, I suppose you feel we didn't take enough care ——"

"In the hands of that man. That man." The word was delicious. "Doctor!" She spat the word out. "To call himself ——"

"Amelia, you actually think that we might have saved ——"

"I was the one who sat with him while you went for that man. Let me be the judge. Hours I sat there. Did you have to drink with him to get him ——"

"He'd be the last man on earth I'd drink with. If you must know the truth, he didn't want to come because—the way he said people are beginning to feel about the ranch. About you. Your enemies are working overtime, Amelia. Tuckerman has been intimidated, possibly."

She was a little stunned.

"Amelia, I've been thinking about getting into town. I think we've been together too much. It's clouded the thinking of both of us. I ought to get away, maybe to think, maybe to give you a chance to think.

"Perhaps."

"Yes, I think I'd better go. I will. It's been coming. But I think I ought to say that if I do, it may be for a long time. I think I've done some things badly for you, made certain mistakes, haven't been as understanding as I might. If I go, I may stay away—as far, I mean, as we are concerned."

"Yes."

"I just ask you to hear me out. You've a right to mourn over this boy. But you're missing the fact that you're endangering the lives of all your men by your policy. It's a policy I've given up trying to make you see as senseless. That's something bigger to mourn over. The order for the hands to ride without guns—that alone is senseless. It can cost more lives."

"I don't think that's true."

"That's an issue that has to be decided between you and your men. The other issues between you and me are that you're trying to do too much, that this land give-away of yours is being misunderstood. Also, while I can understand why you want to keep a hold on Johnson, public opinion demands that he go to jail. The longer you keep him here, the more trouble you'll have. By keeping him you put a club in the hands of your enemies to beat you with.

"Amelia, just hear me out on this. You've kept me dangling here for months. But that's just the marriage side. You pay less and less attention to me as your lawyer. You steal my self-respect. Even that's not it. Not all. It started here. Gossip spreads fast in this country. Weeks ago the men in the yard—your own hands—knew you were paying no attention to me."

"Did you tell them?"

"Of course not. It wasn't necessary. They made me feel it. I can read faces." He paused. "Now it's spread to town. Where I practice. It will go to other towns where I practice. I'm only a prairie-dog lawyer, Amelia, and a lawyer is only as good as what the community thinks of him. I'm losing face. I can't have that. Outside of a few mine shares of"—he hesitated—"of doubtful worth, I have my practice that I've taken a long time building up, and a practice is nothing but public confidence. That's started to go, and I won't let it slip all the way."

He picked up his coat, folded it carefully over his arm, picked up his hat, his paper satchel, and went out as quietly as if he had been moving on tiptoe, closing the door behind him as softly as if he were leaving a sick room.

She tried to find comfort in his words about going in to town to think—a temporary separation that they both needed. *No, that chapter is closed.* Even as her mind uttered the words, his hundred kindnesses flooded in upon her with the sure knowledge that she was being a fool, that she knew it and had better set the matter to rights at once.

Her last support left her, and the whole flood of the boy's death and her self-inflicted desolation poured over her. *Mary*, she thought, *she must come home. I'm going to be alone the rest of my life.*

Then Amelia got up and went quietly out the door and started for the ridge, walking slowly. She went on and up to the place on the hill where the younger cottonwoods grew, and stood looking at the stone with the broom plumes around it waving in the wind.

She liked to think that the plumes were the same as those that Henry had worn, invisible to everyone but her; and in the wasting sickness, the plumes had seemed to grow as his body shriveled, though his mind would not dry up or give up. The whole succession of their last years came back and flowed over her, and once again she asked herself whether, when she opposed Tom on anything, the idea was really her own or what she thought Henry might have said or decided on most things. His quick decisions. And, toward the last, his terrible rages against his failing health and strength. She walked to the smaller stone and pulled up some of the longer grass that hid it. She knew as she stooped that she had the answer to why the boy she had held in her arms out on the flat was so heavy on her mind. She got up from the weeding and looked down, startled to see Lambert's back as he picked his way down the hill. She called him. "Mr. Lambert."

He stopped halfway down and turned. She motioned him to come up. They stood beside the stones.

He seemed extremely embarrassed. "I found the place almost as soon as I took my first walk around. I was just passing again today; then I saw you here and didn't want to disturb you."

"Not disturbing me at all. It's a comfort," she said, "to have you here."

This time she was not surprised at the frank flow of her speech in telling him everything—about her ride to town and the boy she and Tom had tried to help.

"I'll go over there this afternoon. I'll start right off."

"I wish you would. See about his kin, whoever they are. I should go myself."

"No, you shouldn't, because you look beat," he said quickly. "No." She was surprised at his firmness. "I'll go. It's my business. I'll get the facts for you."

"Can you go and stay as long as whoever is concerned needs you?"

"I surely can ——"

He hesitated a little, and she explained about Rodney. "We lost him the same big winter we had losses everywhere. Nothing but losses. Nothing but wondering whether we ought to give up. He was two. I suddenly realized that the boy we found yesterday—the reason perhaps it means so much to me is that my boy would have been about that age—not quite, but nearly."

"I see."

His eyes had the peculiar light in them she had seen that day on the plains when they had met.

"Would you like me to come here now and then and say a word or two?"

"Would I like it!" She nodded and went down the hill, turning back once to see him looking at the ground where she had left him.

TO BE CONTINUED

Almost Bliss

Life offers moments of
purest perfection
Which husbands would
happily savor
If wives didn't also consider
them perfect
Moments for asking a favor!

Thomas Usk

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A Wife Must Know (Continued from Page 31)

weep and hurried off up the curving street. Bud stood there looking after her, worried and baffled. He wanted to run after her, but something told him not to; he suspected she would resist, and it would be a bad scene on the street.

The house was a Cape Cod type, white and oblong. He went up the straight, uncarpeted steps to the second floor and tiptoed in the small square hall, looking in on the girls in their twin beds. They were asleep, or were assuming the attitude of sleep. Their blond heads, like Connie's, made sprays of gold on the pillows. Then one voice, then another, said, "Daddy?"

"I thought you two were asleep."

"We wanted to watch TV," said Donna. "But mom said not tonight."

He went to each one and kissed her. "We have some important work to do downstairs," he said, "so TV's out tonight. Now I don't want to hear any more out of you two."

Downstairs he forced himself to be very deliberate. He got a bottle of beer from the icebox and walked around the rooms drinking it. As far as he knew, nothing in their small world was wrong. The kids were healthy, he and Connie were healthy, and his job was as secure as any of them. He had some insurance, the house was substantial, and they had already paid off five thousand on it, and their car was good-looking, only a year old and economical. Their neighbors were in much the same bracket as they were, so there was no foolish female, or male, jealousy; and his folks and Connie's were hale and lovable. What could be wrong?

Nothing. But something was, and he had to do something about it. He picked up the phone and called Betty Laskis. She was a widow with a fourteen-year-old boy, living down the street. Bud had mowed her lawn and done other things for her, and she sat with the kids whenever he and Connie wanted to go out alone together.

"Betty?" he said.

"Hello, Bud. I saw Connie whipping off up the street."

"I know. Betty, can you come over for a while?"

"Right away."

When she got there, he was standing in front of the house, wearing his light leather jacket.

Respect for Connie made it hard for him to explain the situation to Betty, but he knew that he must. Her eyes were alert and curious. He asked if she would stay with the kids, and she said she would. "Connie's got some kind of thing on," he said. "She was fine this morning, fine until I got home. She said she wanted to take a walk. I have to go look for her."

Betty's hair was tinted so that it was slightly lavender, and her lips drooped. But her gaze was frank and intelligent. "Have any idea where she went?"

"No. Or why."

"I'll hold the fort," she said.

"Betty?" He paused a moment. Night was growing. He did not like it to. Night had shadowy wings, enfolding around the development and the town. Connie was restless and disturbed somewhere in the approach of night. He paused, feeling disloyal to Connie. "Betty, do you know anything—I mean, anything that's been happening to Connie lately?"

"No. No, Bud."

He took the car and patrolled the streets. He did not find her. He thought about dropping in on various friends, but decided against it. There would have to be explanations, or they would wonder why he dropped in and then hurriedly went off. Anyway, he did not think that Connie had left the house by whim or pique and would be hiding out at a friend's, just to torment him. She had gone off as if she very definitely wanted to be alone. As if she was running somewhere. He thought about it and could not imagine her sitting down with friends for coffee, a drink or dessert.

Her goal was much different from that. And why hadn't she taken the car? If she had wanted to go to her parents, she probably would have taken the car. Did she have a purse with her? And if so, how much money did she have? But wait a minute. She had got her coat and run off without a pocketbook. But she might have had a wallet or change in her coat pocket.

He deduced that she had little or no money with her, and therefore probably was not heading into town, either to shops, the station or whatever. And he already had decided that she would not go to see friends. In her mood perhaps she wanted merely to be alone; well, there were plenty of places around here still where that was possible.

The development had been built in the center of a ring of potato farms. On the farthest reaches, a mile or so away, there were waterways and duck farms. On the direct south of the development there was a broad, long field of wheat, through which the railroad strummed and called. And yet the walk to town was one of only ten minutes. And the town was large and busy with department stores, supermarkets and all other necessary emporiums, most of them open tonight.

Bud turned from the direction of town, and hit the lanes and byways that existed around the development. He paused near the dark steel-netted sump holes; he turned on his brights down a lane where old trees burned with autumn's flagrant color. Night was here. The moon rode with him. It was a dismally emphatic sickle, slicing into his thoughts. He had a consciousness that the safe, warm development, with all its prescribed activities stood on the edge of a void, a wilderness. One that would presently vanish, but one that still could absorb a girl like Connie. There were wide fields, howling dogs and bogs. There was dark emptiness. He sought among all these places.

Dogs spoke to his whirring tires with an ancient leashed fury; he paused beside a sump, and bats rose in the air, hovered, were erratic. Around a curve he saw a white, hurrying face, but it was that of an angry, bent man.

What in hell is going on? he asked himself, trying to moor once again the house of his life on known shores. *Where are you, girl, and why?*

He should not have let her walk away. But she was so determined, and he was so surprised. And what should he have done, tackled her and hauled her back for the delectation of the neighbors? And didn't she have a right to have a mood and take a solitary walk if she wanted to? Could he deny her this? And could he have decently followed her right then?

No, he felt he had done it in the only way possible, and maybe now he was making it more than it was. Connie had got bored and irritated. She was pretty much house-bound. She had wanted to walk off by herself, and had done so. Not to permit it would have been to put intolerable chains on her. Hadn't he felt that way sometimes about himself? The answer was yes. And then he had taken the car up to the tavern and had a few beers and played some shuffleboard.

That had happened more than once. Why? Well, everything was good, terrific, but a time of sadness came. He didn't know why. It just felt as if you had dropped in an elevator. Your stomach was hollow, and you felt as if something had passed you by. And you didn't know where. You sat at the bar awhile and stared in the mirror and wondered about it. You looked at your face—rather sadly. You had seen that face before, under better or other circumstances. Once it had been over a suntan collar and the bar and insignia of a lieutenant of infantry. Once it had been in school when the yearbook proclaimed you as the third most handsome guy in the graduating class. Once it had been when you got the new job with the oil company and were being paid more than seven thousand, and you went out to lunch with your new bosses, and when you went to the men's room you looked into your face and you saw another achievement, and somehow all those times you looked very, very good.

But in the bar, on those other times, you didn't look very good. There was fatigue around your eyes. You wondered what it all meant. You remembered that girl in Laurel, near the camp, and the girl in England on your pleasant tour of duty because there were no wars. And you asked yourself questions: Is this the right direction? Did I miss somewhere? Could it have been better?

That had happened to him more than once. There had been a roar, an ache, a despair. Profound, hurting, while he sat lonely at the bar and admitted into himself all the pictures of the past and all the visions of the futures that had been possible. Gradually the roar had subsided into the music of the jukebox, and the ache had felt sentimental under his breastbone. The despair had been a vague cynical smile in the bar mirror. Then he had been able to talk to people, the barman, the regulars he knew. Play a few games of shuffleboard, win or lose a couple of dollars. Go out into the night air. Stare at the sky. Hear the whistle of a far, knowing train, hear the scuff of his own foolish feet over his own heart. He would breathe deeply and want to go home. He would rush to the nest of his life. Smile upon the faces of his children, gentle on the pillow. Kiss sleep-burned cheeks. Go down to Connie.

"You all right?" she asked.

"O.K., honey."

"Bad boy."

"Never again."

Falling toward sleep. The wind and the night, the moon. Connie. "Connie?"

"Sleep, boy, or I'll be mean in the morning. And stop leaning."

"Just a cuddle."

And it was all all right. What dissatisfactions had taken him out on the night and town? Here—here was all he needed.

He knew these things. Had Connie experienced them? She never had before. He knew other men who did, he met them many times, at lunch, or in those after-sessions when they sat at the bar staring into their own faces and the possibilities of what might have been. But the women didn't do that. The women seemed to be made of different stuff. But maybe tonight Connie, in her own way, had had something like that.

Maybe she was already home, having lived that apartness, that frustration that never added anything, that aloneness that proved nothing except that you should go home as soon as you could, because you loved and were loved and that was all that mattered.

He pulled up in front of the house and went in. "She didn't get home, Betty?"

"No."

"The kids?"

"Quiet."

"I have to go out again."

"Maybe she went to the Whites, or the Porters?"

"I don't think so. I'll look around. Betty, you don't mind, do you?"

"You know I don't."

He turned out of the curving streets of the development and took the long, straight, old street that led into the heart of the town. He searched for her at the railroad station and, that failing, hesitantly and disbelievingly checked several of the bistros. He parked in the movie-theater lot and began a careful survey of the main street. In ten minutes he saw her. She was sitting alone in a booth in a drug-store, facing toward the rear, smoking a cigarette, a soft drink in front of her.

Bud went through a flashing series of emotions—shaking relief, an instant of

"We're slipping. Three o'clock on a rainy Saturday and we still haven't driven them crazy."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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anger followed by awe, compassion and fear. There she sat, remarkably alone, remote from him; and, in her secret loss or yearning, she was a stranger. In the white light of the drugstore she was stark and fragile.

He did not obey the impulse to go to her; his fear had shadings. He was afraid of personal rebuff, and he was also afraid of what he might read in her eyes, about their relationship. Too, he felt a subtle growing respect for the solitude she had chosen. He did not want to violate it.

There was only one public entrance and exit to the store, so he walked up and down the street, keeping an eye on it. Some of the stores were still open, and he pretended interest in the lighted window displays. One of the stores was a novelty-and-toy shop. His attention was arrested several times by a rag doll in the window. It had the most winsome expression he had ever seen, and something about the way it lay there against a display box reminded him painfully of Connie sitting in the booth. The doll was intensely, implicitly alone, and its sadness strove outward against the glass of the store and poured around his feet on the street. There was a pathway of silent, unexpressed tears.

He went back to the drugstore and saw that Connie had not moved and did not seem ready to get up and leave. On an impulse that was vagrant and unexplainable until he had the doll, unwrapped, in his possession, he charged into the novelty store, swept the rag doll from the window and paid for it without caring about the price. It was only when he went outside, looked into the drugstore again and watched Connie's steady dreaming profile that he knew his impulse had been rational and symbolic. He knew that he had wished to take the doll from its fixed loneliness in the bright, relentless window, away from the objects from which it seemed to gain no warmth and solicitude.

Connie stirred. She straightened her back that appeared thinner than he remembered it, took up her check and started for the front of the store. Bud drew back, away from the door, and stood against a brick wall, the dimming crowd moving by him. Connie walked with her head forward, her hands in the pockets of her coat. At the corner she paused, beside the mailbox. Then her head came up a little, she turned and started down the avenue, toward home.

He felt his breath sighing against his lips, the doll hanging over his arm. Tenderly he set the doll erect, like a staring child in the crook of his elbow.

His car went softly down the street, past the firehouse and over the slanting gleam of the tracks, toward the ascendant moon. Trees embraced the deeper gloom of the avenue, and some houses were darkly closed, joining the night. She was moving faster. Her head was straight up now, and her arms were moving with her rapid walk.

The car slid along beside her on a velvet stream. He called out to her, "Want a lift, girlie?"

She tightened her shoulders and paced on, until recognition of his voice met her. He opened the door, and wordlessly she got in. The car glided on. "Here's a doll for you," Bud said, putting it on her lap.

The trees were braces above them. He said, "It looked homeless." She took a deep breath.

She was with him physically, but he still did not know whether she was with him in other ways. And must not ask. In the times when he felt bored, lost, somehow estranged, she had never questioned him. She had let him go and had accepted him back. He must return her restraint and regard. But for the first time he wondered how it had affected her. What pain had been there while he was ridding himself of his?

She spoke. Muted, almost toneless. "Who's with the children?" Then a deeper resuming of responsibility. "They're not by themselves?"

"Betty."

He drove under the carport. Silence was around them, and the hum of the engine. A cat called. There was no reply.

"You'll take Betty home, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll walk her down." He cut the engine.

"I'll stay here," she said. "I don't want to see her now."

Betty had the door open as he came up the walk. "Is everything all right? Did you find her?"

"She's in the car, she's O.K. The kids?"

"Asleep, content."

"I'll walk you home," he said. "Thanks, thanks a lot."

"Is there anything more I can ——"

"No," he said, taking her arm.

On his way back down the street a black Doberman charged toward him cruelly, hitting the wire fence between them. The dog did not bark or growl, but made the fence ring. The wind soughed in the small trees that people had planted. From behind and to the side of him he heard a night train wailing toward the town, and when he turned his head he saw it slantwise, fiery between two houses. The night was strange to him, fierce and inexplicable. He had never been so conscious of dangers, alarms and mysteries.

He opened the door of his house and heard her upstairs, moving softly, no doubt doing a tucking-in job.

He sat at the table in the dining alcove off the kitchen. A lamp touched light across his shoulder and onto the top of the table on which his hands lightly glistened. He waited, and finally she came down. "Did you eat?" she asked.

"No."

She put on the kitchen light, and began to bustle around. "I put Judy on the table in the kids' room," she said. "I'm sure they'll love her. The rag doll."

"Judy?"

"It just came to me that she was a Judy. Steak?" she asked, going into the freezer unit of the refrigerator.

Bud was about to say that he was not hungry, but perception canceled it. She was making amends. She fired the broiler. "Rye and soda?" she asked. She began taking out the ice.

"Fine," he said.

She was luminous but aloof, working in the bright kitchen. She gave him a good drink, put on the steak and tossed a small salad. She bore little resemblance to the thin, solitary figure sitting alone in the hard, naked light of the drugstore. But she was as efficiently far away as the industrious moon. She put salt, pepper, steak sauce and salad dressing on the table. Inspected the steak. "Medium?"

"Fine." The thought of eating was unbearable. He was still in suspense. Was she here because she loved him and the kids? Or was it because there was no place else to go?

She came to the table with a napkin, fork and steak knife. He said, "How about you?"

"I'll watch."

She did, contemplating him, her chin resting in her cupped hands. He struggled valiantly to eat her offering heartily.

"Bud?" she said after he had worked hard at his task.

"H'm'm'm?" He almost choked on the last piece he could take.

Her eyes were speculative. "Did you find me on the avenue or before?"

"I saw you in the drugstore."

"You didn't come in."

"No," he said.

"That's when you bought the doll."

"Yes," he said.

"You rescued the doll," said Connie, "didn't you? You didn't know how you could rescue me, but the doll was easy. You could buy the doll, and that's all you had to do."

"Something like that." He wished he had brilliant words to say, a brilliant awareness of her and what had happened to her, but he didn't. He felt ineffective, wanting to help her. But he couldn't impose on her his understanding of his own moments of doubt or restlessness. Hers, if that's what it was, had never appeared before and might be another thing entirely. He had assumed that she was wholly content with their life.

Suddenly she blurted, "I felt unloved—completely taken for granted. You haven't *proved* you love me for a long time, and I'm a woman."

He was startled. "What?" That doubt had never been a part of his troubled moments. There had always been the security of knowing that when he re-entered the prosaic, sometimes magic scheme of his life, after reaction or ennui, she would be there, accepting his return by love and not by mere habit. "Whatever gave you that idea, especially today? Why today?"

Her eyes were cloudy and reminiscent; a small smile of self-comprehension etched her cheeks. "I chose today," she said. "It was just like with any other thing, a job, or anything. You go along with it, and you begin to know you won't. Then one day you don't. I've always been too busy, but today I said to heck with it. I wanted to find out."

He did not ask the obvious question: What did you find? He did not need to. Her eyes were on him. He could hear his heart hammering with the question. She looked veiled and prepared.

She nodded gently to herself, for herself, expanding within the knowing of the trial—and its answers. "I wasn't acting," she assured him. "When I let myself go, it was all real. But I was hoping. Hoping I would really find out, and I know I did."

His breath was bated. His fingers were nervous. She seemed more distant from him, and yet indefinably closer than she had at any time since the exploratory, wistful, powerful siege of their honeymoon.

"Connie. What did you find out?"

Her face was strong with emotion. "My heart broke, waiting for you," she said. "Broke with loneliness, and—and fear. I didn't know what you would do; I didn't know what you should do. I was afraid."

He waited. There was an impossible surf in his mind, rolling and receding. A sea of implacable speculation. Had he done what he should have?

She got up and came around the table, and he turned sideways to face her. She lifted his hands in hers. "You didn't try to buy me," she said, "with promises or flowers or by saying you'd be more attentive. You didn't try to force me. You didn't get furious with me, irritated like a man would who didn't care and didn't want this silly woman disturbing his evening when he came home tired and hungry. You didn't make a fool of me. You didn't chide me as if I were an infant. You were kind, gentle, understanding—respectful ——" Her voice began to break. "As only a man in love, as only such a man could be!"

She broke and was in his arms, and he held her. "You love me," she said. "I know, I know."

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I do."

"I—I so wanted to be home, to get home," she said. "If you have a million dollars you can go farther than the drugstore, but it won't help any. It's because there isn't any other place, there really isn't, anywhere, that's as good."

He held her. He had known that for some time, but he had not told her. Now he knew better. Now he would dedicate himself to proving it, so that these transgressing moments of doubt would exist only in memory. THE END

"I thought we were on a diet!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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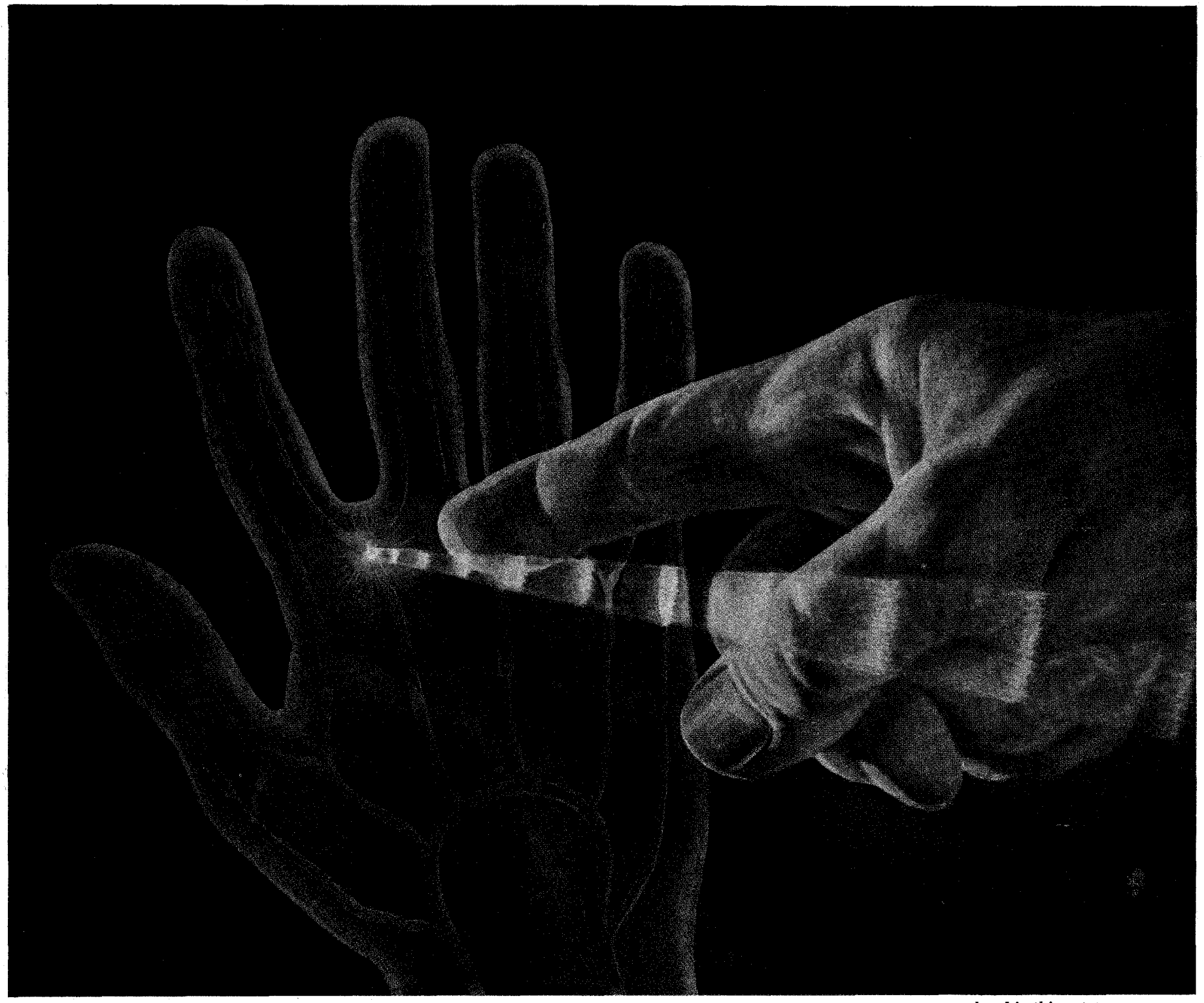

... a hand in things to come

Ray of hope from the atom

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A Visit With Bob Cousy

(Continued from Page 30)

Basketball Is My Life, two years ago. But I had not had a chance to sit down with him since then, and there were questions I wanted to ask about the current state of things for professional basketball and for Cousy himself.

I had watched Cousy in a morning workout and then eaten lunch with him. Now, with a tape recorder between us in the hotel room, I put my questions and listened while he answered in his slightly rolling tones. Although he was born and reared in New York, Cousy spoke only French as a child, and he still has difficulty pronouncing his *r*'s.

First, I wanted him to explain what the chief differences are today between college and professional basketball, and tell me why so many of the college hot shots don't make the pro grade.

"The biggest difference is in defense," he replied. "And that's where the college kids get fooled. They don't learn much defense, and when they look at our big scores they figure they don't have to. But defense is the key to pro-league success, even though our teams often score more than a hundred points a game. That's only about ten points more than good college teams average in shorter games."

Actually Cousy wasn't doing justice here to the expert marksmanship of the pro shooters. It is true that the pros play longer games—forty-eight minutes instead of forty—but the extra eight minutes don't begin to account for the fact that N.B.A. teams averaged 108.2 points a game last year, whereas the 175 major college teams averaged only 68.4. Even the highest-scoring college outfits averaged less than 90.

I didn't have the exact figures at hand while talking to Cousy, but I did remind him that N.B.A. scores had reached the highest level ever last season, with his own Celtics making a record 173 points one night against Minneapolis. "This is defense?" I asked him.

"It's impossible to sustain the defense all the way through the season," he said. "Every pro team will have off nights in a rugged seventy-two-game schedule such as we play. There were additional factors in the game you refer to. We'd beaten Minneapolis seventeen times in a row, and had them almost convinced that they'd never beat us. And we were especially hot that night.

"There was another reason why we piled up such a total. As a rule, when a club has a long lead beyond halftime, the coach takes the first team out. But in the third period, when we were about thirty ahead, Howie McHugh, our publicity man, discovered that we had a chance to break a lot of league records. He told the coach, Red Auerbach, and Red let us stay in the ball game. We ended up breaking about twenty individual and team records. Yet even in that game there was plenty of rugged defensive play."

Cousy declared that the ability to shoot well is taken for granted in the pro league, and that the rookies who survive the squad cuts in training camp are those who also are good at other things—defense, rebounding, passing, faking, driving from both left and right, and maneuvering without the ball.

"And a man has got to have the build," he continued. "That's the most important thing of all. This is a game for big men, and they're getting bigger every year. Not only are they big, but they know how to handle themselves.

"When I first came into the league, George Mikan of Minneapolis, who stood six-ten, was the only big guy who could move like an athlete. The other fellows of comparable size were pretty clumsy. But today the boys near and over seven feet are as agile as the six-and-a-half-footers, and they in turn can do everything a six-footer can do. So who needs six-footers?"

"You mean a six-footer hasn't a chance any more?" I asked.

Bob nodded. "That's right," he said. "In five years I doubt if there'll be anyone left under six-four, with the possible exception of a few holdovers who are playing now. And the six-four guys will all be in the backcourt."

I pointed out that Cousy himself is well under six-four, and so is his backcourt teammate, Bill Sharman, who is six-two. Yet both have been on N.B.A. all-star teams for years.

"We're exceptions," Cousy said. "So are fellows like Slater Martin and Jack McMahon of St. Louis, and Larry Costello of Syracuse, to name a few good, little backcourt men. There aren't many of us left—maybe a dozen in the whole league. We get by because of our experience, our speed and the tricks of the trade we've learned. And Sharman is the greatest shooter who ever lived.

"But we'd all have trouble breaking in today. Coaches are looking for bigger backcourt men—fellows the size of Richie Guerin and Carl Braun of New York, Dick Garmaker of Minneapolis, Frank Ramsey of Boston—who also plays the forecourt—and Tom Gola of Philadelphia. Gola's six-six, and the others are all either near or over six-four.

"How many college guards are that tall? Fellows that size are forwards in college. So, except for the king-sized guys, most college boys have to switch to unfamiliar positions in our league. They have to learn to shoot from different angles, to drive in any direction and to defend against men who've been doing all these things for years.

"They need the luck to be with the right club. Take Togo Palazzi, for example. He came to us from Holy Cross in 1954 after a great college career as a corner man. Togo is six-four, which was just the wrong height for us at the time. We desperately needed a big man who could grab rebounds—that was two years before we got Bill Russell—and we were loaded with good corner men bigger than Togo. As it turned out, he was too small for the forecourt and not agile enough for the back. Yet he had so much natural ability that, when we traded him to Syracuse, which needed corner men badly, he made the grade. But he wasted two years on our bench first."

I asked Cousy to elaborate on the qualifications pro coaches are looking for at each position today. He said it would be easiest for him to answer in terms of specific individuals. He picked his six-foot-ten-inch teammate Bill Russell as an ideal pivot man—tall, agile, fast-moving, a great jumper and rebounder—and observed that Philadelphia's celebrated rookie, Wilt Chamberlain, who is over seven feet, appeared to have all these same attributes. During the first weeks of the season Chamberlain was running ahead of Russell in rebounds as well as in points scored.

"For a pivot man, shooting ability is secondary," Bob went on. "If he moves correctly—toward the basket when he receives the ball—all he has to do is stuff it into the hoop, because he's practically looking down at it.

"As for corner men, the best examples I can think of are Dolph Schayes of Syracuse and Tom Heinsohn of the Celtics. Schayes is six-eight and Heinsohn six-seven, and both men are as rugged as they are tall. They can fight for the ball off the backboard and murder the opposition while doing it. And both are great shots from almost any angle.

"In the backcourt, the ideal would be a big man who could do what Martin and Sharman do. Those two may be small, but they're fast and cute, and they know all the moves. And they can pass. This is a must for a backcourt man. He won't do much scoring himself, and it's his job to feed the ball to the forwards who will."

Cousy didn't say so, but he has averaged nearly twenty points a game as a backcourt man, and he also is considered the greatest ball handler and passer of all. Statistically his playmaking skill shows up in the column marked "assists," which records passes leading directly to scores. Cousy has more assists to his credit than anyone else in the history of the game. He has led the league every year since the 1952–53 season. He does fantastic things with the ball. However, when I asked him about these trick maneuvers, which are Cousy trade-marks, he was somewhat inclined to pooh-pooh them.

"It's been exaggerated, Al," he said. "I think what's helped me more than anything is that I get a much bigger kick out of setting up a play than scoring a basket. As a result, I've done a lot of experimenting in keeping control of the ball, mostly in the heat of a game. I've learned to dribble, pass and transfer the ball from hand to hand behind my back.

"But I never pull these stunts unless I have to. I'll do something behind my back only when I'm too well covered to do it the conventional way. My faking is no different from anyone else's. All good pros can fake. I may get away with it more often because of my physical attributes. I have long arms and big hands and good peripheral vision, so sometimes I can work a little faster and see a little more without turning my head."

"How does all this improvising fit in with play patterns?" I wanted to know. "Don't teams like the Celtics operate mostly from set patterns?"

"Not at all," Cousy said. "Ninety per cent of our pattern is free lance. We're always looking for the fast break. This is the style of play Red Auerbach uses. We try to get into scoring position before the defensive team has a chance to assume

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Second Thoughts on the Way to a Man's Heart

By Barbara Kremer

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gai pan.
I studied the cookbooks like
fury
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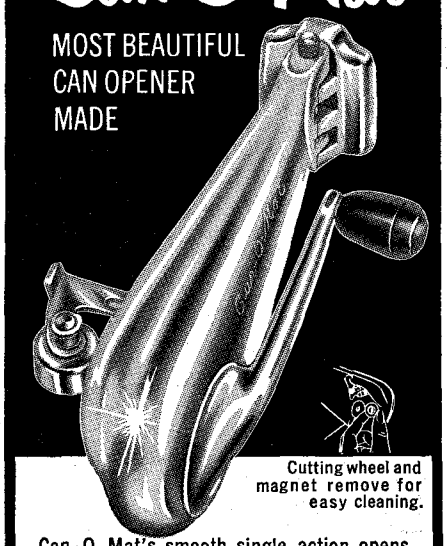

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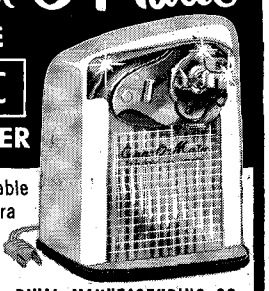

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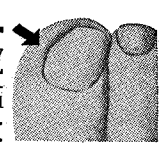

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its proper defensive position. You can do this only with general patterns, not specific ones.

"If we don't get a fast break, we deliberately hold up play until we can get Russell into the pivot. That's when we move into a set pattern. With no immediate need for speed, we'll pass the ball around until we can feed it to Russell for a shot."

"I've seen you or Sharman come down slowly from the backcourt with one of you giving a finger signal," I said. "What does that mean?"

"Primarily it means that we're too late for a fast break," Cousy said. "But it could also mean that we're sluggish and not moving the ball well, and we're trying to find a way to loosen the team up. The signs designate any one of half a dozen plays that put certain men in certain spots on the court, and set up specific blocks to break someone free for a clean shot.

"In a tight last-minute situation we'll use set plays. If the score is tied or we're a point or two behind and have time for only one shot, we want to do everything possible to make that shot good."

Cousy said he was all for the major rule changes that have been instituted since he broke into the N.B.A. This includes the twenty-four-second rule—the offensive team must shoot within that time or surrender the ball—and the awarding of a bonus shot on every foul after the sixth one that a team commits in any quarter.

"Up until those rules went in five years ago," he declared, "we had so much stalling and fouling, especially near the end of close games, that the fans got disgusted. The team in front would try to hold the ball indefinitely by passing it around without taking a shot at the basket. The only way the other team could get the ball would be by fouling deliberately, and giving away one possible point in order to take possession and have a chance for two. The result was a whistling and fouling match that drove everyone crazy. The new rules have put an end to all that."

I asked Cousy what other important changes he has seen during his ten seasons in the league.

"Well, we're more stabilized," he replied. "In the early years the league was pretty shaky. We had eleven teams, but some of them were in terrible financial shape. It was just a question of time when they would move or fold. Now we have only eight, and most of them are almost certain to stay where they are.

"In 1950 we didn't have the right cities—too many small ones and not enough big ones. And our teams in Baltimore and Washington were too weak to survive. Today the only cities left from my rookie days are Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Syracuse and Minneapolis. Rochester has moved to Cincinnati, Fort Wayne to Detroit and Milwaukee, which came into the league in 1951, to St. Louis.

"These have all been good moves, but I'm sure there are more to come. Chicago already has a franchise and will start operating next year. Pittsburgh must be close to being ready, and San Francisco, Los Angeles and Seattle should be coming in soon. The N.B.A. has had a rough struggle, but now it's reaching the status of a truly big league."

"Do you think Minneapolis and Syracuse are big-league cities?" I asked.

Cousy grinned. "Don't put me on the spot, Al," he said. "Every time I imply that they're not, I hear about it. Let's just say that any change from a small city to a great metropolitan center must be a change for the better."

The discussion of different cities led us quite naturally into the subject of traveling. Basketball players move faster and farther than any other professional athletes. Unlike baseball players, whose road games are played in series and who enjoy long home stays, basketball men make a lot of one-night stands on the road and rarely are home for more than two days at a time. Unlike pro footballers, who compete once a week, they often play four or more games every seven days.

Cousy insisted, however, that it was easy for a regular starter to stand up under the N.B.A. pace. "I'm in there thirty-five to forty minutes a game," he said, "and I don't have any trouble. The guys who do are the fellows who play maybe five or ten minutes a night.

"No matter how much running you do one day, you'll be ready to do just as much the next if you've eaten well and are properly rested. I eat like a pig and can sleep anywhere. I can't take quite the beating I could ten years ago—I'm a little more prone to injury—but it isn't serious enough to stop me."

It was at this point that he singled out mental weariness as the chief problem a player has to contend with during the course of the N.B.A. grind. I asked whether he had ways of combating this.

"What I try to do," he explained, "is pick an incident or think of some personal rivalry as a means of getting myself worked up for a given game. For example, if we're playing St. Louis, I recall all the times Slater Martin has outsmarted me, and I say to myself, 'This time I'll show him I'm better than he is.' Or I think of the last beating we took at the hands of the club we're playing, and make up my mind that we'll make them pay for it. Or I center my attention on someone who caused me an injury—or if not me, somebody else on our club. I'm not a natural hater, so it isn't easy, but it's the only thing I can do."

Cousy has a hard time generating a feud with anyone, because he is probably the most popular man in the league. One reason is the work he did to organize the pro-basketball players' "union."

I remarked to Cousy that since he started the union and saw it through all its growing pains, its present success must be a source of deep satisfaction to him.

"Naturally I'm glad to see it working out," he said. "I'm not as active in it as I used to be. I feel we've been pretty successful. Three years ago we had a great many concessions granted to us by the owners, and now we're in the process of trying to get a pension plan. We hope that will go through this year.

"Things are progressing along amiable lines. We don't antagonize the owners or keep threatening to strike or make unreasonable demands. They're aware of our problems and sympathetic to them. While there'll always be differences of opinion, they're not serious enough to get excited about."

I asked Cousy about the contract he signed this year with Walter Brown, the Celtics' owner. Wilt Chamberlain supposedly was given more than $30,000 to switch from the Harlem Globetrotters to the Philadelphia Warriors, but, according to reports, Cousy's new pact will bring him even more than that.

"It might," he agreed. "The contract is based on attendance, and it was drawn at my suggestion. I hesitated to ask for a raise because Walter has always been fair with me, and I didn't want him to feel I was trying to take advantage of him. Actually the contract is a gamble for me. If the Celtics collapse at the gate, I'll end up making less than I did before. But if everything works out, I'll collect somewhere around forty thousand dollars this year.

"That would be a record salary for the N.B.A. In order for me to get it, though, the Celtics will have to have a big year, and Brown a profitable season. I'm in favor of anything that helps Walter. He took a bigger gamble than any of us in the early days of the Celtics, when he went into hock for a quarter of a million dollars to keep the team alive. He was still deeply in debt when I first joined the club. If he had given up, the Celtics wouldn't be in Boston, and the whole league, which was wobbly enough at that time, might have folded.

"I feel I owe everything I have materially to Walter, and I'll do anything he wants me to. And that, incidentally, more than my mental attitude or anything else, will be the deciding factor in how long I continue to play."

Cousy said that from a financial angle he could quit now, because he has a number of profitable outside interests. He is part owner of Camp Graylag, a boys' camp in Pittsfield, New Hampshire, where he spends as much time as he can during the summer. He has an insurance business in Worcester in partnership with Joe Sharry, an old friend of his. He helps promote Jantzen bathing suits, and conducts basketball clinics and sells "Bob Cousy" basketball shoes for B. F. Goodrich. Red Auerbach and he put on clinics and demonstrations in Europe and Africa every year.

And what are his long-range plans?

"Well," he said, "the camp and the insurance business will keep going whether I'm around or not. Eventually I'd like to spend more time at the camp than I do. It's a beautiful spot for me to relax with my family. And I like working with kids.

"Jantzen and Goodrich have both asked me to continue with them in a public-relations capacity after I'm through playing basketball, and I hope we can work something out. But I've got to be connected with basketball in some capacity. I don't know if I want to fight that N.B.A. coaching rat race, but we'll see what happens when the time comes."

What is his advice to young fellows with professional basketball ambitions?

"For a top star there's a real good future," Cousy declared. "Basketball is big business now, and outstanding players can collect a lot of money, both in and out of season. The game is growing, and there's no salary ceiling for the man who can pull in the customers.

"But the average or mediocre player is never going to get anywhere in this business. He'll start at about six thousand, and he might get up to seven thousand in five years. If he's lucky, he'll pick up a few more bucks for play-off games. But the longer he plays, the worse off he is, because he has nothing but early retirement to look forward to.

"A man like that is much better off starting in industry at maybe four thousand a year after he gets out of college. At the end of five years he'll be up to seven thousand, with a good future ahead of him. That will put him financially even with the basketball player, and five years ahead of him in business experience.

"The ideal is to play basketball and work in industry at the same time. Several big corporations maintain amateur teams, and some of them are good. As a rule they don't pay big salaries, because they're not paying a fellow for his basketball services. But basketball opens the door, and the journeyman, run-of-the-mill player is crazy if he doesn't walk in."

I asked Bob to sum up what distinguishes the potential star from the journeyman.

"Assuming that a man has the physical equipment," said Cousy, "he must have the desire too. He can get to be a star only by working his brains out, practicing until it comes out of his ears. That's how fellows like Bob Pettit, Bill Russell, Bill Sharman, Dolph Schayes, Wilt Chamberlain and all the other top men did it, and that's the way I did it. I started playing when I was thirteen years old, and until recently I played every day—winter and summer, in season and out. There aren't any short cuts. The only way to stardom is the hard way. There are always new things to learn, new things to look forward to.

"I know that I'll be tired and fed up again by the end of this season, but right now I'm as enthusiastic as ever. My big concern is to try to help the Celtics win another championship. I think we've got the greatest basketball team that's ever been put together, led by the shrewdest coach, operated by the most generous owner and playing in the best city before the fairest fans. If that sounds like pouring it on, I'm sorry. But I mean every word of it." THE END

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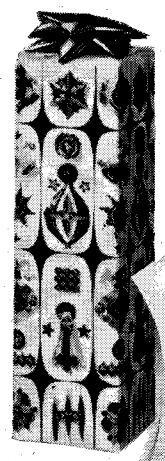

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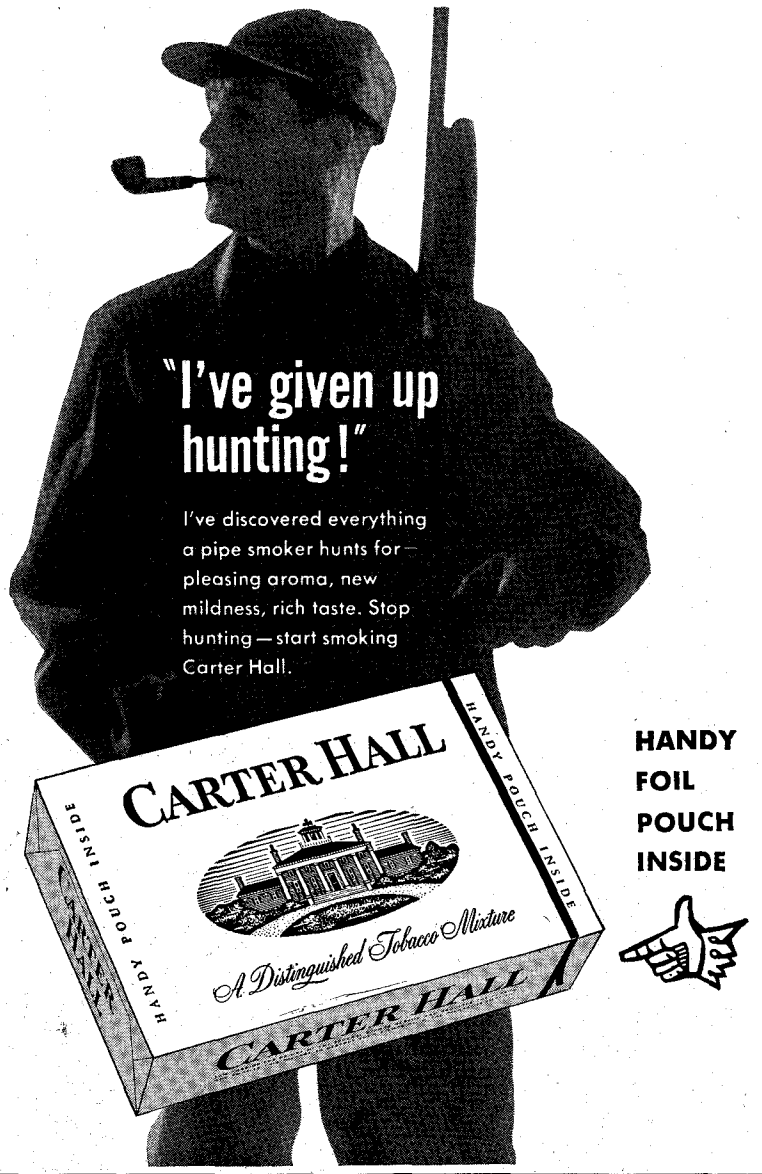
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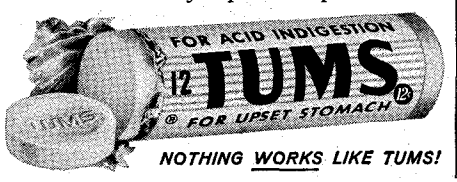

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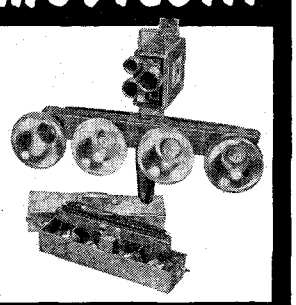

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Why Britain Squelched the Socialists

(Continued from Page 25)

up with a new, dynamic program—a program worthy of the backing of every citizen in search of an alternative to Tory ways and Tory goals.

But how to go about it? Small wonder that, as soon as the results were out, the Labor chieftains fell to quarreling with one another. Rejuvenate the party? Yes—but how? The Marxian left, which during the campaign had clamored for more rather than less straight socialism in the party's platform, was trumpeting, "I told you so!" Its weekly *Tribune* proclaimed that the party's defeat was due to the fact that it "did not believe in its own program." If Labor wanted to recover, said the *Tribune*, a massive dose of socialism was the only medicine.

At the same time, the moderates, rallying around the party's able leader, Hugh Gaitskell, demanded that the party purge its lingo of such expressions as "the militant working class" and the like—expressions which, they argued, kept alive the "damaging myth" of the class struggle. They urged the party to revise its program, deleting from it the demand for the nationalization of privately owned industries. Some of them went so far as to suggest that the defeated party change its name, which had, in their opinion, a sectarian ring.

As Labor leaders, in a desperate effort to keep their party from disintegrating, picked sixty-two-year-old Aneurin Bevan—the former idol of the boisterous left who had become a middle-of-the-roader—as Mr. Gaitskell's deputy, the chances were that the thrice-beaten party would survive. With the inquiry into its defeat wide open, Labor would spend the next few months "rethinking" its philosophy.

American observers here, meanwhile, were quietly appraising the results of the election in terms of our own relations with Great Britain. They had reason for satisfaction. Not only would there be no rocking of the boat of the western alliance in which we have worked harmoniously with the Macmillan government, but there would be no new experiment with socialism in a country whose economic health is of vital importance to the entire western world. With a new five-year term of office ahead of him, the British prime minister would be free to toil toward his grand objective—a lessening of East-West tension.

It's true, his victory was not a landslide. His party had received a total of 13,750,935 votes, compared to 13,310,891 in the elections of 1955; while the Labor Party's vote, at the same time, had receded from 12,405,254 to 12,216,166. Still, this slight shifting of the ground, thanks to the straight majority system, sufficed to give the Tories 366 out of a total of 630 seats in Britain's House of Commons, increasing their majority from 53 to 102.

Moreover, no political party had scored three victories in a row in modern times. And the mere fact that the Conservatives, in office for eight years, had won a third term with an increased majority, transformed a routine poll into a rousing vote of confidence for "Supermac."

The three-week campaign preceding the election on October eighth had been extremely lively. Both major parties to the very end seemed confident of winning. Both shouted, "We've got them on the run!" While the opinion polls were gradually zeroing in—"Labor's down," "Labor's up," "They're running neck and neck," "The Tories are ahead"—the London Stock Exchange had made up its collective mind a few days before polling day and started a sharp climb.

What were the issues? Prosperity and peace—and very little else. Accompanying Macmillan on a whistle-stop tour through the working-class suburbs of London and down the river into Kent, I heard him tell crowd after crowd of Saturday-morning shoppers that they had never had it so good—and that, therefore, they should return to office the Conservatives who were responsible for their prosperity.

Standing there on the platform of a truck or on an improvised street-corner rostrum, facing into the blazing sun of a hot Indian summer, the tall, aristocratic-looking prime minister, with his studiedly casual manner and his languid drawl, seemed to embody the very essence of the British upper class—his Indiana mother notwithstanding. But, though you might have taken him for a bored country squire having a go at politics because a man did have to do something with his spare time, there was no doubt that the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You're working too hard, Ralph."

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Conservative leader knew what he was talking about.

Time and again he reminded his listeners—men in working clothes, housewives in slacks, young couples pushing prams—that life was good in Britain. Time and again they answered with a cheer. "Life is good—don't let Labor ruin it!" was the Conservatives' main slogan, and it was hard to argue with the first part of that statement. Britain was in fine shape. Her gold and currency reserves had gone up steadily in the last year, prices had hardly budged in eighteen months, real wages had edged up, and there was little unemployment. For the first time, the British wage earner could afford a refrigerator and a washing machine. He was renting a television set, he was making payments on central heating for his house, he had his eyes set on a car. There was an aura of good feeling everywhere.

To what extent all this was due to the Conservative regime was open to debate, of course. Terms of world trade had been in Britain's favor for some time now, enabling her to buy her raw materials cheaply and sell her manufactured goods expensively in the world market. But while the Tories had been lucky, it was also true that their deflationary policies and their endorsement of free enterprise had put prosperity on a granite foundation. Foreign, especially American, investments had poured into the British Isles. For all of this, Macmillan could claim credit, and the Labor Party knew it.

Prosperity was coupled, in the Tory platform, with peace. Perhaps one could be doubtful here again as to the share Macmillan had in breaking what he called the "ice jam" of the cold war—historians of the future might settle this moot point. At any rate, the prime minister sounded plausible enough when telling the electorate that his visit to Moscow last February had brought about the thaw. Without his intervention, he hinted, there would have been no Eisenhower-Khrushchev meeting at Camp David. It was the trail he had blazed that would lead to the summit—and who was better qualified than he, Macmillan, to represent the British people at those lofty heights? He went so far, on one occasion, to state that a summit meeting was "all set"; and had to be reminded, rather painfully, by White House spokesman James C. Hagerty that this just wasn't so.

Macmillan thus held all the trumps in the debate on the only two issues that really mattered to the British people—prosperity and peace. What more could a free people ask for than the continuation of a government responsible for those twin blessings? Thus, from the outset, Labor was denied the battle cry that, after two consecutive Tory terms of office, would have seemed logical—"Time for a change!"

Considering this initial handicap, it is only fair to say that Labor ran a spirited campaign and gave the Tories a hard time. The Labor Party's greatest asset was its leader, Hugh Gaitskell. Like his opponent, he was new to the top post, having succeeded Attlee, just as Macmillan had succeeded Eden, after the last elections. Almost as upper class in looks and bearing as the prime minister, he started off on what appeared to be a note of diffidence. However, having heard himself repeat a few times that Labor could do better than the Tories, he seemed to be believing it himself. His manner became firm, his voice waxed crisper; he grew in stature, almost visibly, until he was a challenger who could conceivably defeat the champion on points.

In the foreign field the parties were not far apart. Both stood for friendship with the West and talks with Russia. Gaitskell, it is true, might have strained Anglo-American relations by pressing, as head of a Labor government, for recognition of Red China. But, probably aware of a profound public indifference toward the niceties of foreign policy, he did not stress the point. Nor did you hear much about Labor's scheme of "disengagement" from the heart of Europe, or about its ideal of a "nonnuclear club" based on a joint renunciation of atomic weapons by all nations except the United States and Russia. Although the Suez question was warmed over in an attempt to embarrass the Conservatives, the voters simply would not bite. And even Labor's indignation over the torture killings of eleven Africans in a British camp at Hola, in the Mau Mau country, elicited no more than a "too bad" from the electorate.

But on domestic issues, one could quibble with the Tories. Prosperity? Well and good, but wasn't the British worker's average take-home pay still only thirteen pounds—$36.40—a week? Surely one could achieve an even ampler life, and all one had to do was to "expand" production. If this meant throwing to the winds the Tories' prudent economic policy and weakening the pound, the Labor Party evidently did not mind. It was this Labor tendency to court inflation—leading, as it inevitably would, toward a withdrawal of foreign investments from Britain—that had American observers worried.

As time was running out, Labor became more reckless. Promises started flying hot and heavy—promises of cash on the barrelhead. Vote Labor and you'll see your old-age pension of two-pounds-ten, or seven dollars, increased by ten shillings, $1.40, a week! This refreshingly straightforward bribe, with its appeal to the old and nearly old, was rounded out by a promise to repeal the sales tax on nonluxuries—an interesting come-on to young couples who found the tax on household goods a burden on their budget. A third promise—not to raise the income tax—took care of everybody with an income.

No doubt these promises did draw some electoral support. But inasmuch as Labor leaders did not trouble to explain how they could pay out more in pensions without taking in more in taxes, the general reaction remained skeptical. There even was a note of irritation among potential Labor voters—"Who do they think we are to try and buy our votes?" Macmillan, well aware of this resentment, twitted the opposition toward the end of the sunny campaign by promising rain on election day. He did not say where it would rain, and got a good laugh in return.

From its headquarters in London's Transport House—no more than fifty yards from Tory headquarters—the Labor Party swamped the British public with a flood of printed matter that was the slickest thing in pamphleteering England had ever seen. "Madison Avenue, New York, could not have done a better job," some Londoners were saying. And Labor's television programs were so much better than the Tories' hammy, old-fashioned and wishy-washy shows that you could hear worried Conservatives exclaim, "They're beating us on television!" It wasn't until the tail end of the campaign that the Conservatives caught up and turned in one or two professional performances.

By contrast, Labor's vote-getting machine was not always a match for the well-oiled, efficient Tory apparatus. In Manchester, the heart of the industrial Midlands, Labor's regional organizer, a tough old-timer named Reg Wallis, gave me a run-down on his bailiwick. "I've got eighty constituencies in my region," he

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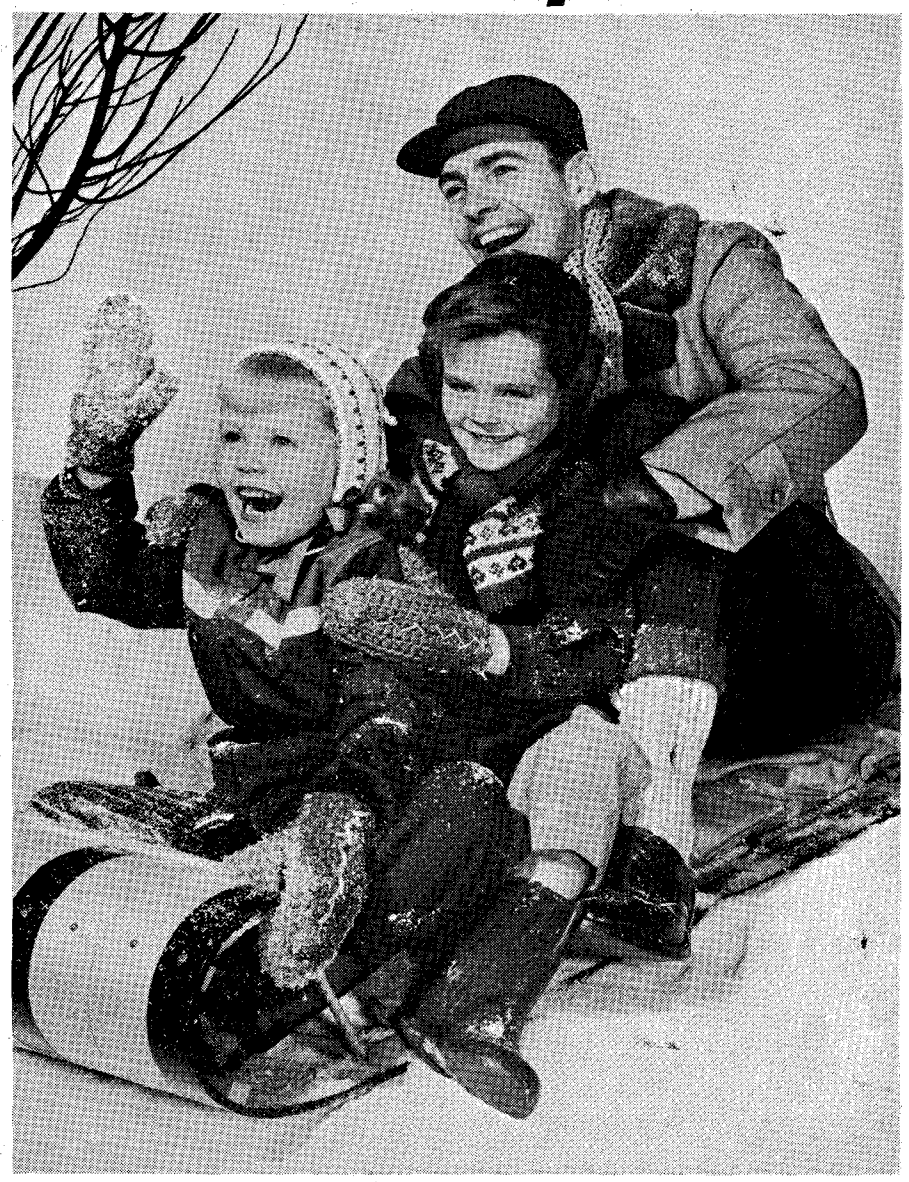

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said. "In every single one of them the Tories have a full-time, well-paid party agent. In many of them there'll also be an assistant agent, a clerical staff and a special woman organizer. Frankly, our party doesn't have that kind of setup. We have paid agents—poorly paid—in only twenty-five of those constituencies, many of them working without clerical help. In the remaining fifty-five our interests are looked after by volunteers—a boilermaker or a road sweeper, trying to keep the records of, say, sixty thousand voters in his spare time!"

The Tory women in particular were hard to beat. I saw them on the warpath in Croydon South, on the edge of Greater London—a precinct containing a mixed bag of low-rent flats and fancy residential neighborhoods. "We're not even trying to convert the Labor voters," I was told by Mrs. Val Dorfman, the good-looking, vivacious chairman of the Conservative Party's local women's section. "We're concentrating on the Tories and on the floating vote. Come and meet the committee."

From her big house on millionaires' row where she lives with her husband, a London theater owner, she took me to the makeshift office the ladies had set up in a garage. Exhausted lady volunteers kept coming in from their rounds of the wards, flopped down on folding chairs and kicked their shoes off. Out of their bulging handbags came the cards that listed voters street by street and house by house. In a special column the affiliations of those already visited were marked—*C* for Conservative, *S* for Socialist and *D* for doubtful. The point was to get out the vote. If there were any questions the Amazons were unable to answer, the Tory candidate—a Mr. Thompson—would call on the constituent in person. Croydon South voted, as it had before, Conservative—with the Tory majority going up from 6700 to 8215.

Even the most elaborate machine, of course, would falter in the face of a superior enemy. I spent a day in the bleak, grimy town of Blackburn, a "doubtful" Lancashire constituency where Labor in the last election had scraped in with an eyelash majority of 489. Here was a rather special situation. Not only was the Labor candidate, red-haired Barbara Castle, one of the most flamboyant figures in the House of Commons; she also happened to be this year's chairman of the Labor Party. (This office rotates annually, in contrast to that of the party's political leader who is elected for an indefinite term.) The Conservatives were, understandably, leaving no stone unturned in their attempt to throw her out.

"It's a prestige fight," I was told by the local Tory organizer, a tired-looking gentleman. "If we win this one, I'm it! I'll be able to go anywhere I want to in my party."

But even while the Tories were pouring money into Blackburn and while their candidate, the heir to a local brewing fortune, reminded voters that his grandfather and great-grandfather had sat in Parliament, Barbara prowled the wards. I saw her climb a chair under a gloomy street lamp and, with her rousing oratory, draw men and women from their cottages with Pied Piper sureness. Later that night, she held a meeting of 1000 spellbound with a harangue during which, by turns, she pleaded, wheedled, coaxed, snarled, ranted, whispered, purred and screeched. "The Tories are demoralized," she cried out in concluding. "Yes, it's becoming a rout!" Faced with such broadsides, The Tory onslaught crumpled. Blackburn stayed in the Labor camp, and Barbara in Parliament—with a majority, this time, of 2866.

Between the millstones of the two big parties, the splinter parties were ground down. Scottish and Welsh nationalists, running their own campaigns, found there was no room for romantics in British politics. The Communists, out of the House of Commons since 1950, ran eighteen unsuccessful candidates, garnering 30,897 votes, compared to 33,144 in 1955. And Britain's former No. 1 fascist, Sir Oswald Mosley, who promised the white population of London's race-riot-plagued Notting Hill he would "send home" the colored people who'd come to settle in their midst, was disrespectfully sent home himself.

The only outsiders who managed a good showing were the Liberals who, while not adding a new seat in Parliament to the half dozen they already held, nevertheless increased their share of the popular vote from 2.7 to 5.9 per cent. Once the proud champion of all left-of-center thought in Britain, this well-intentioned party saw a chance for a quick comeback in the large number of "don't knows" observed by the opinion polls. "There's a general fed-upness with both major parties," I was told by Frank Byers, the Liberal campaign manager. "If we could detach all the non-Marxists from the Labor party and the progressives from the Tories, we'd once again be a great party. We believe there's room here for a middle way."

There wasn't, to be sure. But though "fed-upness" was not general enough to nurture a third party, it did exist—and was a problem to Labor leaders in particular. Indeed, the deep-seated malaise afflicting Britain's Labor movement during the campaign presaged the quarrel that was to divide the Labor chieftains after their defeat.

Since 1867, the year in which the British workingman was first enfranchised—and incidentally the year in which Karl Marx published the first volume of *Das Kapital*—Labor had come a long, long way. It had got its first taste of political power in 1924. It had marched from victory to victory until, swept into office by the returning soldiers' vote in 1945, it had turned Britain into one of the world's most social-minded countries—a country where some vital industries were publicly owned and where the citizen was taken care of from womb to tomb.

What else was there to do? What other worlds were there to conquer? Social justice had become part and parcel of the British way of life—the welfare state was built so securely that, as one Labor politician put it, "the Tories would be finished if they started fiddling with it." Even the classic Labor panacea of "full employment" had been snatched up by the Conservatives, who in this campaign were using it as if it were their own invention.

Britain was on the move. The Marxian concept of a downtrodden, exploited proletariat, on which the Labor movement was weaned, had long since taken on a hollow ring. The British worker had gone middle class, while the old upper class had been assiduously leveled down. Although the local squirearchy was still identified with Tory politics out in the precincts, and though the Tories had as many business executives in Parliament as Labor had trade-union officers and schoolteachers, the line between the parties' followers was disappearing. Already, all you had to do to transmute Labor voters into Tories was to bulldoze a slum and settle its inhabitants in a "nice" neighborhood. In some housing developments, unreconstructed Laborites were careful not to say so for fear of being snubbed by fellow tenants.

To make things worse, the Labor Party's image was tarnished with postwar austerity. It was under a socialist regime, in the years after World War II, that Britain had to "do without." What the prospect of a Labor victory conjured up to many voters was a dreary picture—a picture that in these fat years seemed like a ghost joining the banquet. You could sell anything today but socialism.

And yet, the Labor Party was still speaking with the voice of an aggressive proletariat. It still presented all big business as fundamentally corrupt—notwithstanding the fact that union funds were being invested nowadays in common stocks. It was still pledged to renationalize the British steel industry, which the Conservatives had handed back to private enterprise. And the party's left wing, ever girding its loins for the assault on some imaginary bastille, was plugging for more socialism.

At the same time, the more responsible people in the Labor camp were openly distressed to see their party stuck with obsolete ideas and slogans. "Nationalize steel?" one prominent trade-union leader said to me. "What is the point, if it would only mean creating a vast, top-heavy bureaucracy that would make life unattractive to our workers and employees—and when it would give our more efficient private-enterprise competitors abroad a chance to get ahead of us?"

As one looked into Labor's council chambers during the campaign one could detect the first faint stirrings of a right-wing revolution. Some Labor men were saying, though not as yet too loudly, that socialism itself was a dead issue and that the party, to survive, would have to come to terms with the new age. There even were some fairly prominent figures in the Labor camp who were admitting they would not be sorry to see the Tories win; the Labor Party was, in their opinion, too disorientated and unsettled to take over the country at this point.

Whether a Labor victory would have healed the discord, and for how long, are interesting subjects for speculation. Defeat, at any rate, removed all pretenses of harmony inside the Labor camp and brought the party's painful quest for a new policy out in the open.

As the debate now stands, the moderates are likely to prevail. There's every reason to believe that a rejuvenated Labor Party, lined up behind a new, constructive program, will soon emerge from the defeat—and that it will be ready to take over when Britain's sovereign voter feels the time has come to call in a new team.

Seen in this light, the national elections of 1959 may be a steppingstone in the slow forward movement of a democratic people known the world over for their marvelous ability to muddle through.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

LOS ANGELES BATTLES THE MURK

A Smog-Plagued City's Fight for Clean Air

By Arnold Nicholson

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 42:

A NEW SCREWTAPE LETTER

By C. S. Lewis

COL. ERNIE PINSON:

THE AIR FORCE'S HUMAN GUINEA PIG

By Neil Clark

SWEDEN: PARADISE WITH PROBLEMS

By Peter Wyden

JERRY GIESLER TELLS ABOUT ROBERT MITCHUM AND WALTER WANGER

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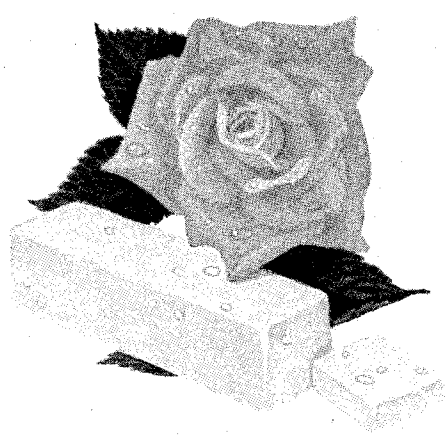

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I Traveled the Road to Bethlehem

(Continued from Page 23)

There is hardly a turn in this road or a stone by the wayside that does not have a story to tell, for this is truly a highway of history; the way from Dan to Beersheba, the old road from Jerusalem to Damascus.

Outside Nazareth, a little higher on the hill, is a neat little chapel in a vineyard. Below it, like a great green lap robe on the knees of the Galilean hills, the landscape rolls away to the blue Mediterranean twenty miles away. It was here, and at the hands of his own neighbors, that Jesus' life was first threatened. Because of his teachings and the miracles he wrought, the elders of the synagogue aroused the mobs against him and all but dashed him to his death from this precipice.

Here is where by a miracle "he, passing through the midst of them, went his way." Mary stood here that day, her heart in her mouth, with a grim foreboding of a more terrible hour to come on a hill far away by Jerusalem's walls. And so here today the gentle Franciscans tend their vines by the Chapel of St. Mary of the Fright.

South of Nazareth, at the base of Mount Tabor, we come to a jumbled stone relic, the ruins of a shrine built on the probable spot where the young man of dumb spirit was healed by Jesus. Tabor has been thought by some to be the Mount of Transfiguration. It has always inspired awe. David, praising God, sang, "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name." Not long after Jesus performed the miracle of the loaves and fishes, He took Peter and John and James up onto a mountain, perhaps Tabor. As they stood with Jesus "his face did shine as the sun," and Moses and Elijah stood at his side. Peter and his fellows beheld this miracle, and immediately there was "a cloud that overshadowed them; and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him."

I have no doubt that Mary and Joseph, as they trudged this road, saw such low-flying clouds drift off the Mediterranean to shroud this lofty peak. It is a common-enough sight today, and Moshe tells me there will soon be rain on Tabor's fertile plains. Did Mary dream as she passed this way that her unborn son would stand one day transfigured on this height, flanked by the oracles of the ages? Some scholars are convinced that Tabor is the place where Christ appeared to the eleven disciples—eleven because Judas had already hanged himself after the betrayal—and delivered the Great Commission, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations. . . ."

Who can pass this way and not ascend this most majestic mountain in all the land of the saints and prophets? Moshe noses his grumbling vehicle up the corkscrew roadway between the terraced vineyards and the pomegranate trees. Soon we are standing among the ruins of a great fortress which the Saracens built in the thirteenth century, inhaling the clean perfume of the sighing evergreens. Unfolded below us is the multicolored "map of God's country."

To the northeast rears the great hoary cone of Hermon, and northwest is little Nazareth, whence we came, and old Carmel by the sea. To the south is Endor, a busy Canaanite town long before Saul, first great king of Mary's people, led his army into disastrous battle against the Philistines. Rolling round about it are the storied Plains of Esdraelon, the thorny hedgerows of Jezreel, scene of Jezebel's scandals.

It requires but a few minutes to drop from Tabor and regain the main highway to sail over the undulating green that has made old Palestine an emerald prize for centuries. Across the hills to the left is Gilboa, scene of King Saul's inglorious defeat. It is here that we find perhaps history's first account of military censorship. David, upon hearing of the general's decimation, ordered, "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice. . . ."

All too soon, at a point above old Egannin, Moshe has taken me as far toward Bethlehem as it is possible for either of us to pass on this road. This is the place on the lower tier of Galilee where Christ healed the ten lepers, and only one, a lowly Samaritan, thought to express his thanks. Were it possible, I would here exchange Moshe for his Arab cousin Musa and continue my journey uninterrupted. But there is no crossing. For a person standing on either side of this barrier and facing either Bethlehem or Nazareth it is easier to get to any other place on earth than the village at the end of the road.

Reluctantly we turn our backs on a flinty field that was the campground of the famed VI Iron Legion of Rome and make our way back to Nazareth. Moshe must now drive me down another road in Israel to the section of Jerusalem in that country, where border guards will stamp my crossing permit. At Mandelbaum Gate, the only crossover point on

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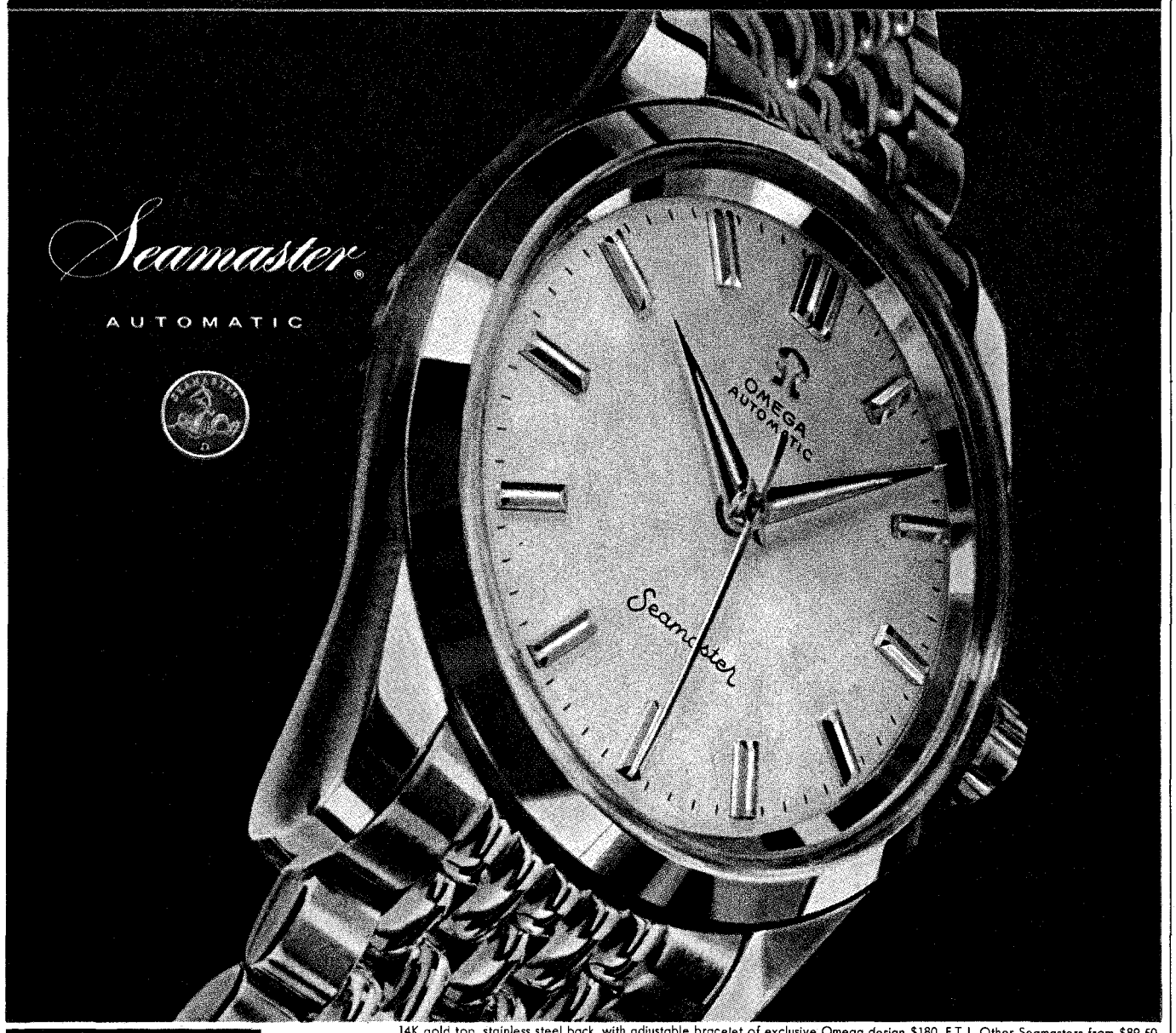

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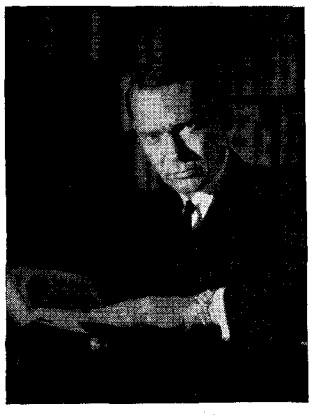

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the whole Israeli-Jordanian frontier, I say good-by to Moshe—his words, "I wish I could take you to Bethlehem," still ringing in my ears. I must spend the night in Jerusalem, Jordan, for it is now too late in the afternoon to drive the seventy miles northward to pick up again the trail of Mary and Joseph.

Early the next morning as we seek that rendezvous, Musa tells me the same stories I heard from yesterday's Moshe. This is not odd, for in the days of undivided Palestine they worked side by side in bustling Jerusalem, world center of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. "I wish we could go all the way to Nazareth," Musa laments. "In the old days I went there a thousand times."

But Musa and I must resume my broken journey on the south side of the row of dragon's teeth that halted my progress yesterday. We do so near Dothan, where an earlier Joseph, favored son of Jacob, was sold by his envious brothers to agents who in turn sold him into Egyptian bondage. It was at Dothan that the massed army of Ben-hadad, with its "mountain full of horses and chariots of fire," was struck blind by the prayers of Elisha, a story well known to those who traveled to Bethlehem in Mary's band.

And now comes Sebastye, believed by some to be the place where Salome danced and demanded as her reward the head of Jesus' cousin on a silver charger. Here, too, were found the ruins of the fabled palace of ivory reared by Ahab. It is today a threshing floor, circled round with fine Roman columns and littered with broken statuary. We seek out the inevitable little coffeehouse and sit with the Arab villagers as they point out the ruins of the sanctuary of St. John the Baptist, a twelfth-century basilica. They show me the hewn-rock prison underneath it where the prophet John may have despaired while up in the great banquet hall Salome unveiled her charms for Herod's guests.

Not far down the road is Nablus with its two famous mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, where the children of Israel were posted to shout the blessings and curses of Moses. By Nablus is the fountain where Christ amazed the Samaritan woman by asking her for water and then offering to her the water "of everlasting life." There are in Nablus today 314 descendants of the original Samaritans, practicing their ancient religion as they did at the time of this meeting at the well. We call on the high priest of this curious clan, who kindly offers to take us to the top of their holy Mount Gerizim.

The Samaritans believe that it was to this peak that Abraham went to sacrifice Isaac, and that somewhere on its stony, wind-blown summit are buried the lost Ark of the Covenant and the holy relics of Judaism. Our conveyance groans up a winding road, and we look down on yet another unforgettable Holy Land mosaic.

"You are going to Bethlehem, the town of Jesus?" the high priest asks. "That is good. Jesus was a good man and He understood the Samaritans. He is a brother of us all through Father Abraham—peace be on his name. Father Abraham, two thousand years before Mary and Joseph came this way to Bethlehem, pitched his tent in that valley below us and was told by God—who is exalted—'I will give this land to thy posterity.'"

I was as much awed by this elder as by the view beneath our bluff. Here he stood on his holy mountain, his white beard and purple robes flowing in the wind, a strange and intense light in his eyes, for all the world another Father Abraham or Moses on his Sinai.

"Three hundred years after that," he continued, "Jacob—upon whom be peace—returned from Mesopotamia with his flocks and bought the meadow you see down there. There he raised his tent and dug a well, the well you drank from a moment ago, the same water the Samaritan daughter gave to your Jesus Christ. Before his death in Egypt, Jacob willed this plot to his beloved Joseph—peace be upon him. And down there, by his father's well, Joseph's bones were finally laid to rest, for he had made his sons swear they would deliver him up out of the land of the Pharaohs to this green vale we call Shechem. Four hundred years later the children of Israel carried out his injunction when they marched up out of bondage. Joshua—eternal peace be upon him—buried Joseph's mummy beneath that oak you see."

I will not soon forget that hour spent on wind-whipped Gerizim. I feel that here I communed with the saints of antiquity, that I had a backward glimpse through the portals of a history beautiful beyond description. We came down the mountain in silence and turned our car toward Jerusalem.

We passed old Shiloh, where the Ark of the Covenant once reposed for more than 300 years, and soon we were in the Valley of the *(Continued on Page 101)*

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(*Continued from Page 99*) Robbers. Musa and the Jordanian soldier at his guard post recall how until recent years bands of thieves swooped down on unsuspecting caravans in this defile, murdered and looted and dashed back to safety in the surrounding hills.

"You will want to remember these fields on the left," Musa tells me. "Over there was Bethel, where Jacob in his dream saw a ladder descend from heaven and was promised the land where he lay. He called it Beth-el, the House of God. According to legend, the stone on which he rested his head was excavated, authenticated and became the stone of Scone, on which the Scottish kings were crowned, now the contested relic under Elizabeth's coronation chair in Westminster Abbey."

Now comes the town of Bire, Beeroth of the tribe of Benjamin, with its excellent spring. Here almost certainly transpired one of the finest of the Bible's stories involving the boy Jesus. Like all devout Jews, Mary and Joseph went to Jerusalem each year to celebrate the Passover. Returning from one such trip, they "went a day's journey" toward Nazareth before they missed their twelve-year-old son, having supposed him to be with the romping boys of the caravan. Anxiously they returned to Jerusalem and, after three days of searching, found young Jesus "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." Calmly he told his frantic parents, "I must be about my Father's business." How Mary must have trembled as she knew that the childhood days of her son who grew and waxed strong in Nazareth were ended forever.

Caravan stops being six hours apart, Bire would have been the first one north of Jerusalem, allowing for the usual delays in getting organized for a long trek. There was always the forgotten card of buttons, the last flagon with friends in the wineshop, the lost utensil to be found. Yes, Bire with its fine spring not far outside Jerusalem was the first caravansary on the high road to Galilee.

Soon the crenelated walls of Old Jerusalem appear. Into the narrow winding streets of the city went Mary and Joseph en route to Bethlehem.

Jerusalem! The mere mention of its name has fired the soul of man for centuries. What must have been Mary's thoughts as she trod its cobbled ways? Here her unbegotten son was to star in a drama that would shake and shape the world. In Jerusalem he was to be crucified. And from this place he would arise victorious over the grave to appear to the marveling apostles and convince the doubting Thomas.

How much of this story was locked in Mary's heart as she and Joseph made their way through the crowded streets and, turning their backs on Jerusalem, faced Bethlehem? The little town is now only ten miles away across the Valley of Rephaim, which marked the line between the tribes of Judah and Benjamin.

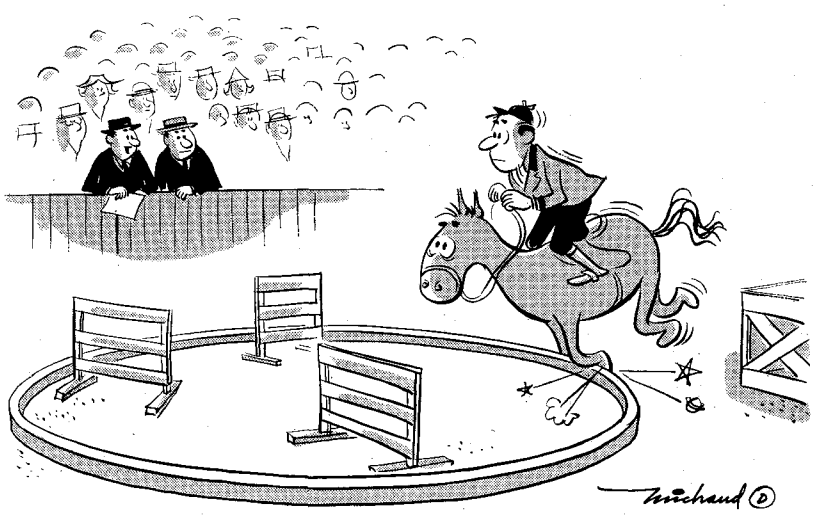
Here again the journey of Mary and Joseph was less complicated than that of today's traveler on this road. Because of the intruding armistice line, Musa takes me on a wide detour. We go out of Old Jerusalem through Dung Gate, the city's back door, and follow a winding road over steep hills and through many valleys. At the Christmas season this serpentine highway is clogged with thousands of the rich and poor from the world over, including Christians from hostile Israel. This is one time of the year when war and politics are put aside for a week in honor of the Prince of Peace.

Not far outside Jerusalem's mossy walls is the Well of the Magi, where tradition says the Wise Men paused to drink, having lost the star in a bank of clouds. As they refreshed themselves they saw their guiding light reflected in the shimmering spring and pressed on into Bethlehem. The well is by a convent on a hilltop, from whose height "Oh, little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie."

Spread along the spine of a ridge eight miles across a green vale is the town of the Nativity. On every side of Bethlehem the hills step down in neatly terraced order. Vineyards, barley plots and trees of the fig, almond and olive splash the seared landscape with an ever-welcome green. Tucked away in the valley below it is little Beit Sahour, the "Village of the Night Watchers," and nearby is the Field of the Shepherds, where at dusk this Christmas Eve hundreds of Christian pilgrims will gather to sing familiar carols, watch the stars appear in the darkening Judean sky and break the humble shepherds' cake.

These shrines are by the lush acres of Boaz, where the Moabite widow Ruth followed the sheaves gatherers on her knees. The rest of this classic is well known, of course; Boaz was captivated by the comely gleaner, instructed his reapers to leave full heads standing for her busy fingers and eventually took her for his wife.

And now I am in Bethlehem! Like Nazareth, it is a poor neglected village, the market place for the surrounding stony crofts. In the sixteenth century the benevolent Franciscans introduced in Bethlehem a novel cottage craft, mother-of-pearl work, to provide employment for the villagers. Descendants of the original artisans sit in their coves on Bethlehem's byways today, carefully fashioning bits of the shell into prayer-book covers,



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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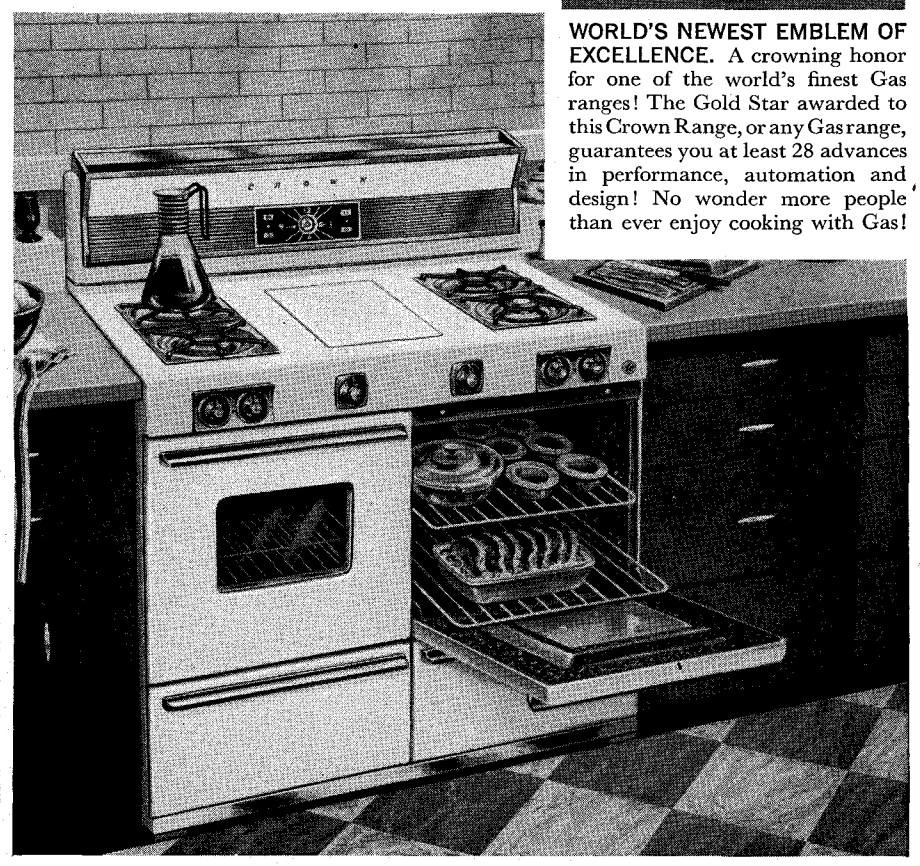

FASTER, COOLER, CLEANER COOKING THAN EVER BEFORE!

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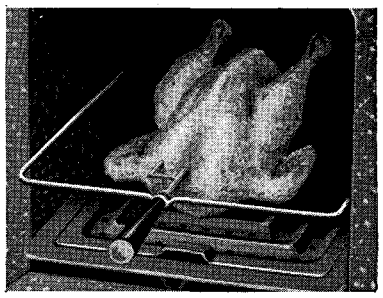

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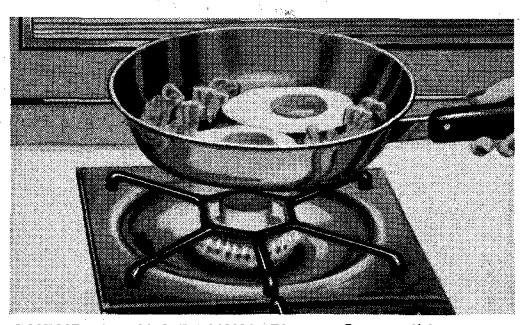

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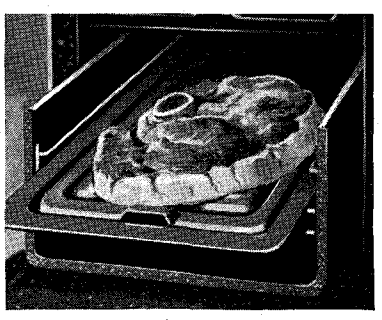

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Authentic
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strings of rosary beads, and alabaster crosses. A lively export business centered in stalls on the town's central quadrangle sends these items to every land in the world, even "Godless" Russia.

Manger Square is an appropriate name for this quiet plaza, for it is the grand entrance to the grotto stable where the Son of God emerged into the world of man. On it stands the Church of the Nativity, a great basilica of rough-hewn stone built in the shape of the cross. In A.D. 325 when Constantine, first Christian emperor of Rome, learned of the shabby state of the shrines in the Holy Land, he ordered a grand church erected on this site. Native tradition helped the builders find the true location. It was a well-known fact, handed down from father to son, that in a grove of planes under the tumbled ruins of Chimham's famous khan at the edge of town was a cave in which the miraculous birth took place. Constantine's edifice stood until A.D. 530, when its crippled arches, shaken by successive wars, were razed to make way for the cathedral that stands today.

In 614 when the Persians overran the Holy Land, the church was one of the few Bethlehem buildings spared from destruction. The invaders thought they identified Persians in the mosaics high on the church's walls. What they saw were the Magi, dressed in their robes of the East. In this church on Christmas Day in 1100, Baldwin I, brother of Godfrey de Bouillon, was crowned first king of Latin Jerusalem.

There is much Crusader legacy in Bethlehem today. It is apparent in the blue eyes, fair skins, and blond hair of the children at play in the narrow streets and in the dress of the villagers. The unique headdress of the women dates without doubt to the time of the holy wars. Impressed by the helmets, the mail and the flowing capes of the Christian soldiers, the Bethlehem women designed a high conical hat from which flows a trailing veil. Rows of threaded gold or silver coins are looped across the front, according to the wealth of the wearer, for in this manner the women of Bethlehem display their dowries.

To reach the place of the Nativity I walk the length of the stark, ill-lighted basilica and descend by polished stone stairs into a grotto under the great Greek Orthodox altar. To the casual observer this might appear to be a basement or sublevel of the church. In reality it is a natural cave in the stone, with the majestic church towering high over it. In the day of Mary and Joseph it was common practice to build living quarters over a natural cavern which could serve as a stable for livestock. Such exactly was the inn where there was no room, and this is the stable that was underneath.

There is an altar eternally illumined by flickering lamps of olive oil, adorned with a great silver star to mark the place where Mary delivered Jesus into the world. This priceless jewel of Christianity figured in one of the bloodiest and most senseless conflicts ever engaged in by man, the Crimean War. In that day there developed a controversy between French Roman Catholic monks and the Greek Orthodox brothers who, supported by the Russian Church, controlled this Holy of Holies. Somehow, in the heat of the dispute, the star was removed from the altar and spirited into hiding. This act proved to be one of the chief assigned "causes" of the Crimean War, in which the France of Napoleon III, Britain and Turkey were allied against the czar. All too soon the Light Brigade was charging into the valley of death, and into immortality through Tennyson's pen.

Three other major shrines are found in the honeycombed marl beneath the church. The most important is the Chapel of St. Joseph, where it is believed an angel appeared to the earthly father of Jesus and warned him to flee with his family into Egypt before the soldiers of Herod could seek them out and slay the Holy Infant.

Another is the Chapel of the Holy Innocents. It is a yawning pit which, when excavated after the church was built, yielded up baskets full of tiny human bones. It is thought to be the place the butchered baby sons of Bethlehem were dumped by the wrathful legionnaires seeking out the new-born king.

Still another subterranean chapel honors St. Jerome, who came to Bethlehem in the early fourth century and spent the rest of his life translating the holy writ, with, it is said, a great pet lion his constant companion. Under the foundation of the church there is a grotto where this scholar pored over the Hebrew texts to produce the Latin Vulgate.

To exit the Church of the Nativity, I pass through a side door into the adjacent Basilica of St. Catherine, a relatively new Roman Catholic church whence this Christmas Eve, as on other Christmas Eves before, the midnight Mass will be broadcast to the world by Moslem Jordan's radio service. It is an unforgettable moment when at the stroke of twelve all stops are pulled on the mighty organ and an overwhelming flood of praiseful music engulfs the massive vaulted nave, shivering the very columns of the church and causing the blood to run chill. All the glad bells of Bethlehem ring out to the wild sky and, outside in Manger Square, thousands of pilgrims fall on their knees and light their tapers.

In a little green valley beneath the stage of this joyous drama a watch fire dances in the chill wind that sweeps across the Shepherds' Field. Out in that lonely dell herdsmen recount the precious chronicle that is their proud heritage—the story of their fathers who on such a night long years ago looked heavenward over Bethlehem to behold a star brighter by far than any they had ever seen in all the wide skies.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. *Luke 2: 9–14*

THE END

... ...

Bout

By Millicent Ward Whitt

To reason with an
adolescent boy
Is trying for a hold on
running water
That on a wintry instant
In a trice
Has turned to ice.

Oh, for a sunny word to say
To start a freshet on its
way!

... ...

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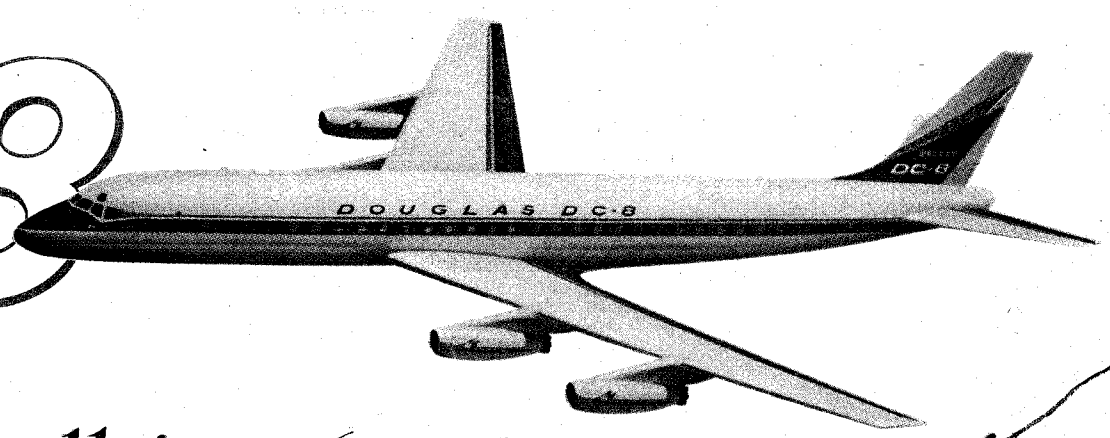
DOUGLAS DC-8



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You travel at almost 10 miles a minute, yet every flying minute is dedicated to your comfort!

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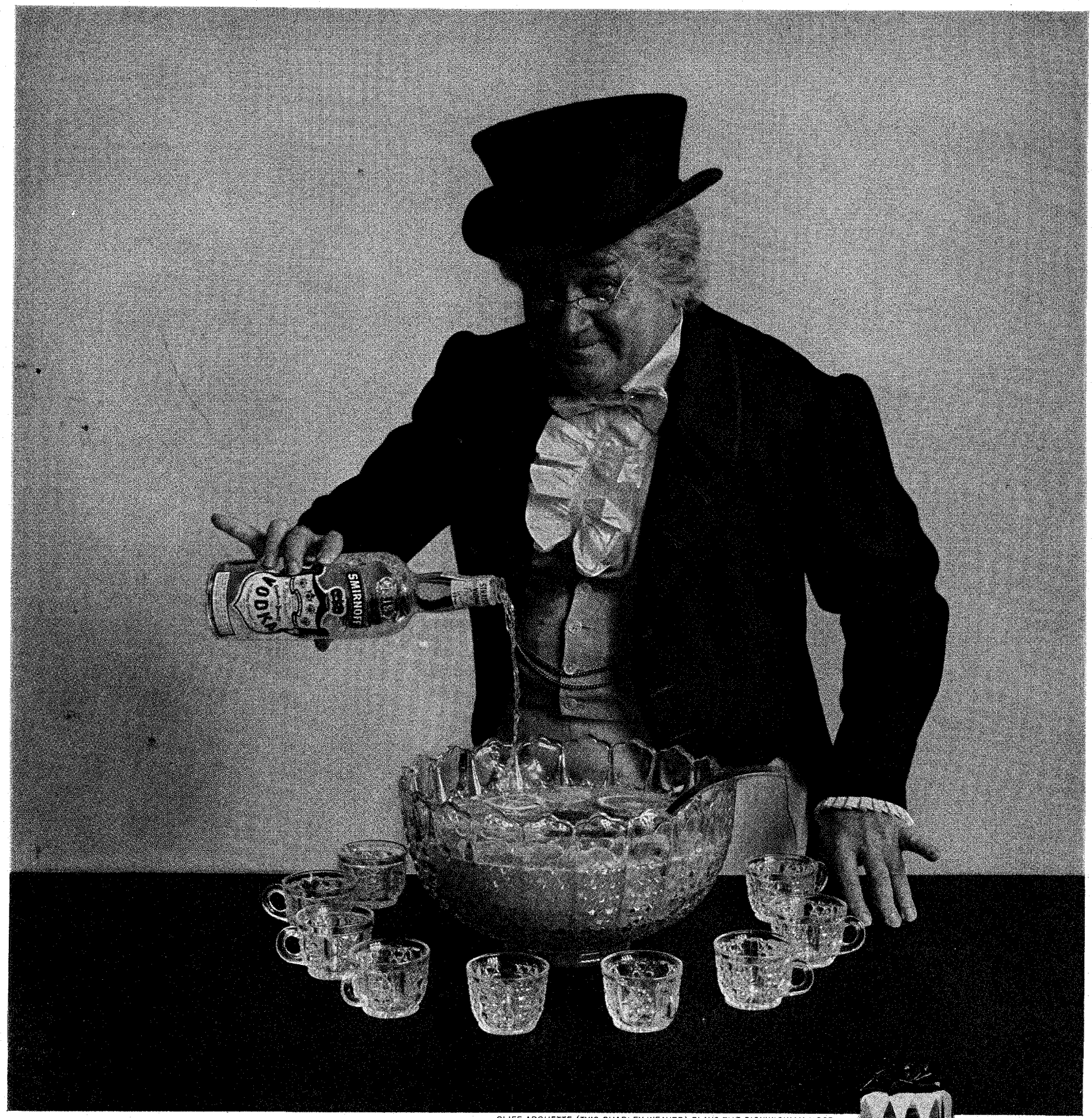

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Be original this Christmas! Serve a holiday drink that's refreshingly *different!* Your guests will love Smirnoff Fruit Punch. Lighter and less filling than the normal Nog, it is delicious—and will leave them *breathless*. Economical, too. And easy to make. Follow our recipe—or invent your *own* Fruit Punch, using Smirnoff with other fruit juices. Remember—smooth Smirnoff loses itself in just about anything that pours!

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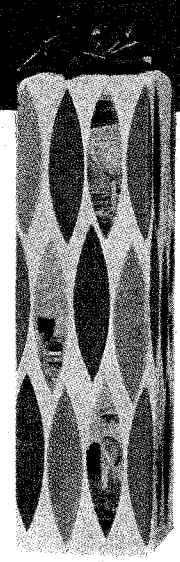

SMIRNOFF FRUIT PUNCH
Combine 2 quarts of orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 quart Smirnoff. Add orange and lemon slices, 12 ozs. frozen strawberries. Chill in refrigerator. Just before serving, add 1 quart of chilled sparkling water and 2 trays of ice. Serves 32 drinks.

SMARTLY GIFT-WRAPPED

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The Jerry Giesler Story (Continued from Page 37)

I have been involved in. I keep two complete sets of Shepard's, one in my office and one in my home. Unhappily, that did me no good then. The jury found my client guilty. He was sentenced to prison.

Earl Rogers had plenty of enemies but, with the exception of Mr. Darrow, Rogers was the greatest master of criminal law I've ever known, I was shot with luck to be working in the same office with him, even if my pay was uncertain.

One of the useful things I learned from Mr. Rogers was the value of deliberately putting himself—or one of his associates—into the district attorney's place. It was Mr. Rogers' idea—I have since adopted it as mine—to try to do even a better job of preparing the D.A.'s case than the D.A. or his assistants did. This system has saved me countless times from the shock of being taken by surprise by the opposition.

I climbed slowly until I was actively associated with Mr. Rogers himself. One of my early cases was the Jess Willard trial in Los Angeles. Willard was the white-hope prize fighter selected to retrieve the world's heavyweight crown from the head of the Negro boxer Jack Johnson, thus returning the title to Caucasian possession.

When the Rogers office became involved with Mr. Willard, he had just fought a fighter named Bull Young in Vernon, California. Young died, and Willard was arrested and charged with manslaughter. The state contended that a blow struck by Willard had killed him.

Willard employed Mr. Rogers to defend him, and, after giving the matter some thought, Mr. Rogers decided that Young had had heart trouble and that a coronary difficulty had really killed him, not one of Willard's hamlike fists.

I sat with Mr. Rogers throughout the trial. I looked up points of law, did investigating for him and interviewed witnesses while Mr. Rogers did the trial work. The day before the trial was to end, Mr. Rogers told me, "I'll make the argument. There's no reason for us to split the job. It hasn't been a very long case."

Relieved of the responsibility which would have been mine if I had had to supplement Mr. Rogers' remarks to the jury, I went out on the town that night with some convivial spirits. We stayed out until four A.M. It was too late to go home—or perhaps I didn't feel like navigating that far—anyhow, I went to bed about five o'clock in a downtown rooming house.

A couple of hours later I got up feeling terrible. I had no time to shave or eat. I sat at the counsel table, around which the various attorneys were clustered, and I decided that while Mr. Rogers and the district attorney were presenting their arguments, I'd catch up on my sleep. The D.A. argued until 11:30. Then he sat down. Mr. Rogers was in the hall smoking a cigarette, but I didn't know that.

There was something else I didn't know, but I was about to learn it. It was Mr. Rogers' conviction that a final argument was more effective if delivered all in one piece and not interrupted by a luncheon recess. Summoned from the hall, it was obvious to him that he would not be able to conclude his argument before the court called its noontime recess. He strode down the aisle. I felt a hand reach over my shoulder and pick up a hat. I felt another hand reach over my other shoulder and pick up a cane. I heard Mr. Rogers' voice say, "Your honor, Mr. Giesler will argue until twelve o'clock. I will resume the argument at two." Then he walked out.

I had never made an argument to a jury in my life, and I stood up in a state of shock, complicated by a hangover. Through a blur of particles swirling before my eyes, I saw the Penal Code lying on the table.

In desperation I picked it up and began to read aloud from it. First I read those portions having to do with manslaughter. Then I dug into murder in the second and first degree. While Jess Willard looked at me, wondering if I'd lost my mind, I read about murder by poison. I expected that each moment the court would crack down on such irrelevancies, but luckily for me the judge had been my instructor in the U.S.C. Law School; he realized my predicament and let me continue to read. The D.A. let me continue too. Maybe he enjoyed seeing the sweat beads standing out on my forehead.

I wasn't the only one who was sweating. When I glanced at Willard, the White Hope was soggy too. When I finished the Penal Code, I looked at the judge appealingly, and he let me off the hook by saying, "We'll take an adjournment."

That afternoon Mr. Rogers took over. He stuck to his claim that Young's death was accidental, that it had resulted from a heart condition. Willard was found not guilty. But Jess and I had had such a rugged time that forenoon that we wound up the day by making the rounds of the bars on Spring Street, forgetting about juries, manslaughter and even murder by poison.

There are moments when I feel I have lived through more emotional high points than most men, but I am not complaining, for one of them was helping defend Clarence Darrow. Mr. Darrow was in Los Angeles defending the McNamara brothers, who were standing trial for dynamiting the *Los Angeles Times* building, a tragedy in which many people had been killed and maimed. The crime was part of a bloody war between militant unionism and embattled management.

Realizing the impossibility of winning for the McNamara brothers, Mr. Darrow finally settled on the hope of saving Joseph J. McNamara from a long prison term and settling for a life sentence for his young brother, James B. McNamara. He entered into an agreement with the state to accept a plea of guilty for J.B., with a life sentence, and a plea, in a separate case, for J.J., with a ten-year sentence. The judge, however, insisted on giving J.J. a fifteen-year stretch instead of the one agreed to by the state.

The McNamara brothers were not the only ones charged with committing crime. Mr. Darrow was accused of attempting to bribe a juror and a prospective juror, at Third and Main streets. Lured by a ruse, Mr. Darrow foolishly showed up there alone; so it was possible for his enemies to say he was in the neighborhood when a potential juror and a man who already had been selected for the jury were given money to favor the defense.

All at once Mr. Darrow himself needed a lawyer. Mr. Rogers was in Hanford, a small town in Central California, trying a contested will case. I was there with him, carrying his books and papers and looking up points of law. One morning Mr. Darrow showed up in the little Hanford courtroom with his wife Ruby. For three days they sat there watching Mr. Rogers. They had been told that he was a great lawyer, but they knew nothing of him at firsthand. Mr. Darrow liked what he saw. He employed Mr. Rogers as his attorney.

We all came back to Los Angeles and went to work for Mr. Darrow. I helped as best I could. Although I had passed the bar examination and I could call myself a lawyer, I was still a callow youth, looking up the law for my betters.

Mr. Darrow became aware of me one day when he and Mr. Rogers asked me to look up a point of the law for them. Before I finished I had prepared a brief of forty pages. The day before that trial began I gave copies of my brief to Mr. Rogers and Mr. Darrow. They read it, liked it, and said, "Jerry, we are going to let you sit in on the trial. You will be an attorney of record in this case."

I have already described how I felt when I discovered that I had passed the state bar examination, but never before or since have I had such a thrill as being allowed to be a member of such a team. I cannot tell anyone now what it meant to a young lawyer then to be associated with Clarence Darrow and Earl Rogers in a courtroom. There were no words to describe it. There I was, just a kid, and the two men I idolized were treating me as an equal. The blood rushed to my head. My eyes smarted. I couldn't talk. I couldn't even thank them.

The two charges of attempted bribery lodged against Mr. Darrow were tried separately. There were so many witnesses, examinations, cross-examinations and arguments, and so much legal tanglefoot that the first case took three months to try. Lincoln Steffens sat there throughout the entire three months, not as a lawyer, but as the country's leading liberal writer. He was a great friend of Mr. Darrow. All of the country's labor leaders were on hand, for, rightly or wrongly, the case was regarded as capital versus labor instead of the State of California versus Clarence Darrow.

Once more William J. Burns handled the investigating for the prosecution. Mr. Darrow himself did some of the cross-examining for the defense, but Mr. Rogers did most of it. Such was the force of Mr. Rogers' cross-examination that once, when he had Burns on the witness stand and pulled a lorgnette out of his pocket, snapped it open and glared at Burns through it, Burns turned and frantically demanded protection from the judge.

The Darrow bribery case hinged on Darrow's own argument to the jury, which he insisted on making on his own behalf. I have a copy of that argument open before me and, as I reread it, I can see why so many of those in that courtroom wept unashamedly. The jury was out only a short time; then it brought in a verdict of not guilty.

One of the things I wish I could forget about that first trial—but I cannot—was the consternation I felt at seeing my boyhood hero, Darrow, so discouraged that Earl Rogers had to give him fight talks to keep him from giving up the battle.

Although it was basically a repetition of his first one, Mr. Darrow's second trial was not dismissed as it might have been, because of its capital-versus-labor aspects. When that second trial began, there were only Mr. Rogers, myself and one other man, a former judge—a Mr. Powers—on Darrow's legal team. On the first day of that trial Mr. Rogers fell ill. His doctor ordered him to take an ocean trip until he pulled himself together.

In the second Darrow trial, although I was one of the attorneys for the defense, Mr. Darrow really defended himself. My part was looking up the law and making suggestions. I did examine and cross-examine some of the witnesses, but not the important ones. That second trial lasted six weeks and ended in a disagreement. The district attorney decided not to try it again, and the case was dismissed.

A group picture hangs on the wall of my present office. It shows the defense team waiting for the verdict to come in in that Darrow trial. I am proud of that picture for two reasons: first, because I was so young to be in such important company. Secondly, I had a glorious mop of hair in those long-ago days; somewhere, somehow, in the years of pacing corridors outside courtrooms and waiting for verdicts to come in, it has grown scantier.

When that second trial was over and I was walking down Broadway with Mr. Darrow, he said, "Come in here, Jerry." He led me into a tailor shop and bought me an overcoat. That's all the pay I got for my work in his two trials, but the photograph I have of myself standing between Mr. Darrow and Mr. Rogers is worth far more than any fee.

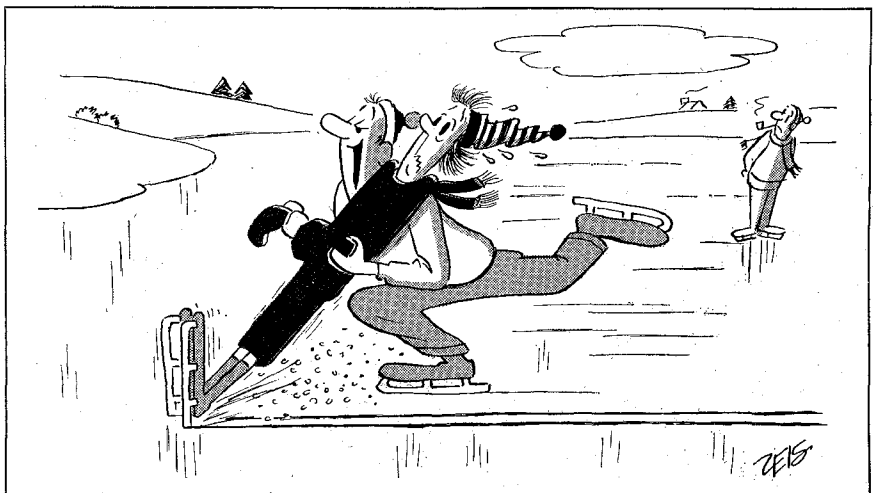
Mr. Darrow was deeply embittered at the treatment he had received in Los Angeles. When he left town, he shook my hand and said, "Jerry, I'll never come back here again." He never did.

I saw Mr. Darrow once more before he died. He asked me to come to Chicago to talk about coming into his office with him. I stayed in Chicago for a week while he introduced me to his friends. Although I said "no" to him, I've always considered it the greatest possible honor that he offered me a place in his office. If I had joined him, I could have told my grandchildren that, in my time, I worked in the offices of two of America's greatest criminal lawyers.

But it was so hot in Chicago that summer that I couldn't stand it, and, having gone to prep school near that city, I remembered those Lake Michigan winters, with the wind screaming in off the water and cutting through the heaviest overcoat like a hundred ice picks.

As deeply as I admired Mr. Rogers—and my admiration for him shines just as brightly today as it did on the day I first saw him try a case in court—I had to hang up my own shingle before he died.

In a sense Mr. Rogers left his old associates rather than the other way around.



"This is the life—eh, kid?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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He lived at top speed and under such tension that he could find release only in alcohol. However, he poured so much of his fire, spirit and vital force into the law that it burned him out far more than the alcohol he drank. As his health declined, his practice shrank. He no longer needed those who had been around him to help him. We were forced to find other ways of earning a living.

No day has passed since I met him that I haven't thought of Earl Rogers at least once, and it still gives me an empty feeling when I pass the spot where he died in the Broadway Hotel.

The first murder client I ever represented was a sixteen-year-old boy. His father was given to beating up his wife in his son's presence. One day, after knocking the boy's mother around, the father went into the back yard. The boy grabbed a .22 rifle, went to the door and, sobbing hysterically, fired in the general direction of the figure disappearing in the distance. The bullet went between the turning spokes of two wagon wheels and killed the wife-beater.

The boy was arrested; he was charged with murder. I defended him. It was not long after the Harry Thaw trial, in which a new defense, dementia Americana, was offered. Dementia Americana meant the effects of the pressures, tensions and abrasions of American life as it is lived in the twentieth century. Although nobody had ever heard of it before, it worked. It got Thaw into an insane asylum instead of into an electric chair, and eventually he was set free. So in my case I offered as my defense something I called "dementia matri amo—insanity induced by passionate mother love." Dementia matri amo not only seemed just as valid as dementia Americana to me, but it worked for me, too, for the jury found my client not guilty. I also told the jury that I regarded that small .22 bullet as God's avenging thunderbolt rather than a mere piece of lead.

Another client of mine was a Negro I defended against a bootlegging charge. He lived in the little California town of Watts, and I went there to represent him. The D. A. didn't show up. But the judge announced, "We'll proceed anyhow."

"But your honor," I objected, "there's no district attorney."

He looked at me coldly and said, "I'll handle the prosecution myself."

I was stupefied with astonishment, but the judge called the witnesses, examined them, then said, "Now, Mr. Giesler, you may cross-examine." I kept telling myself, *This can't be happening*. But that judge was doing it. Not only that, but he cross-examined my witnesses too.

When we got around to the arguments, he said, "You open for the defense and I'll close for the people." He made an argument for the prosecution, then turned himself back into a judge and gave the jury its instructions. I didn't know—and no one told me then—that he had never been a lawyer. He had been a shoemaker. Before becoming a judge his only previous legal experience had been as a justice of the peace.

The pay-off was that in spite of the insurmountable odds I confronted—and what could be more insurmountable than the judge being the D.A. too—the jury disagreed. All in all, as the song says, it was a most unusual day. The next time I succeeded in having the trial held in a more orthodox manner, and I got an acquittal.

The criminal law is the triple-distilled brandy of the legal cellars. It is enormously stimulating, but it also takes a lot out of those who are addicted to it. It puts an almost intolerable burden on the emotions, the brain and the body of those who follow it. It is my opinion—and I am not overdramatizing it—that being a criminal lawyer kills some of its practitioners early in life. Earl Rogers is a case in point. In my earlier days I used to drink to excess myself. I liked liquor and, after a tough day in court, I thought I needed it. It didn't take much to make me high. I could get lit on two beers, which—I've been told—means that I have a low alcoholic threshold.

I first began to bend the elbow while I was attending law school. In those days the best free lunches in Los Angeles were near U.S.C. For five cents you could buy a big glass of beer and eat to your heart's content. One place brought in roast turkey hot from the oven at four-thirty each afternoon. Another place served juicy joints of roast beef. Another place set out cheeses of all kinds. While I was going to law school, I filled up twice a day. Then I began to drink an extra glass or two, and I was on my way to becoming a boozer.

I knew a lot of newspapermen. I used to stay up late with them. They had just created a press club, and we'd go there when they got through the night shift, at midnight or thereabouts, and raise Cain. Before going home perhaps we'd stop off in a Turkish bath. Before long I began to drink pretty heavily, for me, but I never got mean. I was always happy. I wanted all the world to join me and have fun too. If I didn't have friends with me, I'd call them up and persuade them to come out.

In 1930 I was in San Francisco working on the appeal of the Alexander Pantages case with Jake Erlich, a good friend of mine. When I was through submitting the Pantages appeal to the Supreme Court, Jake and I began to pub-crawl, only this time instead of downing beers, I was putting away double martinis. I had had nothing for lunch. By late afternoon I was stoned.

Jake took me to one of his favorite places for dinner and, instead of being a happy, convivial drinker who just wanted everybody to have fun, which was my usual behavior, I threw a steak at someone. Jake poured me on a train headed for Los Angeles. En route I ran into a group of motion-picture executives, and I told them how to run the movie industry. In the morning when I came to on the train and was told what I'd done and said, I was so ashamed of myself that I cringed when I looked into the mirror. I didn't like blacking out and not remembering things I'd done. When I stepped off that train in Los Angeles, I said, "I'll never take another drink," and I never have, not even a beer. But it wouldn't be honest to deny that I enjoyed it at the time. I enjoyed the friendships that grew warmer and firmer—and louder and funnier—at the bar.

I needed a clear head and a sober mind to cope with trials like Doctor Dazey's. In my mind I always think of that case as The Case of the Perjured Witness, although, actually, there may have been not one but two forsworn witnesses.

Doctor Dazey was a prominent citizen of Santa Monica who lived in a nice home and was married to an exceptionally beautiful woman. Occasionally they had spats, but nothing really serious; certainly not serious enough to prevent her from having a baby by him. Its delivery was difficult, and when she came home from the hospital, she was very ill. She had been ill before that, for her lungs showed traces of tuberculosis, and perhaps she shouldn't have had a baby.

Later it was said that Doctor Dazey, shortly after his wife's return from the hospital, was seen carrying her conscious—or unconscious—body to his garage, after which, it was charged, he placed it on the garage floor, then switched on his auto motor to make her death appear a suicide by carbon-monoxide poisoning. It was implied that his motive for murdering her was that they had difficulty in getting along. To me, that was no motive at all. If every man were to kill his wife because he occasionally has trouble getting along with her, the country would be littered with corpses. The coroner's autopsy report showed that Mrs. Dazey's death was the result of carbon-monoxide poisoning. There was a mild flurry of investigation into the circumstances surrounding her death; then she was officially pronounced a suicide.

Doctor Dazey turned his newborn child over to his dead wife's mother and father to rear. They kept the child for nearly three years, and grew to love it as their own. Then Doctor Dazey met another woman, fell in love with her, and they were married. Once he was remarried, he wanted his child back, but his dead wife's parents didn't want to give it up. They apparently reasoned that since it was their daughter who had borne the child, they were closer to the baby than any stepmother could be. The maternal grandmother applied for the guardianship of the Dazey son and, as a result of the wrangling over her application, the circumstances surrounding Mrs. Dazey's death were examined again.

Although three years had passed since the first wife's death and no charges had been brought against Doctor Dazey before, family relationships being what they are and the love of a child being what it is, his ex-in-laws now suspected him of taking their daughter's life. Evidence was dug up and taken to the D.A.'s office. On the strength of that evidence, Doctor Dazey was indicted for murder and held for trial. I was asked to defend him.

What had put Mrs. Dazey's death back on the front page was the fact that two key prosecution witnesses appeared out of the blue. As Doctor Dazey's attorney, I knew only about one of them, a man who swore that he had seen the doctor carrying his wife's limp body through his back yard, toward the garage. In spite of all the preparation I had done, I didn't know about the second surprise witness until the trial began.

I worked very hard on that case, but apparently I overlooked something, for I had never seen or heard of the prosecution's housekeeper-maid witness, who swore that she had worked for Doctor and Mrs. Dazey prior to Mrs. Dazey's death. She said that on the day she died, Mrs. Dazey had been in good spirits, that she had made calls to friends and had laughed and joked with them, all of which tended to show that she was not in a suicidal state of mind.

In a further burst of remembering, the housekeeper-maid swore that Doctor Dazey and Mrs. Dazey had fought constantly and that Doctor Dazey was a "wife-beater." *(Continued on Page 108)*

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Mrs. Brown left her niece Nancy "my home with all the furniture and contents, including linens and silverware." She willed the rest of her property to her own brother, Jack. When the will was read a contest developed over jewelry in the home and an automobile in the garage attached to the dwelling. Both Nancy and Jack claimed them.

"Home means house, and she didn't live in the garage," Jack contended. "So the car is mine. And when the will said 'contents, including linens and silverware,' it meant household items. The jewelry, not being included, also is mine."

"The adjoining garage is part of the home in which she lived," Nancy replied. "As to the contents of the home, the will said 'all'; and that certainly includes the jewelry in her dresser."

If you were the judge, to whom would you give the car and gems?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Nancy won. The court said "home" has a much broader meaning than "house" and includes "such buildings as garages used in connection with the dwelling." It added that the "general word 'contents' is not limited by the specific words 'linens' and 'silverware' which follow it."

Based upon a 1958 West Virginia decision.

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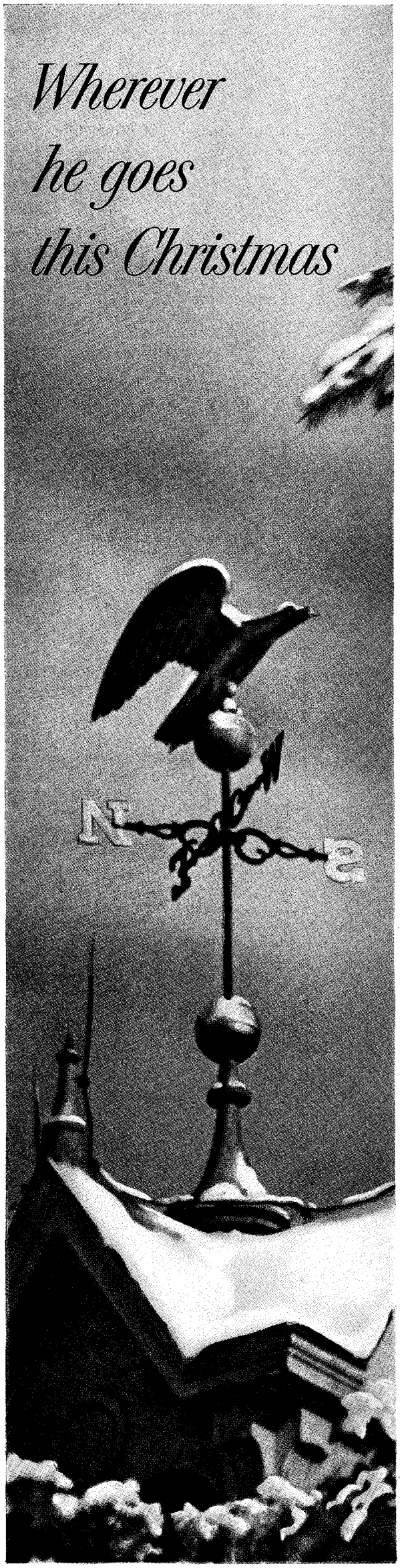

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(*Continued from Page 106*) Her testimony on the subject of wife-beating seemed tailored to me. Furthermore, although the witness didn't seem to realize it, if what she testified to was true, it gave Mrs. Dazey a possible motive for suicide.

The sudden appearance of this housekeeper-maid was such a shock to me that I could scarcely believe I was listening to her. I turned to Doctor Dazey and asked, "Why didn't you tell me about her?" The doctor whispered to me, "There's something queer going on. She wasn't with us before my wife died."

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"As sure as I'm sitting here," he said.

"Yet she testified that certain things occurred," I said.

"I can't help it," Doctor Dazey insisted. "They didn't occur."

I've schooled myself not to show surprise. If something occurs that hits me in the pit of my stomach, I busy myself examining papers and documents, studying copies of the transcript, making notations. My whole attitude proclaims that having the keystone fall out of my legal archway onto my head hasn't bothered me at all.

Once I've decided that a client is honest, I take his word for statements like the one Doctor Dazey had just made to me; so I told the court that I would like a little time to make an investigation before I cross-examined the witness. The court let the maid step down, and the prosecution called other witnesses. I turned to my investigator, James Leahan, and told him, "Mr. Leahan, that woman on the stand is lying. Find out why and how."

Mr. Leahan traced the witness back to her home in Arkansas. He not only found out the exact date when she had bought her tickets to California, but he even found her redeemed baggage tickets in the railroad's baggage-department files. Through a friend of his who was with the Santa Fe railroad, we were able to check that maid's baggage through from the time it left her home in Arkansas until it reached Los Angeles, and a witness from the Santa Fe railroad testified that those baggage checks were an accurate record of the maid's arrival. That was important, since she had testified she'd never been out of her home state before she came to the Pacific Coast.

The baggage checks which had been issued to her showed that she hadn't reached Los Angeles until a year after Mrs. Dazey's death, so she couldn't have worked for Mrs. Dazey; yet the maid had testified that she had been in the Dazey home and had witnessed unpleasant scenes between Doctor Dazey and his wife. She testified that the doctor not only had been brutal to his wife, but had called Mrs. Dazey a "bitch" and their baby an "S.O.B."

I don't know who had taken that maid through the Dazey house and had told her how every room had looked and what had been in them during Mrs. Dazey's lifetime; but she must have been thoroughly coached, because she described those things convincingly.

As a result of Mr. Leahan's discoveries I was able to call the witness back for further questioning and confront her with the inconsistencies between her sworn testimony and the facts. I made no point of supposing that her testimony had been suggested to her—or by whom—but it was obvious that someone had persuaded her to testify to untruths.

The other key witness had served the Dazey neighborhood as a private patrolman, but he had been in Hawaii for some time when "someone" sent him the money to return to the mainland, to testify about Mrs. Dazey's death. When he returned, he was taken to the D.A. It was then that he made his statement to the grand jury that he had been walking past Doctor Dazey's house at the time of Mrs. Dazey's death, that there was a wall bordering the Dazey place low enough for him to see over, and that he had seen a man come out of the house bearing a shape on his shoulder—it was obvious that by "shape" he meant body—and carry it into the garage.

His testimony would have been tough to controvert except for a thing he didn't know. He didn't know that after careful investigation of the grounds as they had been when Doctor and Mrs. Dazey lived there, I had discovered that between the Dazey yard and the sidewalk there had been a hedge so thick no one could see through it over the top of the wall. At first I had only the word of the neighbors for this, because there was no longer any hedge there—it had been cut down by the new owner—but I asked my investigator, Mr. Leahan, to see if he could locate a photograph of the hedge as it had been during the doctor's ownership.

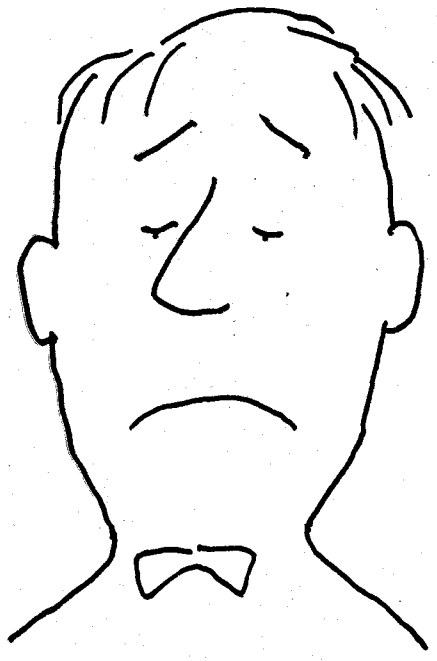
Fortunately, there was such a picture in existence. It showed clearly that the hedge had been impenetrable to the human eye. I had an enlargement of that photo made, three or four feet high and five feet long.

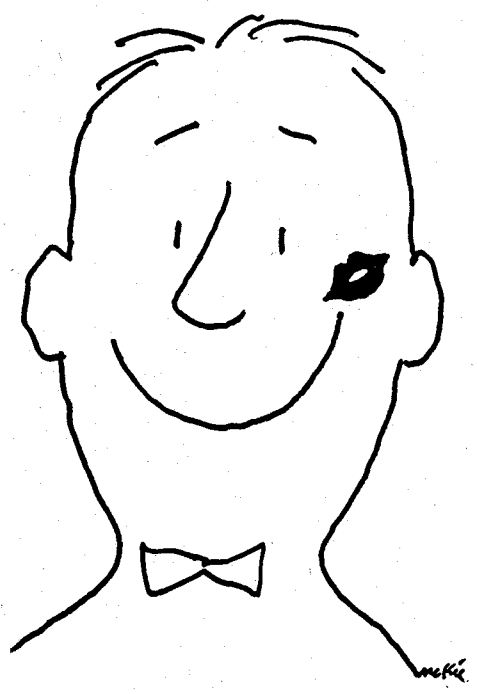
During the cross-examination of the private patrolman I showed him that photograph. I asked him, "Do you recognize this hedge?"

He didn't. Then I proved that it had been there when he said he had seen Doctor Dazey engaging in his incriminating actions.

In the testimony he'd given the grand jury, the ex-watchman testified that he had been walking down the sidewalk

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





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when he'd seen what he'd seen. But once he knew that we had that picture, he tried to make it seem that he was in another spot when he'd seen the doctor carrying the body—either on the inner side of the wall, on the inside of Doctor Dazey's yard (of all places) or peering over a gate (I forget exactly which).

I don't know what he hoped to gain by this switch, for his own previous testimony gave him the lie. By this time he was so enmeshed in contradictions that his testimony did the prosecution more harm than good.

I can remember no trial in which preparation was as vital as in that one. It was investigation that brought out the fact that both the maid's and the former patrolman's testimony was, let us say, peculiar.

Toward the end of the trial I recalled the maid from Arkansas to the stand and confronted her with the letter of recommendation given her by a former Santa Monica employer, which previously had been introduced by the prosecution to bolster the testimony of the maid that she had worked in California prior to the date of the Santa Fe baggage checks. I pointed out that the date on the note, purporting to be March 2, 1936, appeared to have been altered. I asked her if she had changed the date from 1937 to 1936. The maid denied tampering with the date.

I said nothing more about the altered date, but when I made my final argument before the jury, I did two things. I set the enlarged photograph of the thick hedge before the jury and kept it there, and I handed that letter with the altered date to the jury with my magnifying glass and told them to study it.

If you have a point to make, it is sometimes more effective to allow the jury to think they have discovered it themselves than to shove it down their throats. I let the jury study the date on that letter and discover for themselves that it had been altered.

I'll say this much for the D.A.—he had that maid arrested and prosecuted for perjury. She admitted that she had forged the letter of recommendation to the extent of changing its date and that she had lied on the stand. She was convicted and was sentenced to a term in the county jail for giving false evidence. Nothing happened to the private patrolman with the X-ray eyes. It seemed clear to me that he had been promised immunity by somebody if he got into trouble as a result of his testimony.

Although the truth had been kicked around savagely in that case, one woman on the jury held out for conviction. The only reason that Doctor Dazey didn't get a hung jury instead of an acquittal was that the woman juror finally became so nervous and upset with the other eleven members hammering away at her, that she asked the court to excuse her and substitute an alternate. She told the judge she was ill and could no longer serve. Five minutes later I had a not-guilty verdict. It was a victory of thoroughness in preparation and of care in following all leads.

Incidentally, I am still convinced that Mrs. Dazey's death was suicide.

In his sixth article next week, Mr. Giesler explains why two of his famous Hollywood clients—Robert Mitchum and Walter Wanger—went to jail and discloses his tactics in those two unusual cases. —THE EDITORS

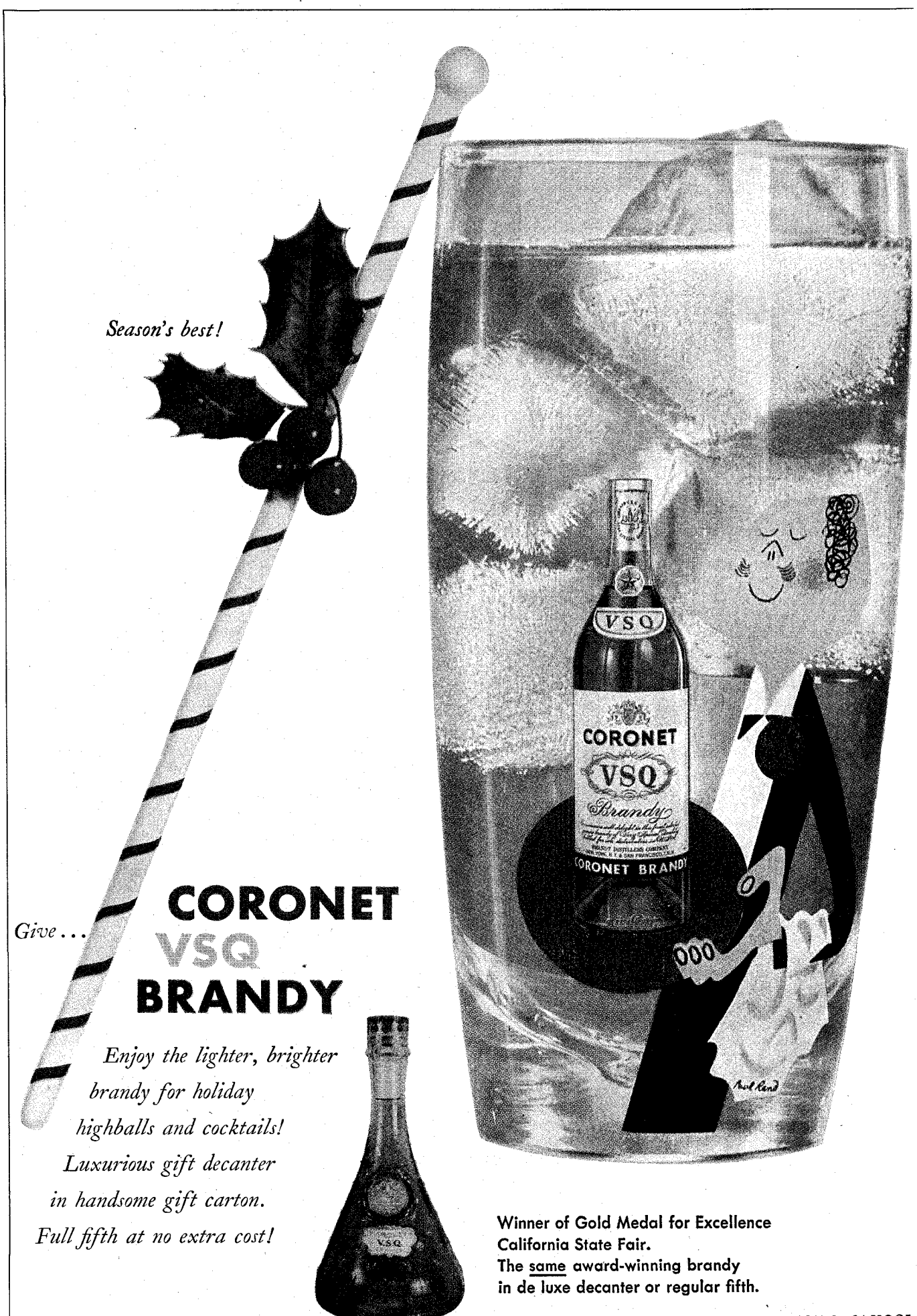
Created

By Helen Harrington

As one who lies asleep into
the day,
Supine upon a rock, out-
stretched for dawn
And wind and air and
cloud to work upon,
Nor moves, nor seems to
breathe, so Adam lay.

Nor was it plain if he were
man or clay
Who was so sluggish and so
thinly drawn,
Nor if he were to rise or
had but gone
Lately down, defeated, to
decay.

But all that lay within him
suddenly drew
Together; so he felt the
thrust of sea,
The pull of rivers; hills and
marshes grew
Into his bones. If he was set
free
Or made a captive then, he
never knew
But only that he had to rise
and be.



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Experiment in Love (Continued from Page 24)

and other varmints, he was about as good as they come.

I seen right away he was still sore at me and I knew I'd have to apologize, or he'd go back under the house. "See here," I said. "It's not my fault. Dad said we got to work."

But that didn't help much. He just looked at me. *H'm-m. A man ought to be smarter than a dog.* I thought a bit and finally I hit on something.

"Cindy, Jigger," I said. "Cindy is coming over today. Cindy, Cindy, Cindy."

That worked, and he started to wiggle all over, so I knew I didn't have to worry about him any more. I looked up at the sun. Cindy might be coming, but she was already a little late. I left the shed and went across the road to have a look at the place where we were going to set the new fence in. Our farm covers two quarter sections, one on each side of the road. The one on the hillside is almost square, but the strip on the riverside is narrow and runs along the river clean up to the ford. We had corn in it this year, and it made a mighty pretty sight, if I do say so. I stood beside the old fence and heard a cock pheasant calling off toward the water. Jigger heard it, too, and looked up at me, but it was still six weeks before the season, so I quit listening and looked at the fence. It was in bad shape, all right; posts rotted out, wire sagging, and from the looks of it we were going to have to hang a new gate. Then I heard a faint humming and looked up the road and made out a small dust cloud. Before long it got bigger, and ahead of it I could see Cal Marshal's old red pickup.

"There's Cindy now," I said to Jigger, and we went back across the road.

Cindy Marshal got out of the pickup and pulled her gloves out of her hip pocket, not quite the way a boy would, and put them on, still not quite the way a boy would, and grinned up at me. "Hi, Ted," she said.

"Hi, yourself," I said. "You're late."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I had to get dad his breakfast."

"Sure," I said. "Pull up to the shed, will you, so I can rassle this barrel aboard."

It was still before eight-thirty when we got to the wood lot, but there was no shade there, and it was already warm. I got the barrel off the truck, and we set to work on the posts. I never thought much about it at the time, but I guess it was kind of dirty work for a girl. Still, Cindy did her share. She always did that. Since her dad got himself busted up in a logging accident about four years back, the only way she could manage their harvest was to exchange work with people like us during the off season, and most of the time she was as good to have around as another boy. I mean it, and I ought to know. We'd been doing things like this together since she was twelve and I was fourteen. Of course, there was things I could do now that she couldn't, because she hadn't put on near as much growth as me in the last four years; but I have to admit it—there was some things she could do better than me. For instance, she could tie flies almost as good as dad. And wing-shoot. I never seen anybody could wing-shoot like that girl could.

"See here," I said to her. "I seen some coon sign down by the river yesterday and I aim to take Jigger down there this evening and have a look around. You want to come along?"

I seen her face light up for a minute, but then she seemed to remember something else because she shook her head. "I can't," she said.

"Oh," I said. "Why not?"

"I'm going to the dance tonight."

"Oh," I said.

She finished with one post and set to work on another one. After a minute, though, she stopped working and looked at me. "I've never been to a dance," she said.

"You know how, don't you?"

"I guess so. Mom showed me when I was small."

Then it must have been a while ago, I thought, because her mother had died when Cindy was eleven. Still, all you had to do was show that girl something once and she never seemed to forget it. "You'll do all right," I said. "Who's taking you?"

"Tuck Frazier," she said. "He came by last night and asked me."

"Him?" I said.

"What do you mean by that?" she said. "Have you got something against Tuck?"

"I guess not," I said. "Forget it." I put down my brush and began pitching some of the posts onto the pickup. "Come on," I said. "We got enough here to make a load. Let's take them down and string them out along the ditch."

I drove. Cindy was a terrible driver with a load up. We didn't talk much on the way down, and that's odd. Don't misunderstand me. We argued sometimes. Argued. I guess there was times when they could hear us all the way to the grange hall. And it wasn't the silence either. Not by itself, because one time I kicked some clods into the creek just as a big rainbow was about to take her lure, and she wouldn't speak to me for a week. But this was different. It wasn't the silence, and yet it was. Or maybe it was the kind of silence. The kind that isn't really silence but something else. Cindy was the one who finally broke it.

> True love: Marrying the girl even though she doesn't have a steady job.
>
> G. NORMAN COLLIE

"I saw Silverbar yesterday," she said.

"Where?" I said.

"Down by the pond. He had three does and a yearling with him. I guess they came down to feed on the water lilies."

"Then it's true what I've been hearing," I said. "He's come down early this year."

"It looks that way," said Cindy.

"Has he still got his velvet?" I asked.

"Yes," said Cindy.

"No more points?"

She shook her head, and we were quiet again; but it was an easier kind of quiet this time, because we were both thinking about the same thing. We had grown up with Silverbar in a manner of speaking, and it was a kind of game with us to see who would be the first to spot him each year when he came back to the valley.

Something about what Cindy had said bothered me a little, because it didn't make any sense that I could see. An old buck like Silverbar will generally run high out of the scrub until the fly season is over, especially if he has a big rack of horns he wants to dry. A buck's horns are usually pretty tender while they're in the velvet, and what a lot of them like to do is find an open glade or an upland meadow and lie out there in the afternoon and let the sun do its work.

But here he was back in the valley, and it was barely August. I'd heard talk lately that he'd been raiding fields and garden patches all along this side of the Bawfaw, and some of the men were starting to get riled about it. Judge Frazier—Tuck's father—for one, and Ab McBride for another, had threatened to do something drastic if it didn't stop. They owned between them most of the south side of the peak, but the judge had the lion's share. His ranch bordered ours on the east and then ran clean up into the foothills, and Ab's little spread lay above it.

Well, the judge was one for drastic changes all right. The talk had it that was going to be his whole campaign ticket this fall. He was always running for something, which was a big joke with dad, who claimed he'd been about everything in the state except a judge. Still he liked to have people call him that, and after he'd been a justice over at Five Trees some years ago, he'd grown a white mane and a goatee, so he sort of looked the part.

He did a few other things, too, that he must have figured went along with it. Hunting was one of them. He liked to do that on horseback. Maybe he saw himself riding to the hounds or something, although there hasn't been a fox seen in the valley for thirty years or more. I can't understand it myself, but maybe if a man gets a certain kind of picture of himself in his head, he likes to make it as complete as possible. Anyway, the judge had a gun room with a lot of heads hanging on the wall, and on the west side above the fireplace, where you might figure there'd be something, there was a big empty space. I guess there must be quite a few rooms with empty places like that around the country, and a lot of men figuring Silverbar's head would just about fit, because during the fall we got quite a few fellows who would come out special just to have a try at him. Not very many of them got to see him, though, and I suppose a lot of them went back home figuring he was just somebody's pipe dream. But he wasn't. He was for real.

He got his name because some hunter had creased him across the withers years before, and in the fall when he blued up to a shade darker than Jigger even, it looked as if he was wearing a bar of silver. That alone was enough to set him apart, but it wasn't the only thing unusual about him. He had just four points. He must have been at least ten years old, but so far as I know four points was all he ever got. And again, that doesn't really describe him because they were the biggest four points I ever saw on a buck.

I was still thinking about him as we came down the lane toward the house. I was still bothered too. He had always come back before around the last of October, right after the season closed—almost as if he knew just when it ended. I remember the first time I ever saw him was on a Halloween morning when I was fixing to carve a mess of jack-o'-lanterns. It was down at the edge of our garden by the creek, but before the rutting season, too, and he was all by himself. We just stood there looking at one another—me with a pumpkin in my hand, and him with a mouthful of grass. He never bothered our garden.

"Ted," said Cindy, and I glanced over at her. She'd been so darn quiet for the last few minutes I'd half forgotten she was still there.

"Yes," I said.

"Are you mad at me because I'm going to the dance with Tuck?"

I pulled up alongside the ditch and shoved the door open. "No, Cindy," I said. "I'm not mad at you."

"I won't go if you say so," she said.

I hesitated a second, maybe because she startled me a little, but I didn't say anything. It was natural enough she should ask me, I suppose. She'd been following me around, asking questions at me for a long time now. So maybe I should have told her. I knew a lot more about Tuck than she did, especially where girls were concerned. You spend eight years with somebody in a one-room schoolhouse, and generally you get to know him. Now Tuck, he liked to collect things. When we was kids, it was sticking butterflies to a card with pins, but I guess he'd graduated some from that lately. Maybe it all hit me sort of sudden because Cindy was like a bright little butterfly herself in a lot of ways. There was some might have said she was even prettier if you like dark hair and freckles. But the trouble was, until a few minutes ago, I'd never exactly thought of Cindy as a girl. I mean, of course, any fool could see she was a girl, but we'd done so many things together that a girl wouldn't usually be expected to do, it was hard for me to think of her as somebody that a fellow might ask to a dance. Dumb as I was, though, I seen somehow that this was important to her.

"You go along," I said. "And have a good time."

She looked at me then and nodded her head. It's odd. For just a minute there I thought she looked a little scared about something, and I was about to say what I was thinking, but I didn't. After a minute she sort of gave herself a shake and smiled at me. "I'll have to leave early, then," she said. "I've got a lot of fixing to do before tonight."

"Sure," I said. "We'll drop these posts off, and then you scoot. I can manage the rest of them."

After she was gone I went back up on the hill and worked until dad got home. He came up and looked at what we'd done and grunted at me, and said it was time to eat.

"I thought I told you to bring Cindy back for lunch," said mom when we came in.

"She couldn't come," I said. I told them about the dance. They both looked at me, and then mom went out on the back porch and began hollering at the chickens so dad could holler at me a while. Except dad don't holler much. He doesn't have to.

"You know," he said, "I think we've done raised us an imbecile. What do you mean, boy, letting that girl go off with that no-good Tuck Frazier?"

"Nothing," I said. "It ain't got anything to do with me."

"Ain't it?" said dad.

"No."

"H'm-m," he said. "I reckon I was wrong. You're no imbecile. You're an idiot."

We got the rest of the posts strung out that afternoon and some of the holes dug, but I didn't take Jigger down to the river that night after all. For one thing, I was tired out. Not so much by the sun, although the good Lord knows it's hot enough in early August to melt a man, but it wasn't that. Dad kept riding me all afternoon, and I couldn't seem to do anything to please him; and then to make things worse, I snapped my auger blade on a rock, and that slowed the work down to half speed. But it wasn't really the tiredness. I was all mixed up inside.

I heard Tuck's car go by the house about eight-thirty and I was awake until after midnight waiting for it to come back again. About eleven-thirty mom brought me up a cup of chocolate, which was her way of saying she'd heard me tossing around, and I guess I must have finally dropped off to sleep because I never did hear the car.

I didn't sleep too well either, and the next day in church I dozed off and on throughout the sermon. We have one of the rear pews, and between times when we stood up to sing, I tried to catch a glimpse of Cindy; but the Marshals' pew is way up front, and she was wearing one of those big (*Continued on Page 112*)

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THERE'S A WORLD OF ALUMINUM IN THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF TOMORROW . . . where the lighthearted accouterments of your happiest living will glow in carefree aluminum . . . shining aluminum to mirror your laughter . . . durable aluminum for fun where you find it . . . rolled, forged, stamped, extruded, cast aluminum twinkling in as many colors as there are ornaments on your Christmas tree. Aluminum Company of America, Pittsburgh.

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Only LAVORIS, of the 4 best selling mouthwashes, is accepted for advertising by the AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION.

(*Continued from Page 110*) floppy hats, so I couldn't see her face. When church let out, dad gave me a jab in the ribs and said, "Give Cindy a hand with her pa."

But Cindy didn't need my help with Cal Marshal this day, because when I finally got up the aisle against the flow of people, there was Tuck with his arm under Cal's shoulder. I nodded to them and went on outside. But I was really worried now. I'd never seen Cindy looking so peaked. Dad was talking to some of the men from the grange, but I noticed Ab in the middle of the group waving his arms and stomping his feet, so I stood with mom and watched Tuck and Cindy while they loaded Cal into the pickup. Then Tuck held the door for her, talking to her for a few minutes before she got in, looking bright and shiny in his town suit; and just before he shut the door, I heard him laugh and say something else, but I couldn't hear what. I felt like I was about eight years old.

In our part of the country we generally laze around on Sunday afternoons, so after dinner I took Jigger down to the river, and we sat there just above the shallows and studied the water. The river was down some, even from July, and I knew I could wade across it right here, and it would only come up to my chest. Down at the ford it wasn't more than knee-deep all the way across. I don't know if watching the river done me any good or not, but it put me to sleep again. Jigger woke me up pushing at my ear with his nose. I knew he wanted to show me something, so I got up and followed him. I caught up with him about thirty yards upstream, nosing around in the bracken and berry bushes. He was sore about something, and when I looked around at the place, I seen why. Five deer had been using this spot as a regular crossing, coming along the edge of our cornfield, it looked like, and then dropping down below the bluff to wade through the shallows and swim the rest of the way. But that wasn't why Jigger was so touchy. Over the last deer tracks there was at least four sets of hound tracks.

"They must have been running quiet not to wake you, boy," I said. Jigger looked disgusted. He knew where our farm began and ended as well as I did, and I guess he figured everything that happened on it was his business. I didn't like it much myself. Hounds are supposed to be kept tied, in our part of the country, and if you stop and think about it, it's easy to see why. There was at least three sets of doe tracks among those five deer, and yet there was nothing with them younger than a yearling—which, together with the other tracks, wasn't surprising. A deer has got to have a little time of quiet to raise its young ones too.

I didn't say anything to dad about what we found, because he was still acting salty with me, and I knew him well enough to be sure my news wouldn't help his disposition any. The next day we worked on the fence again. I wanted to ask him whether Cindy was coming over to help, but I was scared to.

She came, though. She showed up a little before nine o'clock, when we'd already been at work over an hour, but she didn't come out where we were right away. Instead she pulled into the yard and went up to the house. I couldn't keep quiet any longer.

"What did she do that for?" I said.

"I reckon she wants to talk to your ma."

"She's been acting mighty strange lately."

"You're going to feel strange yourself in a minute if you don't hold that post straight," said dad. "Here. You tamp a while." He handed me the bar, and I started pounding. It was hard to get that powdery dust to pack tight.

"When Cindy comes out, I want you two to set in (*Continued on Page 115*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'd better make it person to person. He may be outside tending to his reindeer."

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BILL CULLEN ASKS:
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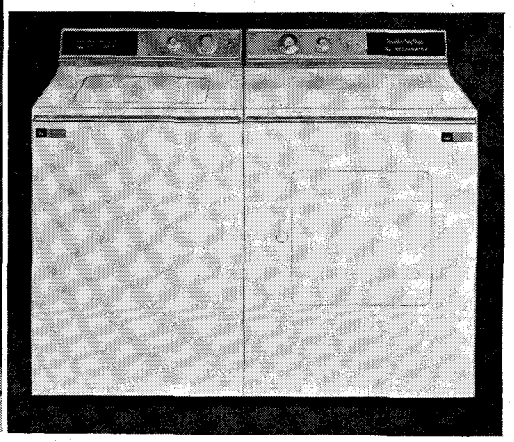

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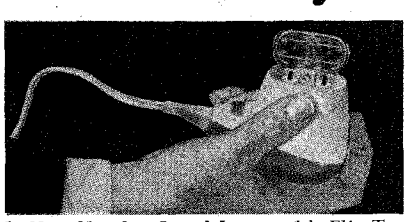
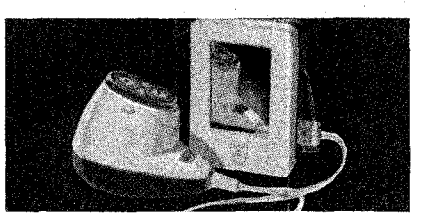
The New Norelco Speedshaver at Squaw Valley

You stroke off whiskers with rotary blades...no pinch, no irritation!

No wonder *Norelco*® Speedshaver is the world's largest seller!



1. New Norelco Speedshaver with Flip-Top Cleaning. Head springs open at touch of button to empty out whisker "dust."



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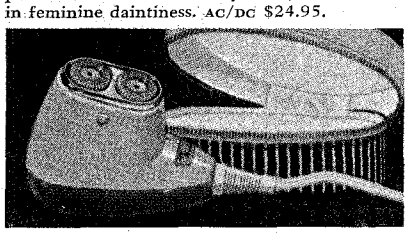

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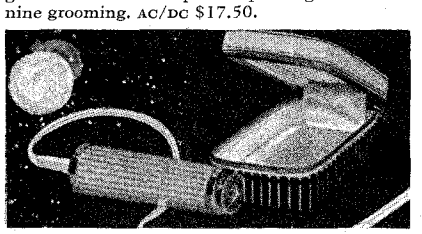

RIGHT now smart men are leaving this page open in a conspicuous place. Because here's the new Norelco Speedshaver that's way out in front of all the others. Why?

The arrows give you the secret . . . other shavers have clipping action. They stop and go. ⟷ Back and forth. Clippers get dull, often pinch and irritate skin.

Norelco has rotary blades: ↻ They go round and round. They really shave with continuous action. Self-sharpening blades stay razor sharp. No pinch. No irritation.

Norelco needs no hand setting . . . Exclusive skin smoother adjusts automatically to shave any beard, light or heavy.

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(*Continued from Page 112*) the corner post and then work up this way while I finish the holes," said dad.

"If it's all the same to you, I'd just as leave dig," I said.

"Well, it ain't all the same to me, you clumsy gawk," he said. "You get to mooning around and break our other auger, and we never will get this fence done."

So I hammered away at the dirt until Cindy came out, and then dad left us alone and went on down the row of holes, and we walked back up to the corner together. We hadn't set the corner post in yet, because it had to be braced on both sides, and the hole dug out extra deep and large. I got the shovel and dug the hole out while Cindy figured how long the braces would have to be. The field took a dip into a kind of swale right there, and there was a big elm that dad had let stand, so it was some cooler.

"Be nice if we could catch a breeze off the river this afternoon," I said.

"Yes," said Cindy, but I knew by the way she said it she hadn't really heard me. She still looked a little pale.

"You don't look too good," I said. "Are you sure you ought to be doing this?"

"I'm all right," she said.

"Well, you sit down under that tree anyway," I said. "I got to trim these rails down, and there ain't nothing for you to do right now."

I got the ax and beveled the butt end of the rail to hold against the stake, and measured it again, and trimmed it some more, and then started doing the same to the other one.

"Ted," said Cindy, and something in her voice made me look up.

"Yes," I said.

"Do you know anything about—about kissing?" she said.

"Huh?" I said.

"Kissing," she said. "What does it mean?" She was still sitting there under the tree with her chin cupped in her hands, looking off across the field.

"Cindy," I said. "Did that Tuck Frazier ——"

"Oh, Ted," she said. "Ted."

She stood up and came over to where I was working, and when she got real close, I'll be darned if I didn't see she'd been crying. "I don't know what's happening to me, Ted," she whispered. "I feel as if someone had turned me all over inside."

"Damn him," I said.

She looked at me kind of startled. "Why do you say that?" she said.

"Because ——" I said.

"No boy ever kissed me before," she said. "Except you, when you give me my Christmas and birthday. And that's not the same, I suppose."

"No," I said. "I reckon not."

She stood there poking at the edge of the posthole with one small boot, and then she looked up at me. "Would you do me a favor?" she said.

"How's that?"

"Would you kiss me, Ted?"

"Now?" I said. She nodded. I leaned down and kissed her on the cheek.

"No," she said. "Not like that." She put her arms around my neck and pulled my head down and kissed me on the mouth. I felt something kind of scary run through me for a few seconds, and then I dropped the shovel and put my arms around her, because any way you look at it, it takes two in that business if you're going to do it right. After a while she let go of me kind of slow like, and I set her back on the ground.

"Did you find out what you wanted to know?" I asked.

"I think so," she said and gave a funny little laugh.

"Well, come on, then," I said. "Let's get back to work."

I figured I was better off doing something. The fact is, I felt like somebody had put a churn inside me. We finished up there and went down along the fence toward where dad was. I didn't have anything to say for myself, but Cindy kept humming away under her breath, and I seen she didn't look pale any more. I was glad she was feeling better, because I felt rotten. It was bad enough to find out she was stuck on that no-account Frazier, but getting me to help her prove it—it took a better man than I was to swallow that.

Dad put us to work on the wire—me on the stretcher and Cindy driving staples. I felt a little easier because I wasn't quite so close to her, and I studied around, trying to think.

I don't know what made me look up. Might be I heard something, or maybe it was Jigger. But I saw them all at the same time; the three does first, and then the yearling, and Silverbar last. They came down across our upper pasture, bouncing the way a deer will when it's chased, and sailed over the fence like they was on springs. I must have let out a yelp, because dad and Cindy looked up and saw them too. The animals cut up the road toward us and went over the old fence and the finished section of the new one at one easy jump, and I heard the thump, thump, thump of them moving through the cornfield toward the river. And just as the sounds died away, I seen the first hound come into the road. The hounds had been running silent, but when they saw us, they started to bay, and I heard dad cuss as the first one slid under the fence and came into the field. Still none of us moved—except old Jigger. He hit that lead hound with his shoulder and knocked it flat. The other three hesitated a second, swarming around him and snapping at him, but the scent was too hot, and pretty soon one of them let out a yip and headed off toward the water with the other two following. It was then that we heard the horses. They had stopped for a second at our upper gate, and I made out Judge Frazier's sorrel gelding, and Ab McBride's stocky roan, and the golden palomino that Tuck always rode. They were through the upper gate now and into the road, and they came down the fence toward us with the roan in the lead.

"They're making for the river!" yelled McBride. "We've got to get through here," and he pulled the roan at the fence. But the horse was no fool if its rider was, and it seen the other fence beyond and wouldn't take the jump.

"The gate, you fool!" yells the judge. "Do you want to tear that animal to pieces."

"Just a minute there!" bellered dad, and they all hauled their horses back and looked at him.

"What's with you, Randall?" says McBride.

"You ain't going to put them horses into my corn," says dad. "That's what's with me."

"See here, Randall," says the judge, "I got a permit to shoot that pesky buck, and he's getting away. Now you stand clear."

Not before he cripples some dogs, he won't get away, I thought. I knew now why Silverbar was using this crossing instead of the ford. His long legs gave him a purchase in the mud beyond the shallows, but the dogs would have to swim out to him. I knew he'd make a stand there until the does and yearling got across.

"You want to cross the river, you go on down to the ford and come up the other side," said dad. "You ain't crossing my land with them horses."

"We're wasting time," said the judge. "Get down and open that gate, Tuck." Tuck came down from his horse and started toward the gate.

"Please don't, Tuck," said Cindy. I looked around at her kind of sharp. This hadn't ought to be any of her business. Or was it? I seen Tuck hesitate for a second, and then off behind me toward the river I heard a hound whimper as old Silverbar got to him, and Tuck put his hand on the gate latch.

"I got a permit," says the judge. "It's all legal."

"I ain't so sure about that either," said dad.

The judge waved his hand like he was clearing away cigar smoke and twisted round in the saddle. "Hurry up with that gate, son," he barked. Tuck swung the rickety old gate open and stepped into the field to keep it open for the others.

"Ted," said dad, and he had quit yelling now, but I'm sure everyone heard him.

"Yes," I said.

"Get that young whelp off our land."

I started toward Tuck, and he let go the gate and stuck his hands out. Any other time it would have tickled me to see him hopping around amongst the clods in his shiny boots and fancy britches, pecking away at me with his left hand; but ever since Cindy kissed me, my sense of humor wasn't worth a nickel. I finally got close enough to him to whop him one alongside the ear, and he set down in the field.

"Load him on out of here," said dad, "and then close that gate."

We certainly have smart cars these days. More and more of them go to school.

VESTA M. KELLY

I hauled Tuck up onto the road and dumped him there and turned to start back. Which was pretty dumb. At a time like that a man ought always to keep his eye on the biggest fool present, and I had all but forgotten about Ab McBride until I heard dad's yell cut off the little cry Cindy gave, and felt something slam into me. I went down into the ditch as the roan veered away from me, and I turned my head up just in time to see McBride send it between the naked posts of the new fence along the upper side, and bring it back down the narrow lane toward the gate.

I said he was a fool, but even a fool wouldn't have tried that if he knew anything about dad. I think myself if dad hadn't been holding the tamping bar, he could've used his fist just as good. Anyhow, the roan caught it across the nose the first whack and came down on its knees, and Ab went over its head among the cornstalks.

Dad was looking up at the judge. He was still holding the steel bar, and right then it was easy to believe about him that he could have broke it in two if he'd wanted.

"Don't you think there's been about enough of this nonsense, John?" he said, and I'll be darned if the judge didn't grin at him.

"You always were a stubborn man, Tim Randall," he said.

"You really got a permit?" said dad.

"Yes, I do."

"I think you been away from the bench too long," said dad, and I knew then that there wouldn't be any more trouble, because that was his idea of a pretty good joke.

"How's that?" said the judge, but he knew all right because he was already starting to get pink.

"See here," says dad, "your trouble ain't with them deer. I doubt they'd be down here so early in the first place if McBride's hounds hadn't run them off the Bawfaw."

"Maybe I already know that," says the judge kind of thin like.

"And maybe you already know that permit of yours ain't worth a rap except on your own land, so if it's horns you want, you'll either have to catch him cold or wait till the regular season like the rest of us."

The judge give a kind of snort and caught hold of the palomino's bridle to pull it back away from the fence, so Tuck could lift himself into the saddle. Off toward the river the sounds had died away, and there was just the soft bumping of the horses' hoofs and the clink of saddle gear and the dry rustling of the corn.

"You all right, Ted?" said dad, and I seen him looking at me kind of strange.

"Yeah," I said. "I'm all right."

"You better give him a hand anyway, Cindy," he said. "Although if he lit on his head, he's probably telling the truth."

She came over and sat down on the edge of the ditch beside me and looked me over. "Your cheek is cut," she said.

"Is it?" I said.

"Yes," she said, and slipped her bandanna off and started wiping at it.

"Ouch!" I said.

"Does it hurt?"

"Sure it hurts," I said.

"You were lucky you missed the wire," said Cindy.

"Yeah," I said. "I been lucky that way all day today."

Cindy raised her eyebrows, but didn't say anything. I looked around and saw dad leading the roan out of the corn with McBride hanging onto its tail. There was some scuffling around, and then I heard the judge say something, and they all clattered away down the road. Dad came back into the field and closed the gate, mumbling to himself.

"How's that?" I said.

"I was wondering if Jigger killed that hound," he said, and I lost sight of him then as he moved off through the corn; but a few seconds later I heard him cussing Jigger in a friendly way, and telling him there was no call to treat a lady so rough.

"Well," I said, "it looks like Silverbar got away again."

"Does that make you happy?" said Cindy.

"Why, yes," I said, "I guess it does."

"But won't they try again?" said Cindy.

"Huh!" I said. "He's too smart for the likes of them. Do you think they'd ever have got this close to him if he hadn't had them others to worry about?"

"You mean the way you were worried about me?" said Cindy.

I looked at her. "How'd you know that?" I said.

"I had a talk with Mom Randall this morning. Remember?"

"Yes," I said. "I remember."

"She said you hardly slept at all Saturday."

I could feel my face changing color. "What do you care if I sleep or not?" I said.

"I do care," said Cindy. "I care about everything you do."

"You do?"

"Yes," said Cindy.

We didn't say anything more. We just sat there together on the edge of the ditch. My cheek was still stinging, but it didn't really hurt; and I was glad in a way because it helped me to place exactly where I was. It was the first time I'd ever got past words with anybody except old Jigger, and it was nice to know it worked with people too. Words are all right, but it's funny how sometimes you don't need them.

THE END

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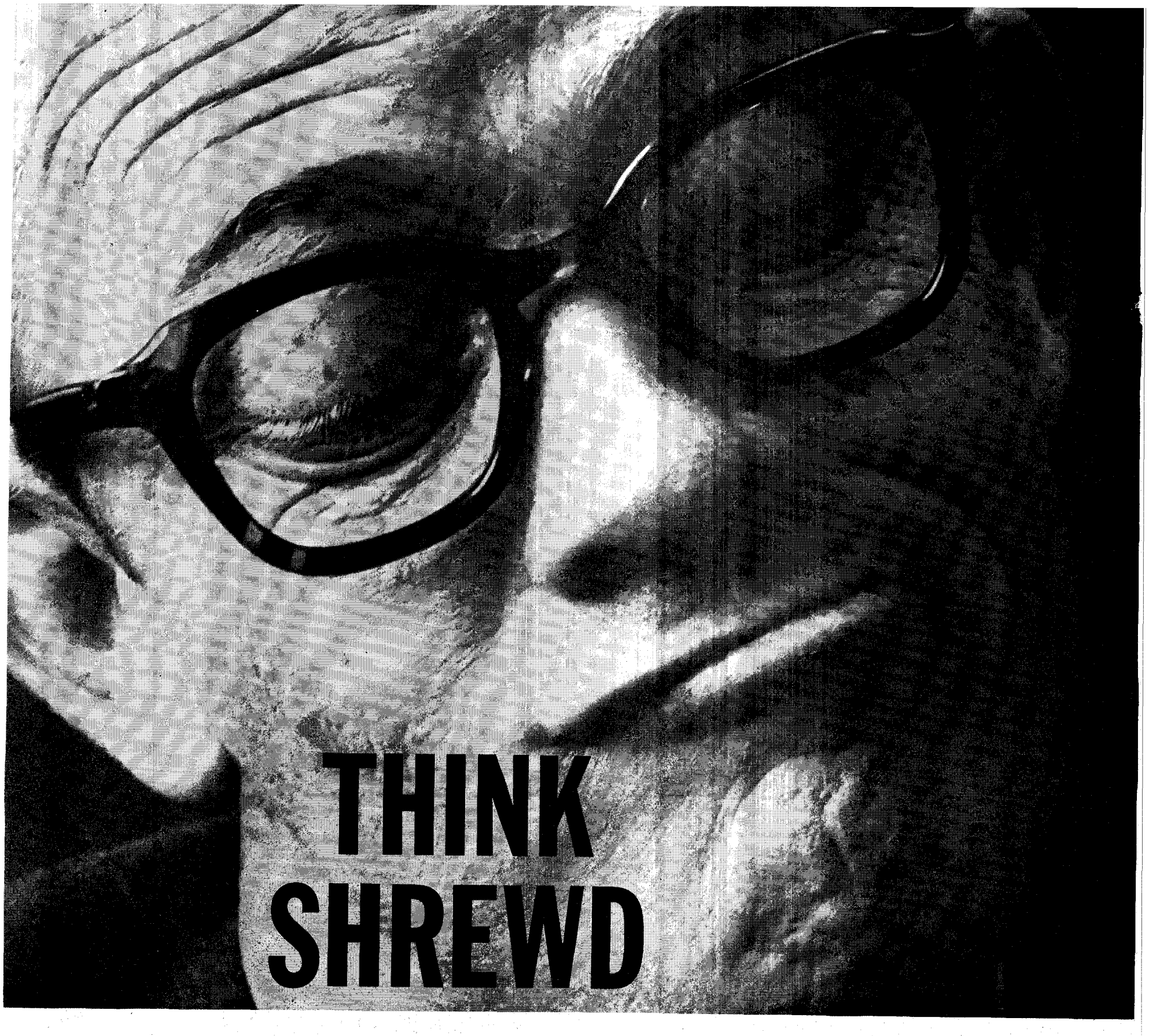

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Sammy's Magic Touch (Continued from Page 27)

Sammy prepares for a demonstration with all the care of an opera singer. He removes his rings. He wears quiet clothes. "I don't want them thinking, *I wonder where he got that shirt*, while I'm demonstrating," he says. "I want to have nothing detract."

Cahn tends to identify himself with the person who is going to sing the song. "I don't do it on purpose; it just happens," he says. "Once I sang a score for Burt Lancaster, and the director said I looked like Burt before I was through." This is a pretty good trick, since Cahn stands only five feet, seven and a half inches tall, has rather sparse hair and wears glasses.

The first time Bing Crosby heard Sammy demonstrate, he said, "Say, you're pretty good."

"I'm the best," Cahn replied.

"How about Mack Gordon?" asked Bing. Until his recent death Gordon was regarded as the best demonstrator in the business.

"No fair!" Sammy cried. "He sings."

Whatever he does, Sammy does not sing in the accepted sense of the word. His voice has been described as "like somebody tearing a rag."

"It is not the sound that comes out of his mouth that sells you on a song," says Axel Stordahl, composer and arranger. "If it was, you couldn't stand it. You want to put your hands over your ears, it's so bad."

For every married man who speaks from experience, ten keep quiet.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

When Sammy demonstrates without an accompanist, his "singing" is complicated by his own ineptness at the piano. He plays everything in the key of F, which is high. He has to sing notes best suited to a soprano, and it often seems as though his eyes are going to pop out of his head.

Cahn has an uncanny knowledge of what a performer should do. That is why Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin and Perry Como listen to Sammy's curious voice with respect. He appears at all of Sinatra's recording dates, frequently changing a lyric during the run-through.

Sammy always attends his friends' openings and frequently travels with Sinatra and Martin. He is a nervous air passenger, a pilot's helper who watches the engines and steers the plane by pulling on the window curtains. Not long ago, taking off from Los Angeles, Sammy was almost paralyzed when he saw an engine send out great lashes of flame. The pilot announced an immediate return to the airport, and the plane was met by fire engines. Passengers had to slide down emergency chutes. Sammy was badly shaken. "Birds don't write songs," he told Van Heusen. "What am I trying to fly for?"

Although Sammy is enormously well paid, he does 90 per cent of his work for nothing. He spends his mornings on this "extracurricular work"—writing special material and parody lyrics for his friends and for use at benefits, testimonials and birthday parties. Sammy Davis Jr., facing an opening at a Las Vegas spot, went to Cahn recently. "I need an opener," he said. "Something that will say how much I like Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin."

Cahn thought a moment and then sang to the tune of *You Ought To Be in Pictures:*

I want to be Italian,
That's all I want to be;
If I could be Italian,
How they'd all envy me.

Davis liked it; so did his audience.

Sammy often will write eight or ten parody lyrics in a morning. At noon he meets Jimmy Van Heusen—"my nocturnal composer"—and starts the real business of the day, which is writing songs for publication.

These craftsmen hammer out a song in two days, the music and lyrics developing side by side. They never know just what they have when they are finished. *Love and Marriage*, which won the Christopher award, for example, was designed simply as a corny opener for the second act of *Our Town*. It became an immediate hit.

For assigned movie songs Cahn and Van Heusen now receive $12,500 per song, or $60,000 for a complete motion-picture score, which they split down the middle. The movie fee is only the beginning. Then come the royalties from sheet music, records, piano rolls, tapes, television and radio.

What this can mean may be illustrated by *It's Been a Long, Long Time*, a song Sammy wrote in 1945. The lyric contains sixty-seven words. Hooked up to a tune by Jule Styne, these words have earned for Cahn—and the copyright still has forty-two years to run. So far, *Long, Long Time* has paid off at the rate of $1820 a word.

"It's one of my favorite songs because it illustrates the way I write," Cahn says. "The words lie right in the singer's mouth, and it ends with those big fat vowels a singer can belt."

Sammy's speed makes him a phenomenon of show business. He wrote the lyrics for *Bei Mir Bist Du Schön* in ten minutes. He wrote the lyrics for the television version of *Our Town* with Van Heusen at night, while working days on a movie score with another composer. The *Our Town* score won the Emmy award and is regarded as Sammy's best writing to date.

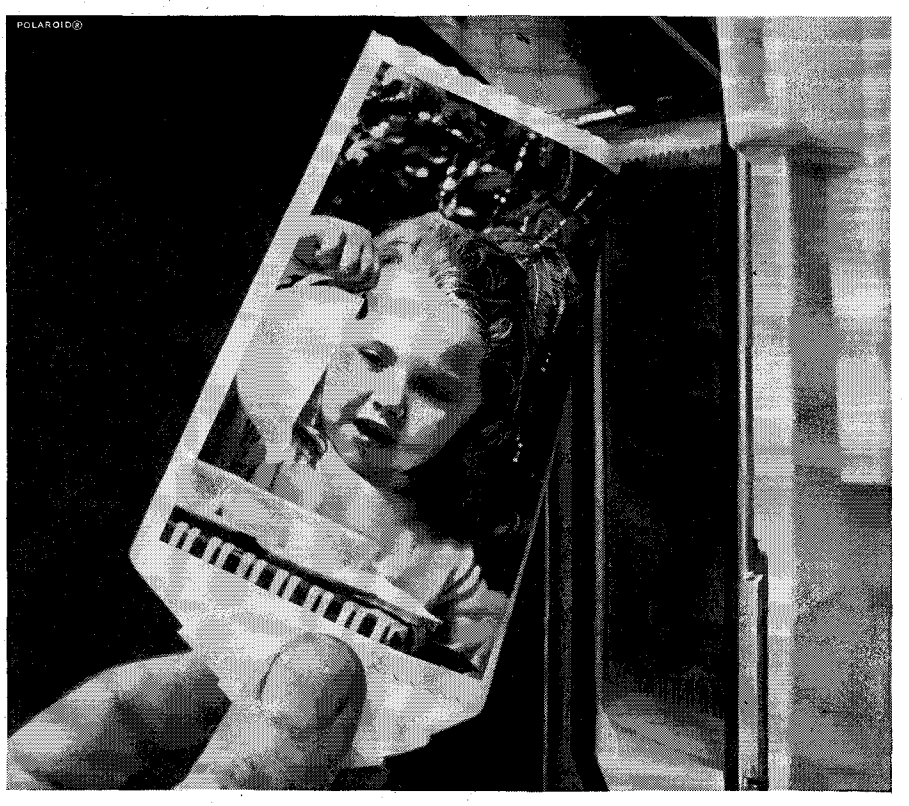
He wrote eight songs for a Bing Crosby album, *Ali Baba*, in one morning. "They sent me a synopsis and wanted to discuss the possibilities for songs the next afternoon," Sammy recalls. "I sat down to make some notes, and an hour and a half later I found I had typed out eight lyrics."

Sammy's speed can be deceptive. When he is "with song," which is most of the time, he is absent-minded and aloof. He can put the words down fast, but he suffers. He has had stomach ulcers for thirty years—a period which coincides exactly with his song-writing career.

"Do you ever get stuck, Sammy?" a visitor asked recently.

"No," he replied, "although I have felt a little panicky at times. When they give you a good title like *Three Coins in the Fountain*, you have an easy time. But then they call you in and say, 'Write a song called *The Tender Trap*.' Until it falls into place, a thing like that could drive you right out of your skull."

Sammy was sitting at his electric typewriter, which has extra-large type and a bright blue ribbon, pecking out words to a new song. "This is what I do," he said. "I don't play golf or collect stamps or ride horses; I write songs. They come in a great fury of writing. My friends say, 'If they're so great in ten minutes, imagine



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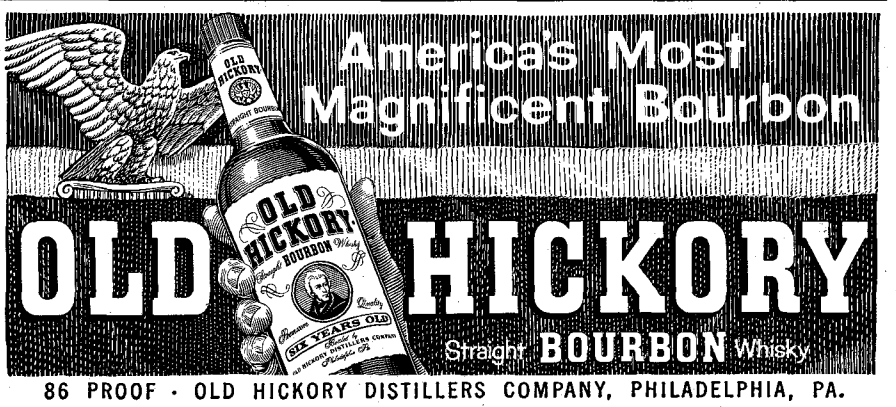

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what they'd be if you spent an hour on them.' I say, 'They might be better in an hour, but maybe they won't have what I get in that great outburst of writing.'"

He resumed his typing. "I may not be the greatest song writer in the world," he said, "but I'm the most dependable. If I tell a fellow he'll have a song Friday morning, he gets it Friday morning."

Sammy was born at 10 Cannon Street in the deep East Side of Manhattan, June 18, 1913. His name was Sammy Cohen, which he changed to Kahn to avoid mixup with a movie actor named Sammy Cohen. Later he switched to Sammy Cahn to avoid confusion with the late Gus Kahn, one of the all-time greats of song writing. Years later Kahn told Cahn, "I guess you've arrived, Sammy. I got a letter today addressed to Gus Cahn."

Sammy was the second child and only son of Abraham and Alice Cohen, who came to this country from Galicia. He attended Public School 147, and while his four sisters practiced on the family piano, Sammy sawed away at a violin. His future was mapped by his mother: Sammy would become a doctor or a dentist, maybe a lawyer.

All went well until Sammy, at thirteen, discovered possibilities in music. When he saw his mother pay the orchestra which played at his bar mitzvah, Sammy was astounded. "It had never occurred to me you could get money for playing music," he says. By the next summer, when he was fourteen, he was fiddling with an orchestra at a Catskill Mountains resort. He continued to play nights when he returned to New York, ostensibly to attend school. Actually he was busy setting the all-time record for truancy at the Seward Park High School. "The dialogue at school seemed sort of juvenile," he says.

Sammy would answer the opening bell at high school at nine A.M. By 9:02 he would be hightailing it to the Seward Billiard Parlor, where he racked balls until he got enough money to go to movies.

Many years later he was a guest at a home which had a fine pool table. At the end of one game his host reached for the triangular rack to set up the balls. Sammy nonchalantly aligned them by hand.

"Boy, that must be hard to do," said his host.

"It's not hard if you've missed three years of school learning it," Sammy said.

Working with orchestras, Sammy discovered his gift for writing by improvising parody lyrics to popular songs as he played his fiddle. For a time he worked in the pit of a burlesque house, roaring out his parodies while strippers took off their clothes on the runway above him. "Then I heard Jackie Osterman sing a song he had written himself," Sammy recalls. "He got a lot of applause, and I thought how nice it would be to write songs."

As he walked home from the theater that night, he thought out his first lyric. "I don't remember it now," he says, "but it had a horrible title. Like, *Niagara Falls, I'm Falling for You*, I think it was. A real doll." Cahn was then sixteen.

Then Sammy read that the writer of *Yes, We Have No Bananas* was never able to write another hit. This frightened him. To reassure himself he wrote thirty songs that day. He was writing both the words and music then, chording out the melody on the piano.

Sammy persuaded Saul Chaplin, pianist in the orchestra, to collaborate with him. Saul's parents looked on Sammy with distaste. Their boy was studying to be a certified public accountant. "They didn't want any bum song writer getting him off the track," Sammy says.

Mother Cohen was not pleased with her Samuel either. When she saw he was not headed for a profession of her choice, she did her best to get him into honorable trade. One summer Mrs. Cohen got Sammy ten jobs in succession; he quit each one after a few days. Finally she sent him to the United Dressed Beef Company, and Sammy did his best to hold on. He was under refrigeration for two and a half years. But he confided to a friend one day, "I just can't face that job tomorrow. I want to write songs."

"Why don't you?"

"I can't," Sammy replied. "I'm the only son. In my kind of family, when the only son goes wrong it's a catastrophe. It would destroy my mother."

"It won't destroy her if you make good," said his friend. This was a new thought to Sammy. He left home, a declared song writer.

Day after day, Saul Chaplin and Sammy submitted songs—a new song every day—to a certain publisher. Day after day they were rejected. "We must be doing all right," Sammy reasoned, "otherwise he wouldn't let us in." Efforts to reach other publishers failed. Sammy vowed a terrible vow: "I'll never go into another publisher's office unless I'm invited."

"I said, OFF!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Luckily Sammy learned about "arrangements" when he met a girl singer, jubilant because she had just purchased a new styling of a song for twenty-five dollars. Sammy tore it from her hands. "You paid twenty-five dollars for this?" He was aghast. "I'll write ten of them for twenty-five dollars."

That meeting put Sammy and Saul into the special-material business. They wrote opening numbers for band acts, special songs for comics, and arrangements for many singers.

"Bob Hope would say, 'I'm opening at the Palace tomorrow and I need a song,'" Sammy recalls. "In those days you didn't say, 'That's too soon.' Not if you wanted to eat."

Part of the time Cahn slept in the tiny office he had rented on Broadway; but his days were not grim. "Everything was for laughs," he says. "Milton Berle, the Marx Brothers, Phil Silvers, Frank Sinatra and a lot of orchestra guys were always around yakking and clowning."

The friends he made in his Broadway days are still his closest friends. He and Sinatra are extremely close. "I am the violin string on Frank's Stradivarius," Sammy says.

Sammy's big break came in 1935 when the bandsman, Jimmie Lunceford, ordered a song. With Saul he wrote *Rhythm Is Our Business*. It was an immediate hit, and it brought the long-awaited call from a publisher who wanted to print Sammy's songs. In the next few years the boys reached the top of the hit parade a dozen times. They wrote *Shoe Shine Boy* for Louis Armstrong, and after that it was *Bei Mir Bist Du Schön*, which had a rocket success and caused Sammy much grief.

He had written English lyrics for the Yiddish song and, although all permissions were obtained, the original Yiddish writer screamed murder when the song became a smash.

Sammy and Saul were signed to write songs for Warner Brothers short features. They wrote them so fast they were accused of pulling old ones out of a trunk. Then Warners shipped them to Hollywood, where they found that song writers were disregarded. "We couldn't even get on the Warner lot," says Cahn.

When his contract ran out, Sammy tried every studio in Hollywood. Finally a producer at Republic Studios told him he had all the song writers he needed. "What I want is a story."

Next morning Sammy rapped on his door. "I told him a story I'd dreamed up called, *You'll Never Get Rich*, and he bought it. Saul and I did the score and the story, and we were geniuses for a few weeks."

But a slack period set in when Cahn and Chaplin couldn't come close to producing a hit. Finally they parted. Out of work, Cahn was unhappy.

One day his phone rang. A producer asked, "Would you do a score with Jule Styne?" "Would I!" Sammy shouted. "I'd do a score with Hitler!" He hustled over to meet Styne.

"Shoot your best shot," Sammy said. Styne played a melody. "I've heard that song before," murmured Cahn.

"What do you mean, you've heard it?" snarled Styne. "You a tune detective or something? I just wrote that tune."

"No, no!" cried Sammy. "I mean that's the title."

Three weeks later Sammy heard that Styne had started a new assignment with another writer. "Then it came back to me that Styne was saying my lyric was the worst ever put down on paper," he says, "which, in my state of affairs, was something I did not especially need to hear." Styne went on to a third job with still another writer. When the three scores were released, there was only one hit: *I've Heard That Song Before*.

Styne went to Cahn. "We ought to write together," he said. Cahn agreed. Today he says, "You don't have to love a guy to work with him. The only consideration is to write hits."

Cahn and Styne, who eventually became good friends, took off on a string of successes—*It's Been a Long, Long Time; Three Coins in the Fountain* (which won an Oscar); *Five Minutes More; Let it Snow!* and a dozen others. They collaborated on the smash Broadway musical, *High Button Shoes*.

Sammy has written hits with seven different composers, an unusual record in a business where collaborators usually stick together for years. Thirteen of his songs were nominated for the Oscar before he made the grade. He won his second Oscar in 1958 for *All the Way*, which he wrote with Van Heusen.

Sammy maintains a minor feud with one composer who recently had his photo reproduced in full-page ads in trade publications. Sammy mounted the photo on the wall of his bungalow at Twentieth Century-Fox. Nearby he placed some darts. Soon everyone who came in was shooting darts at the photo.

A friend of the composer complained, "That's a dirty trick, Sammy," he said. Sammy looked persecuted. "I just hung up the picture and laid out the darts," he said. "I didn't ask anyone to play."

In his early days in Hollywood Cahn resumed his friendships with Frank Sinatra and Phil Silvers and Axel Stordahl. Restless, inquiring, driving, Sammy was the self-appointed leader.

"He was always finding places for us to get shirts made, or a new tailor, or a new kind of razor," Stordahl says. "We used to eat at the Brown Derby a lot, and Sammy would always order for us. I didn't get to see a menu for two years."

In the early years in Hollywood Cahn was a bachelor. But he was impressed with Jule Styne's way of life: he had a nice wife and fine children, a home, even a maid. "I'm a chump," Sammy told his mirror. "Jule's got it made while I'm whoopin' around with a different girl every night."

Then Cahn met Gloria Delson, an eighteen-year-old singer and a Goldwyn Girl. They were married the next year. "By the time I got married," Sammy says, "Jule had a divorce and was back in New York."

Now Sammy is celebrated as a "sensational family man." "He not only wrote *Love and Marriage*," someone cracked recently, "he's living it."

Sammy says, "I am married to the most beautiful girl in the world." Gloria is a beautiful, willowy brunette, much admired by all. Gloria and Sammy have two children; Steven is now twelve and Laurie is ten.

His home is a great joy to Sammy. The library is handsomely paneled, just the way Sammy dreamed it. There are many fine books and modern paintings.

"It's a long hard road, this song writing," says Sammy, "but nothing else gives such rewards, both aesthetic and financial.

"You hear your music everywhere you go. And when you go dancing with the girl you love—and hear one of your songs—well, there's no feeling in the world like that." THE END

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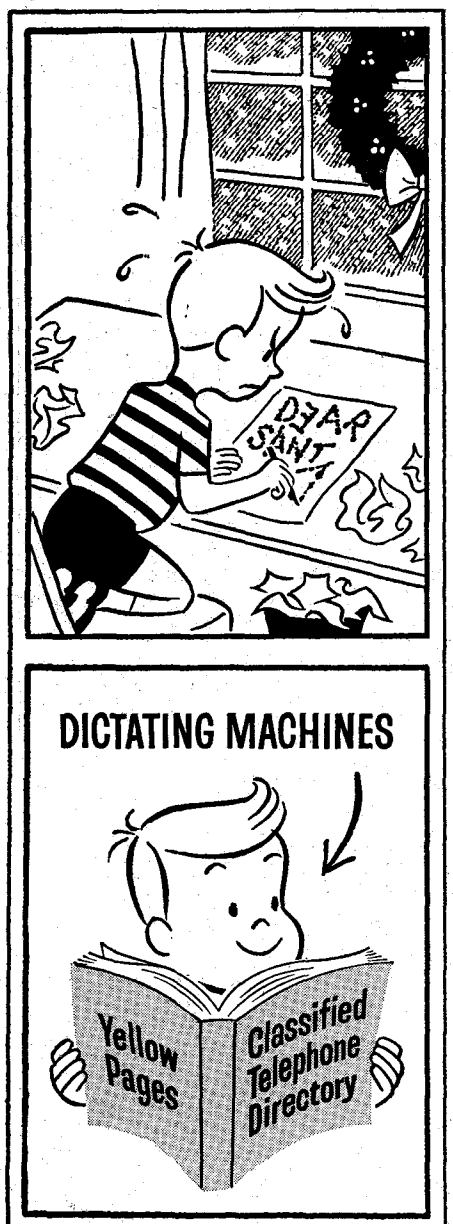

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Tales of the Authors

Mrs. Furnas did some astonishing research.

When **J. C. Furnas** was writing his page 20 protest against the way classic books are watered down to make them "easier" for children, he asked Mrs. Furnas to double-check on some quotations he had used from the immortal *Peter Rabbit*. So Mrs. F. went to a library in nearby Flemington, New Jersey, got a copy of *Peter Rabbit*, then hied to a beauty parlor to have her hair done. The author says, "It seems to have caused much comment among the customers when they discovered what Mrs. Furnas, who had always been considered more or less normal, was reading so absorbedly under the drier."

Admirers of **Erle Stanley Gardner** and his Perry Mason novels had a good time recently when, via the *Person to Person* television show, they visited the author in his Temecula, California, home. Next night it was revealed by the TV schedules that the Perry Mason show would relinquish its weekly time for a special Jack Benny hour, but when Benny came on stage, sceneshifters, followed by actor Raymond Burr and company, insisted on engulfing Benny in an intense Perry Mason courtroom drama. The result was good, clean hilarity.

Paul Boler and his favorite weapon.

Add another name to the list of excited young *Post* contributors—**Paul Boler** of page 24, who exclaims, "This is the first story I've ever had published!" Boler, a bachelor of twenty-nine, seems to have writing on the brain. After a session in the Army, he majored in writing at San Francisco State College. Now he's heading for his Master's; then after that he wants to teach—writing. Paul is pictured in an archery pose because that's his No. 1 hobby. He is right-handed, but he shoots a bow and a gun southpaw fashion.

Bob Yoder

Robert Yoder, fifty-two, who died of a heart attack November sixth in his Cynwyd, Pennsylvania, home, was a writer of exceptionally diversified talent. In a limited sense this can be expressed statistically. Beginning in 1941 he appeared in *The Post* more than 200 times—articles, short stories, humorous essays, editorials and back-of-the-book features. But statistics can't depict the forte of this author which readers enjoyed most and his friends loved best—the rare quality of his humor. Even when he was writing seriously, which much of the time he was, this irrepressible facet of his nature gave his work readability that sparkled.

Bob Yoder when he was a *Post* editor.

Bob was born in Gibson City, Illinois. After attending the University of Illinois, where he specialized in the study of law, he made his mark as a humorist on the Chicago *Daily News*, writing the "Sharps and Flats" column which Eugene Field originated. While serving as a Navy lieutenant in World War II, he wrote a book, *There's No Front Like Home*, which was a gem of hilarious joshing. From 1945 to 1949, he was an associate editor of *The Post*, during which time he wrote the KEEPING POSTED page with typical charm. Bob Yoder, and his wife Virginia, who died eighteen months ago, are survived by three children, Robert Jr., Jonathan and Mrs. Ann LaPietra.

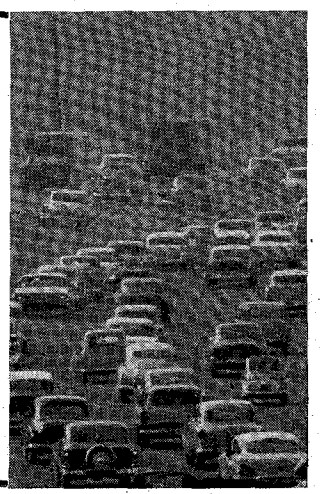
Back in the Spotlight

Pete Martin reflects that since he started working with **Jerry Giesler** (page 36) several of the attorney's nationally known clients, who later became less evident in the daily news, have been thrust into the spotlight again. "Frankie Carbo, once successfully defended by Mr. Giesler [see the seventh installment of the series], recently has been making the front pages because of charges that he is a behind-the-scenes power in prize fighting. The Three Stooges, named in a divorce action between Ted Healy and his wife [also see seventh article], have emerged from limbo into popularity. And of course the death of Errol Flynn brought back to the memory of millions his swashbuckling career, including his sensational trial in 1942." Attorney Giesler told about his successful defense of Flynn in his opening article.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Los Angeles Battles the Murk"

Autos and industry pour 2000 tons of smog-forming pollutants into the city's air every day.



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